In the Great Legislator veild, Survey
The Tryght to the Savio'rs glorious Day;
When Shadows to the Substance must resign,
And Truth with unrebated Splendor shine.

In the Great Legislator veild, Survey
The Tryght to the Savio'rs glorious Day;
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B Perfect

THE HISTORY of the Old and New TESTAMENT Attempted IN VERSE: *And adorn'd with* Three Hundred & Thirty *SCULPTURES.*

Written by S. Wesley, A.M.

The CUTS done By J. Sturt.

LONDON; Printed for C. Harper. MDCCIV.

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THE HISTORY OF The Old Testament In VERSE:

With One Hundred and Eighty SCULPTURES:

In Two Volumes.

Dedicated to Her Most Sacred MAJESTY.

VOL. I.

From the Creation to the Revolt of the Ten Tribes from the House of *DAVID.*

VOL. II.

From that Revolt to the End of the Prophets.

Written by

SAMUEL WESLEY, A. M.

Chaplain to his Grace, *JOHN* Duke of *Buckingham*, and Marquis of *Normanby*; Author of The Life of Christ, an Heroic Poem.

The CUTS done by J. STURT.

LONDON: Printed for CHA. HARPER, at the *Flower-de-Luce* over-against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*. MDCCIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE QUEEN.

O! *Of the* Royal Martyr's *Sacred Race!*
(*Long may the* Royal Martyr's *Race remain!*)
Equal *to fill our* Great Eliza's *Place,*
And Empires pond'rous Orb *unmov'd ſuſtain,*

This humble Tribute, *not* unpleas'd, *receive,*
Which at the Footſtool *of Your* Throne *I lay:*
'Tis all a grateful Loyal Heart *can give,*
'Tis all that I for more than Life *can pay.*

Not but the Sacred Truths *theſe* Leaves *contain,*
Are Treaſures *for the greateſt* Prince's *Breaſt:*
The Gems *are* right, *tho' I their* Luſtre *ſtain,*
The Gold, *tho' rudely* ſtamp'd, *will bear the* Teſt.

I ſing the Loves *of the firſt* Happy Pair,
While Paradiſe *their* ſmiling Hours *employ'd;*
Remov'd from Want, *remov'd from jealous* Care,
A State the Vertuous-Few *have ſince enjoy'd.*

How

How Sin *and* Men *increas'd, what* Fate
ſurpriz'd,
What Worlds *of* Water *waſh'd their*
Crimes away;
While righteous NOAH, *whom they*
once deſpis'd,
Secure within his floating Caſtle *lay.*

By Wonders reſcu'd, *and by Wonders* fed,
How Iſrael *trac'd the* ſandy Deſarts
o're;
What Laws *their* Saviour *fix'd, when them*
he led
To promis'd Seats, *and* Canaan's *happy*
Shore.

What Force *and* Fraud *oppos'd their riſing*
State,
What Angels *on their ſide* embattel'd
ſtood:
While hov'ring Death *did for its* Quarry
wait,
And ancient Kiſhon *drew a* purple
Flood.

But who the fore-moſt ſtands in Glory's
Race?
The Great in Arms, Abinoam's *God-*
like Son!
Tho' Great in Arms *he thought it no Diſ-*
grace,
At Deb'rah's Feet *to throw the* Spoils
he won.

What joyous Triumphs, *and what* Songs
of Praiſe,
From neighb'ring Tabor's *verdant Tops*
reſound!
Tabor, *which higher ſeem'd its* Head *to*
raiſe,
With native Garlands, *and with* Lau-
rels *crown'd.*

Such Trophies, *oft, nor is the* Preſage
vain,
I ſee your happy riſing Years *ſhall meet;*
Till every haughty Siſera *is ſlain,*
And Jabin's *ſelf ſhall tumble at your*
Feet.

So

So fall thy Foes, *juſt Heav'n! thy* Pow'r
confeſs'd,
By thoſe thy injur'd Goodneſs *dare*
withſtand;
While Iſrael's *with thy ſtrong Salvation*
bleſs'd,
And Peace, *and* Plenty *crown thy*
Fav'rite Land.

So prays,

Your MAJESTY'S

Moſt Loyal, and moſt Obedient

Subject and Servant,

S. WESLEY.

THE HISTORY OF THE Holy Bible,

In Verse, with Sculptures.

I.

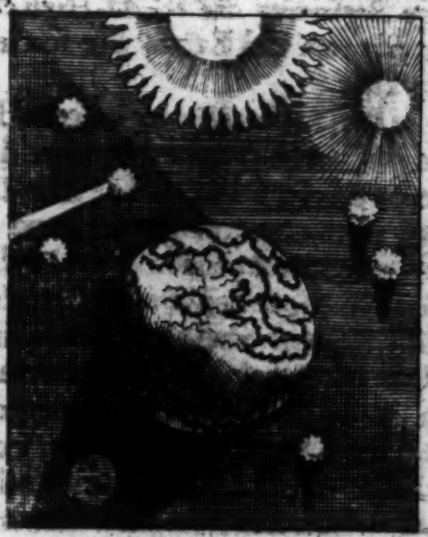
The CREATION.

IN the *Beginning did th' All-High create*
The Heav'n and Earth, He ſpake and made it Fate:
Aroſe the *Embryo-Earth*, unform'd and Waſt,
By old coëval *darkneſs* round embrac'd:
Let there be *Light*, ſaid GOD; The *Light* obey'd,
And blaz'd with cheerful *Beams* amid the *Shade*;
Thence rolling round produc'd the *Firſt* bright *Day*,
While gloomy *Night* her own ſad Realms obey.
The vaſt *Expanſe* above was next diſplay'd,
The reſtleſs *Seas*, and ſolid *Earth* were made:
Earth, in her various-colour'd *Mantle* dreſs'd,
Each *Tree*, each *Herb*, creating Pow'r confeſs'd.
Behold the *Sun*'s fair Lamp which rules the *Day*!
The *Moon*, which ſhines ſerene with borrow'd Ray,
High in Mid-Heav'n, and with her *Starry*-Train
O'r ſolemn *Night* renews her peaceful *Reign*.
Next ſee the *Fowls* thro' Air's wide Ocean fly,
And ſcaly *Fiſh* cut the low liquid *Sky*!
Th' Almighty call'd, and various *Creatures* come
At his Command from Earth's prolific Womb:
Then *Man* in his own Image *made* and *bleſs'd*,
And pleas'd with all his *Works*, from all his Works did reſt.

Geneſis,

I.

GENESIS, Chap. I. to Ver. 14.



1. *In the beginning God created the heaven and earth.*

3. *And said, Let there be light: and there was light.*

6. *Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*

9. *Let the waters be gathered together, and let the dry-land appear.*

11. *Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yeilding fruit,* &c.

14. *Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night,* &c.

II.

PARADISE, *the Creatures nam'd, the Woman form'd.*

SUch was the Worlds *Creation*, ſuch the Birth
Of all the various Tribes of Heav'n and Earth:
Nor *Herb* nor *Plant* that *voluntary* grew,
Sweet *Rain* as yet was none, nor kindly *Dew*.
Can *Duſt-born Men* be *proud* or vain, who know
From whence they *come*, and whither doom'd to *go*?
Or can they ought that's *mean*, when God has ſet
A *Jewel* in their earthly *Cabinet*?
A *Soul*, of heavenly Seed, of *Angel*-kind,
And marry'd *Matter* with *Immortal Mind*?
In friendly *Pairs* the mute Creation came,
Homag'd their Lord, and each receiv'd its *Name*:
To *Man* alone no *Like* or *Second* found
Of all that *ſwim* in *Air*, or *graze* the *Ground*:
Nor muſt his *Life* run waſt, by Heav'n deſign'd
To plant the World, and propagate his *Kind*:
Thence, from his *Side*, what can't th' Almighty doe?
He moulds a *Female-Man*, of Heavn'ly hew:
The Strokes, than *His*, leſs *bold*, but far more *fine*,
Softer each *Touch*, and gentler every *Line*,
Tho both, confeſs'd, the *Work* of Hands divine.
Nor left to range, a lovely *Garden* made,
The *Bride* and *Bridegroom* thither He convey'd:
The Makers Hands adorn'd that happy Place,
With *Colonies* of all th' *Arboreal* Race;

Thro'

Thro' whoſe bleſs'd *Shades* a *Cryſtal River* glides,
And thence in *Four* capacious *Streams* divides.
Such was the *bliſful Bow'r* our Sire enjoy'd,
Till *Eve*, and the curs'd *Serpent* him deſtroy'd.
--Yet ſtill we *haunt* the *Streams*, and *ſilent Grove*,
And our dear *Native-Gardens* ſtill we love;
And ſtill we *hope*, nor hope perhaps in vain,
At length thoſe *Happy Manſions* to regain.
--- "O when! -- It now grows near - *Life's Tempeſt* o'er,
"With what loud joyful *Shouts* I'd hail the *welcome Shore*!

GENESIS, Chap. II. from Ver. 4. to Ver. 22.

v. 4. *Theſe are the Generations of the Heavens and of the Earth, when they were created* &c.

5. *And every Plant of the Field, before it was in the Earth*, &c.

7. *And the Lord God formed Man of the duſt of the Ground, and breathed into his Noſtrils the Breath of Life.*

8. *And the Lord God planted a Garden*, &c.

19. *And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beaſt of the field, and every fowl of the air*, &c.

20. *And* Adam *gave names to all cattel, and to the fowl of the air*, &c.

21. *The Lord God cauſed a deep ſleep to fall upon Adam: and he took one of his Ribs*, &c.

22. *And the Rib which he had taken from Man*, &c.

III.

The Serpents Temptation, the Fall of our First Parents.

O *Happy-Pair!* — But Ah! how *ſhort* your *Bliſs*?
How ſoon the *Foe* has enter'd *Paradiſe*!
A creſted *Serpents* ſpeckled Form he wears,
In Miſchief skill'd his *Guileful Arts* he ſhares:
Where is the *Guard* of *Seraphs*, that ſecures
Endanger'd *Nature*'s tott'ring *Fate*, and yours?
— You *make* your *Fate*; ſtand now, you always ſtand!
The *Terms* of *Life* are no ſevere Command:
That *Tree*, that *deadly Tree* alone forbear,
The reſt with *Bleſſing*, and with welcome ſhare.
— 'Tis paſs'd, the *Serpent* has on *Eve* prevail'd:
Strengthned with ſuch *Allies* he rarely fail'd:
She *eats*, ſhe gives our *Sire*, it *pleas'd* his Eyes,
The tempting *Flavor* pleas'd, he *taſts*, he *dies*.
Groan'd the Creation, ſhook the *Poles*; and all
Convulſive Nature trembled at their *Fall*.
Hence all thoſe *Ills* which God's fair Work deface,
Hence *Sin*, and *Death*, and *Pain* entail'd on all their Race.

II.

GENESIS, Chap. III. to Ver. 14.

v, 1. *Now the Serpent was more ſubtil than any Beaſt of the Field, and ſaid to the Woman, yea, hath God ſaid, ye ſhall not eat of every Tree of the Garden? &c.*

6. *And when the Woman ſaw that the Tree was good for Food, and that it was pleaſant to the Eyes, and a Tree to be deſir'd to make one wiſe, ſhe took of the Fruit thereof and did eat, and gave alſo to her Husband with her, and he did eat, &c.*

IV.

IV.

Adam *and* Eve *driven out of* Paradise.

FArewel ye lovely *Groves* and peaceful *Shades*,
Thoſe happy *Regions* which no *Storm* invades!
Th' *Offenders*, to a *ruin'd World* muſt go,
And ſhare a ſad *Variety* of *Woe*.
In vain the *Man* does his weak *Conſort* blame,
And on the tempting *Serpent*, *Eve* exclaim:
Our *Sire*, his *Life* in *Sorrow* doom'd to wear,
Our *Mother* muſt with *Pangs* and *Torments* bear,
Th' accurſed *Serpent*, now no longer *crown'd*,
Erect no more, but *groveling* on the *Ground*;
Amid the *Duſt* he *trails* his Length of *Train*,
And rears *Breaſt-high* his ſpotted *Form* in vain.
The *Womans Seed* his guileful *Head* ſhall *bruiſe*,
The Servile *Chains* of ranſom'd *Mortals* looſe.
Th' *Eternal* thus, who did their *Doom* declare
With *Mercy* mix'd, nor leaves 'em all *Deſpair*:
— But the ſad *Moment*'s come, they muſt away,
For angry *rolling Flames* forbid their ſtay:
With *Shame* and *Bluſhes* never known before
Fair *Eden* they forſake — An *Angel* guards the Door,

III.

GENESIS, Chap. III. Ver. 12. to the laſt.

V. 12. *The Man ſaid, the Woman gave me of the Tree and I did eat.*

13. *The Woman ſaid the Serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.*

14. *The Lord God ſaid unto the Serpent, upon thy belly ſhalt thou go,* &c.

16. *Unto the Woman he ſaid, I will greatly multiply thy Sorrow and thy Conception,* &c.

17. *To Adam he ſaid, curſed be the Ground for thy ſake,* &c.

24. *So he drove out the Man, and he plac'd at the Eaſt of the Garden of* Eden, Cherubims, &c.

V.

V.

CAIN *and* ABEL.

HOW ſoon the *Ruins* of the *World* begin!
How ſoon 'tis all *deform'd* by *Death* and *Sin!*
Their *Crime* and *Curſe* our *Parents* ſoon are ſhown,
And in their *Offſprings* Fate they read their *own:*
Two Sons they had, and both, as taught, prepare
T' attone high Heav'n with *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r.*
Their *Elder* harſh, and fell, his Savage Mind
To darling *Miſchief* and to *Blood* inclin'd;
Churliſh, as was th' ungrateful *Soil* he tore,
Which *Corn* with *Thiſtles* mix'd, and *Darnel* bore:
Not ſo the *Younger*, in whoſe *Eyes*, and *Mind*
Modeſty ſat enthron'd, and *Virtue* ſhin'd:
His *Fleecy Houſhold*, *Innocent* as they,
His *Joy* to *fold* by Night, and *feed* by Day,
And then the *faireſt* on the *Altar* lay:
The *lighteſt Sheaf* he found, his *Brother* brought,
And murm'ring, that, *too good for Heav'n* he thought.
See a bright *Flame* deſcending from the *Skies*
Conſume the righteous *Abels Sacrifice*;
His *Brother's* wrapp'd in angry *Clouds* and *Smoke*,
Which from th' affronted *Throne* in *Thunder* broke.
Nor this, enrag'd, *malignant Cain*: "If theſe
"*Refus'd*, what next I *offer*, Heav'n ſhall pleaſe.
See his juſt *Brother* proſtrate on the *Plain*,
His *Hands*, his *Eyes* for Mercy plead in vain:
O ſpare the *guiltleſs Youth!* --- Too late -- He's
Slain, He's *Slain*.

IV.

IV.

GENESIS, Chap. IV. from Ver. 2. to 8.

v. 2. Abel *was a keeper of ſheep, but* Cain *was a tiller of the ground.*

3. Cain *brought of the fruit of the ground an offering to the Lord.*

4, 5. *And* Abel *he alſo brought of the Firſtlings of his Flock and of the Fat thereof; And the Lord had reſpect unto* Abel *and to his Offering, but unto* Cain *and to his Offering he had not reſpect.*

8. Cain *roſe up againſt his Brother, and ſlew him.*

VI.

CAIN's *Punishment.*

THUS impious *CAIN unveil'd the first sad Scene.*
And taught his *mournful Sire* what *Death did mean:*
Where is thy Brother, GOD in *Thunder* cries;
I neither know nor care, the *Churl* replies.
Am I *his Keeper,* that thou me dost *charge?*
My *Fields* are *narrow,* but his *Walks* are *large:*
O *Wretch,* he cries, thy *Crimes* thou canst not hide;
In vain to him, who *all things sees, deny'd:*
What *hast thou done?* From *Earth* unto the *Skies*
Thy murder'd Brother's *Blood* for *Vengeance* cries:
Accurs'd art thou, and *Earth* thy *Curse* shall *bear;*
The *barren Soil ungrateful* to thy *Care.*
Trembling and *fearful* thou in vain shalt *run*
From *Man's dear Face. Thy self* thou canst not *shun.*

When thus the *moody Murd'rer* in Despair
" My *Punishment* I *cannot, will not bear.*
" I'm from my *Father's Pious House* disjoyn'd,
" And *banish'd* from the *Face of Human-Kind.*
" If any me a *helpless Exile* find,
" They soon the *trembling Fugitive* will slay.
" Or he to wild and ravenous *Beasts* a *Prey.* No

"No -- thou thy *hated Life* a while ſhalt *bear*,
"And my juſt *Vengeance* to the *World* declare:
Th' *Almighty anſwers* -- "I my ſelf will place
"The *dreadful Stains of Murther* on thy Face,
"That all may ſhun thy *Crimes* and *Fate*. -- He ſaid,
The *Caitiff* heard, with *ghaſtful Looks* he fled,
And oft he *turns* his *guilty Eyes* behind,
And *ſtarts* at every *noiſe*, and *Breath of Wind*:
His *guilty Eyes* and *ghaſtful Looks* confeſs'd
The *ſecret helliſh Pain* that gnaw'd his *anxious Breaſt*.

GENESIS, Chap. IV. from Ver. 9. to 14.

9. *The Lord ſaid unto* Cain, *where is* Abel *thy brother? and he ſaid, I know not: am I my brothers keeper?*

10. *And he ſaid, what haſt thou done? the voice of thy brother's bloud crieth unto me from the ground.*

11. *And now art thou curſed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's bloud from thy hand.*

12. *When thou tilleſt the ground, it ſhall not henceforth yield unto thee her ſtrength. A fugitive and a Vagabond ſhalt thou be in the earth.*

13. *And* Cain *ſaid unto the Lord, my puniſhment is greater than I can bear*, &c.

VII.

VII. *The* Ark *and* Flood.

NOR *this* nor *Cain*'s, nor *Lamech*'s *Blood ſuffice*,
To purge a *guilty World* orewhelm'd in *Vice*:
The Wicked *Seed* prevail, their *monſtrous Race*
With *Rapes* and *Murthers* cover Earths ſad Face:
Noah alone his Innocence retain'd,
Of Millions, only *Noah*, *Juſt*, remain'd
And *ſtemm'd* a *World*; nor this to him unknown
Who all ſurveys from his Celeſtial *Throne*:
His injur'd *Patience* wou'd no longer wait,
His *Juſtice ſeals* the hardned Rebels Fate;
But *righteous Noah* he reſolves to ſpare,
And bids him a *capacious Ark* prepare
T' embark the *future World*, and *ſave* it there.
Of every *Species*, thus had Heav'n enjoyn'd,
Of either *Sex*, ſtill to preſerve the *Kind*
He to the *Ark* conveys, of all that *breath*,
And reſcues from th' approaching *Watry Death*.
--- Which now from injur'd angry *Heav'n* deſcends,
While the vex'd *Earth* with dire *Convulſions* rends:
And *Old Abyſs*, which round the *Center* lay
Reveals her hidden *Stores* to wondring Day.
Rivers their Banks, the *Sea* forgets her *Shore*
Her *Waves* by God's *Decree* reſtrain'd no more:
Higher the *Waters* climb, and ſtill more high,
To *Trees* and *Hills* in vain the *Wretches* fly,
For only there a ſhort *Reprive* they found,
The *Trees* and lofty *Hills* themſelves are drown'd:
Whatever *breath'd* is loſt; in Oceans *Caves*
Their *Bodies* whelm'd, or floating on the *Waves*:
Noah, the *Univerſal Wreck* ſurvives,
By the Great *Pilot* ſteer'd, his feeble *Veſſel* lives.

V.

V.

GENESIS, Chap. VI. Ver. 4. Chap. VII. to the End.

vi. 5. *God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth.*

7. *And the Lord said I will destroy Man, whom I have created.*

8. *But* Noah *found grace in the eyes of the Lord.*

14, 19. *And God said make thee an* Ark *of* Gopher-wood. — *Of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the* Ark.

vii. 10, 21. *The Waters of the flood were upon the earth. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth.*

VIII.

VIII.

The Flood ceaſes, Noah *goes out of the* Ark, *and ſacrifices, God's Promiſe to him.*

AND now *Almighty Goodneſs* calls to Mind
The poor *Remains* of Nature, long confin'd
Within their *floating Vault*; The Floods decreaſe
At his Command; tumultuous *Whirlwinds* ceaſe,
And all the jarring *Elements* are *Peace*.
See from the *teeming Ark* a Second Birth
Deſcending to renew the *deſert Earth!*
Birds, Reptiles, Beaſts in friendly *Pairs* are joyn'd,
The ſame the *Godlike Race* of ſav'd *Mankind:*
Noah, their *Prince* and *Father* them conveys,
Then does of *Living Turf* an *Altar* raiſe,
And to their kind *Preſerver* kneels and prays.
Two of the faireſt *Birds*, and *Beaſts* he gave
To him who *them*, and all the reſt did *ſave*;
But chiefly did a *grateful Heart* preſent:
Up to high Heav'n the *pleaſing Odour* went,
Thus ſpake th' *Almighty Sire*, and ſhook the *Firmament*:
" While *Time* remains, and theſe fair *Orbs* ſhall roll,
" While *Earth* its *Center* knows, or *Heav'n* the *Pole*,
" Shall *Nature* now her *ſteddy Courſe* purſue
" Alternate *Seaſons* ſhall the World renew.
" Ye cheerful *Days* your conſtant *Walk* maintain.
" And, O ye *Nights*, aſſert your peaceful *Reign!*
" *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, *Winter*'s hoary Face
" Each other ſtill ſucceed in Time's revolving Race!

VI

VIII.

GENESIS, Chap. VIII. Ver. 3. 18. to the End.

V. 3. *The waters return'd from off the earth, and the Ark rested on the mountains of Ararat.*

18. *And* Noah *went forth, and built an Altar to the Lord, and offer'd, &c. and the Lord smelt a sweet savour, and said, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, &c.*

While the earth remains seed-time, and harvest, summer and winter shall not cease.

IX.

God renews his Covenant with Noah. *Forbids murder. The Rainbow.*

AS thoſe who ſcap'd from *Shipwrack*, trembling ſtand,
And view the *Billows* from the diſtant Land:
Fear and *Diſtraction* drawn in every Face:
So look'd our *Second Sire*, and all his Race.
Earth to *repleniſh*, what *Delight or Joy*,
Which wrathful *Heav'n* might ſoon agen deſtroy,
Or numerous *Beaſts* their feeble Race orepow'r,
Or lawleſs *Force*, and mutual wounds devour?
But that *Almighty Love* which knows no bound
Provides a ſpeedy *Cure* for every *Wound*:
Give to the *Winds* your cauſleſs *Fears*, he ſaid,
Not *You* the *Beaſts*, but they their *Lords* ſhall dread:
The *Kingly Lion* at your ſight ſhall flie,
Fierce *Wolves*, and ſpotted *Pards* glare trembling by:
Murder and Thirſt of *Blood* ſhall *Laws* reſtrain:
Who *ſlays another ſhall himſelf be ſtain.*
Love, and *increaſe!* your numerous *Sons*, diſperſe,
And *Colonize* the ſpacious *Univerſe.*
If you a *Second Deluge* vainly fear,
Look up and ſee this friendly *Token* here;
This *radiant Bow* which in the *Clouds* I place,
Nor more ſhall *Floods* deſtroy your new reviving Race.

IX.

IX.

GENESIS, Chap. IX. Ver. 1. to 13.

1. *And God bleſſed* Noah *and his ſons, and ſaid unto them be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth.*

2. *And the fear of you, and the dread of you ſhall be upon every beaſt of the earth,* &c.

6. *Whoſo ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed.*

13. *I do ſet my bow in the cloud, and it ſhall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth,* &c.

X.

The Tower of Babel. *The Confuſion of Languages.*

THE Sons of *Noah*, by their Saviour bleſs'd,
Renew *Mankind*, to num'rous *Tribes* incres'd:
From lofty *Ararat* they now deſcend,
And with the *Sun*, their Guide, ſtill *Weſtward* bend:
Their *Language* and their *Dialect* the ſame,
To *Shinars* fruitful *Plain* they journying came.
Vain of their *Strength* (but what is *Strength* in *Man*?
A vaſt Attempt they in *Ill-Hour* began.
See where the *Tow'ry Walls* of *Babel* riſe
And *threaten*, and almoſt *ſurmount* the *Skies*!
What *Hills* on *Hills* the buſy *Piſmires* caſt,
What *fruitleſs* Care, and unavailing Haſt!
Diſtracted men! Is this, is this the way
To reach the *Confines* of eternal *Day*!
Or did you theſe *ſtupendious Buildings* frame
To boaſt your *Pow'r*, or *aggrandize* your *Name*?
Alike in vain! Behold th' *Almighty* ſmile
At your *Attempts*, and *blaſt* your impious *Pile*!
Confus'd your *Dialect*, you all *diſperſe*
In various *Tribes* around the *Univerſe*.
And ſhou'd a *Second Nimrod* proudly riſe,
And *reaſſume* your *War* againſt the *Skies*;
Kingdoms on *Kingdoms* pile to raiſe his *Throne*,
Or waſt the trembling *World* to reign *alone*:
With equal *Eaſe* can *Heav'n* his *Pride* confound,
And lay his *ſhort-liv'd Babel* ſcatter'd on the ground.

X

X.

GENESIS, Chap. XI. Ver. 1. to 9.

V. 1. *The whole earth was of one language, and of one ſpeech.*

4. *And they ſaid, let us build us a city and a tower, whoſe top may reach unto heaven,* &c.

7. *The Lord ſaid, Let us confound their language, that they may not underſtand one anothers ſpeech.*

8. *So the Lord ſcattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth.*

XI.

Abram *and* Lot *part.* *The* Assyrian *Kings defeated.* Abram's *Congress with* Melchisedec.

FROM *Harans* Fields to *Canaan Abram* went
And in the *Plains* of *Moreh* pitch'd his Tent:
His wealthy Nephew *Lot*, he with him bears,
His God he *worships* and his Fortunes *shares:*
Their *Substance* great, their *Flocks* and *Herds* so large
When joyn'd they the *depastur'd Land* orecharge:
But *Lot* removes to where fair *Jordan* falls,
And *graz'd* his Flocks by *Sodoms* impious walls;
Too near *Ill-Neighbours* whom a *Vengeance* waits
Worthy their *Crimes*, almost he *shar'd* their *Fates:*
For raging War, and *Thirst* of *Blood* begins,
Treaties are broke, and *Sins* are plagu'd with *Sins.*
Fierce *Chedorlaomer* his *Vassals* arms
And o'r *Phœnicia* pours unumber'd Swarms:
Luxurious *Sodoms* Prince resists in vain,
With *Fire* and *Blood* they cover all the *Plain:*
Among the Captives, *Lot*; when *Abraham* knew
With his *Allies* he to his Rescue flew:
Heav'n on his side engag'd; the *Victors* fled,
And their *Captivity* he *captive* led:
On whose *Return* thro' *Shaveh's* royal Dale
Grateful *Refreshments* his tir'd Host *regale:*
The Great *Melchizedech*, of Race unknown,
Who wore a *Miter*, tho' he fill'd a *Throne*,
To Heav'ns *Ally* did these kind *Presents* bring,
Himself a wondrous *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King.*
Low at his *Feet* did the glad *Patriarch* fall,
His *Blessing* there receiv'd, and gave him *Tythes of all*

IX.

GENESIS, Chap. XII. 5. 6. XIII. 5. 6. 11. 12. XIV. 1. 11. to the End.

23

Chap. xii. ver. 5. Abram *went forth into the land of* Canaan *to the plain of* Moreh.

xiii. 5. Lot *also who went with* Abram *had flocks, and herds, and tents. And the land was not able to bear them.*

12. Abram *dwelt in* Canaan, *and* Lot *in the plain toward* Sodom.

17. *After his return from the slaughter of* Chedorlaomer, *&c.* Melchisedec *king of* Salem *brought forth bread and wine, &c. And he gave him tithes of all.*

XII.

Hagar *flies from her Mistress. An Angel comforts her.*

GOOD *Servants* shall their Masters *Blessing* share,
Ev'n wandring *Hagar*'s worth an *Angel*'s care.
From her *imperious Ladys* Face she *fled*,
The way that to her *native Regions* led:
At length a *Well* she saw, but on the *Brink*
Sinks fainting down, and wants the *Pow'r* to *drink*:
Here, by her kind *celestial Guardian* found,
When just *expiring* on the *Desert Ground*:
He bids her to her *Mistress* strait repair,
Confess her *Faults* and make *submission* there,
And adds the *Promise* of a joyful *Heir*;
Ishmael his name; He *Beasts* and *Men* shou'd *chase*
The *Father* of a bold *unnumber'd Race*.
She heard, and did th' *All-seeing Goodness* bless,
Who *Pity'd* and *Reliev'd* her in *Distress*:
The *Place* preserves the wondrous *Action*'s *Fame*,
And thence to distant Ages wears its *name*.
She rose *reviv'd*, and to her Lady came;
And of her *ripen'd Burthen* soon releas'd
She with a welcome *Son* her Master's house increas'd.

XII.

GENESIS, Chap. XVI. Ver. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

25

v. 6. *When* Sarai *deale hardly with* Hagar, *ſhe fled from her face. And the Angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderneſs:*

9. *And ſaid unto her, Return to thy miſtreſs, and ſubmit thy ſelf under her hands.*

10. *And the Angel of the Lord ſaid unto her, I will multiply thy ſeed exceedingly, that it ſhall not be numbered for multitude.*

XIII.

XIII.

Abraham *entertains Three Angels. A Son is promis'd him.*

BEneath a ſpacious *Oak*'s refreſhing *ſhade*
Which o'r his *Tent* a *friendly Arbour* made,
Repos'd the *Father* of the *Faithful* lay,
To taſte the gentle *Breez* and ſhun the ſcorching *Day*.
Three glorious *Gueſts* before the *Tent* appear'd
In human *Form*; the *Patriarch kneel'd* and *fear'd*:
If *mortal*, asks a mortals *Board* they'd ſhare,
Or if *Divine*, his *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r*.
With *Candor* they accept his friendly *Treat*,
Around the *Oak* each takes his *moſſy Seat*,
Chearful and *Grave*, and *eat*, or *ſeem* to *eat*:
When He, who *moſt* of *Majeſty* expreſs'd,
Larger his *Form*, and *brighter* than the *reſt*,
Did *hoſpitable Abraham* thus accoſt,
Nor is, Great Sir! your gen'rous *Friendſhip* loſt,
You all the *Bliſs* of happieſt mortals ſhare,
To crown it all you only *want* an *Heir*:
Nor ſhall you long; your *Conſort* ſhall conceive,
All things are *poſſible*, if you *believe*.
The *Patriarch* bow'd, and gave his firm *aſſent*,
And from their joyful *Hoſt* th' illuſtrious *Strangers* went.

XIII.

XIII.

GENESIS, Chap. XVIII. Ver. 1. to 10.

27

v. 6. Abraham *said to* Sarah, *make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.*

7. *And* Abraham *ran unto the herd, and fetcht a calf tender and good, and gave it unto a young man; and he hastned to dress it.*

8. *And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat.*

XIV.

XIV.

God reveals to Abraham *the Deſtruction of* Sodom. *He intercedes for it.*

THE *Crimes* of *Sodom* ripe for *Vengeance* grown
Two Angels haſten to deſtroy the *Town:*
When God -- And ſhall I from juſt *Abraham* hide
My *ſecret Will*, whoſe *Faith* ſo often try'd?
Who'll uſe his *Pow'r* with wiſe impartial Sway,
And make his *Sons* and *Houſe* my Laws obey?
Then to his Friend the *hov'ring Plague* foreſhows,
Who thus for *Grace* did humbly interpoſe.
And ſhall the *Righteous* with the *Guilty* fall?
When *Some* offend, ſhall Vengeance ſeize on *All?*
O rather the devoted *City* ſpare,
If only *Fifty* Pious Souls are there!
I will, ſays God; this gracious *Anſwer* take!
I'll all the City ſpare for *Fifties* ſake.
When *Abraham* thus - Let *Duſt* and *Aſhes* ſpeak!
If only of the number *Five* ſhou'd want
Wou'dſt thou for lack of *Five* reſume this *Grant?*
No, ſaid the Lord, I'll yet the Town *forgive*,
If of the *Fifty* wanting only *Five*.
Lower, and ſtill more low the *Patriarch* came,
For *Twenty* pleads, his Anſwer ſtill the *ſame:*

Yet

Yet *one*, his laſt *Effort* he trembling made,
If only *Ten* were there, for *Mercy* pray'd:
If *Ten* are *Righteous* there, thy Wiſh enjoy,
Jehova ſaid, I'll not the Town *deſtroy*.
And here at length the *Wondrous Treaty* ends,
Abraham departs, and *God* to Heav'n aſcends.

" O thou whoſe boundleſs *Pity* ſtill the *ſame*
" Still *Juſt*, and *Good* -- *Jehova* is thy Name!
" *Judge* of the *World*! our ſinful *Nation* ſpare,
" Who haſt thy *Fiftys*, and thy Thouſands there;
" Who ſtill *beſiege* thy *Throne* with fervent *Pray'r*:
" Or if our crying *Guilt* be th' fatal *Cloud*
" That ſtops our *Vows*, yet hear, O hear our Saviour's *Blood*!

GENESIS, Chap. XVIII. from Ver. 17. to the End.

V. 17. *The Lord ſaid, ſhall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do*, &c.

23. *Abraham ſaid, wilt thou alſo deſtroy the righteous with the wicked?*

24. *Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city; wilt thou alſo deſtroy, and not ſpare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein?*

25. *Be it far from thee to do after this manner, to ſlay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous ſhould be as the wicked, be that far from thee: ſhall not the judge of all the earth do right*, &c.

XV.

The deſtruction of Sodom. Lot *is preſerv'd.*

NO longer now cou'd Heav'n its *Bolts* forbear,
No longer *Sodom ripe* for *Vengeance*, ſpare:
Yet thoſe who on the fatal *buſineſs* go;
While righteous *Lot* remains, *ſuſpend* the *Blow*:
With an obliging *Force* they him convey
From thoſe *devoted Walls*, a moments ſtay
Wou'd coſt his *Life*; one *Glance* he muſt not caſt,
But forwards to the neighb'ring *Mountains* haſte:
Their aged *Sire* his trembling *Daughters* joyn'd:
Loaden with *Wealth* his *Wife* came ſlow behind,
Yet wiſh'd for *more*; Her Eyes ſhe cou'd not hold,
But caſt a *longing Look* to her remaining *Gold*:
She look'd her *laſt*, her *Eyes* no more her *own*,
Unmov'd her *Feet*, *rigid* her *Arms* are grown,
Rooted ſhe ſtands a *Monumental Stone*.
And now on *Sodom's Walls* the ruddy *Vengeance* fell,
And pour'd from angry *Heav'n* inevitable *Hell*:
Broad *Sheets* of ghaſtly *Flame* involve the guilty *Town*,
The golden *Statues* melt, the *Walls* come tumbling down:
Deep in a dire *Abyſs* their *Grave* and *Ruin* find,
And leave a *noiſom Lake*, and ſulph'rous *Flames* behind.
Learn *Mortals!* learn from hence to dread th' *Immortals Ire!*
For here was *fiery Luſt* reveng'd with *horrer Fire*.

XVI.

XV.

GENESIS, Chap. XIX. Ver. 12. to 29.

31

24. *The Lord rain'd upon* Sodom *and upon* Gomorrah *brimstone and fire from heaven.*

25. *And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.*

26. *But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.*

XVI.

Isaac *born:* Hagar *and* Ishmael *cast forth. God comforts them.*

THO' Heav'n a while *delays*, it can't *deceive*,
And those are not *impatient*, who *believe*:
An *Hundred* rolling years without an *Heir*,
Had *Abraham* pass'd but wou'd not yet *despair*;
At length the welcome promis'd *Blessing* came,
A *Son* is born, and *Isaac* is his *name*:
Beyond her *Hopes* the joyful *Sarah* bless'd,
To see the smiling *Infant* at her *Breast*.
Which when he now *forsook*, a splendid Feast
For all his cheerful *Friends* the *Patriarch* made,
And *Victims* on the smoaking *Altars* laid,
Doubly a Father *double Thanks* he pay'd.
But *mortal joys* are *unsincere* and vain,
And all our *Pleasure* soon allay'd with *Pain*:
Ishmael with *Scoffs* insults th' *intruding Heir*,
Nor *Sarah*, haughty *Sarah* this cou'd *bear*;
Hence with the *Slaves*, she said, let *both away*,
Nor shall they to *affront* my *Isaac* stay.
Agen sad *Hagar* wanders thro' the *wild*,
Loaden with *Grief*, and with her exil'd *Child*:
The *Water* now was spent she with her bore,
And in the thirsty *Sands* what *Hopes* of more?

Her

Her *Tears* the only moiſture to ſupply
Her *fainting Son*, tho' ev'n her *Eyes* grew dry
Parch'd and *exhauſt*; nor cou'd ſhe *ſee him die*:
One *Kiſs* ſhe gave, that *Kiſs* ſhe thought her *laſt*,
And then beneath a *Buſh* the Child ſhe *caſt*:
With much of *Pain* he rais'd his fainting *Eyes*,
And for his *Mother* calls with *feeble cries*.
That boundleſs *Pity* who does all ſurvey,
Who not diſdains to aid our *mortal Clay*,
Tho' *Angels* ſerve him, ſaw their deep *diſtreſs*,
Nor *unregarding* ſaw, but did *redreſs*.
He bids the *mournful Mother* ceaſe her Fears,
For God had heard *his Voice*, had heard *her Tears*.
Ariſe, ſaid he, agen thy *Iſhmael* take:
Of *Iſhmael* I'll a *mighty Nation* make.
When near her ſhe a *Cryſtal Well* perceives,
And with recruited Stores herſelf and *Him* relieves.

GENESIS, Chap. XXI. Ver. 2. 3.

2. Sarah *bare a ſon at the ſet time of which God*
d ſpoken.
3. *And* Abraham *called the name of his ſon, whom*
rah *bare to him*, Iſaac.

XVII. Abraham *commanded to offer* Isaac. *An* Angel *stays his Hand.*

AND now to *Abraham* thus th' *Almighty* spake,
Thy *Son*, thine *only* Son, thine *Isaac* take,
And where *Moriahs* craggy Mountains rise
The *Youth* to him that gave him, *sacrifice.*
Nor did the *Friend* of God *dispute* or *stay*;
He knew 'twas *Heaven's* to *order*, his t' *obey*:
Who *gave* him, cou'd *perform* the *Words* he said,
Who *bid* him *die* cou'd *raise* him from the *Dead.*
Scarce had the *Sun* forsook th' *Eoan Main*
And chas'd the *Shades* o'r scorch'd *Arabia's* Plain,
When *Abraham*, *yet a Father*, leaves his *Tent*,
And to the *Place* with his lov'd *Isaac* went:
The *thoughtful Father* bore the *Knife* and *Fire*,
His *Son* the *Wood*, who thus accosts his *Sire*:
--- Nor *Wood*, nor *Fire*, for *Sacrifice* we *need*,
But where's the *Lamb* must on the *Altar* bleed?
Unmov'd the faithful *Patriarch* thus reply'd,
'Tis *God* who *sends* and he'll the *Lamb* provide.
And now the *Victim's* on the *Altar* bound
The *Father's Hand* is rais'd to give the fatal *Wound*
O *Piety!* O *Nature!* Why so slow,
Ye *Angels*, to divert the falling *Blow!* (man
At length 'tis *done*; at length by *Heavn's* com
A willing *Watcher* flies, and *stops* his *Hand*:
When from the *Throne* a voice like *Thunder* broke
And to the *Patriarch* thus th' *Almighty* spoke.
" Enough, my *Friend!* enough thy *Piety* is show
" Thy matchless *Faith* shall be to after-*Ages* know
" I by my self have sworn thy num'rous *Seed* I'll bl
The *gates* of those that *hate* them shall thy *Seed* poss
" The *Saviour* of the World shall from thy *Stock* a
" T' *atone* his Father's *Wrath* a willing *Sacrifice*

XV

XVII.

GENESIS, Chap. XXII. Ver. 1. to 3. 6. to 12. 16. to 18.

V. 2. *God ſaid, take thy ſon* Iſaac, *and offer him for a burnt offering.*

6. Abraham *took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon* Iſaac *his ſon; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife: and they went both of them together.*

9. *And laid the wood in order; and bound* Iſaac *his ſon, and laid him on the altar upon the wood, &c.*

XVIII.

Abraham *ſends his Servant to take a Wife for his Son* Iſaac.

Hoary with *Age* the *Patriarch* now appears,
And *bends* beneath a *Century* of *Years*:
Concern'd for his reſtor'd *miraculous Son*,
His faithful *Servant* call'd, he thus begun.
-- *Swear*, *Swear*, ſaid he, by him who rules the *Sky*,
Who made this *Earth*, and yon bright *Orbs* on high,
Thou'lt not thy Maſter's *Family diſgrace*,
Nor match my Son to *Canaans* hated *Race*;
But back to *Aramæan Fields* repair,
And from my *Kindred* chuſe his *Conſort* there:
Attent the *Servant* hears, to all he yields,
And ſpeeds away for *Padans* diſtant Fields:
Nor *empty* he nor unattended goes,
But *Ten fair Camels* of his Maſters choſe,
With *Spice* and *Gold*, which both th' *Arabia*'s bleſs'd,
And all the various *Treaſures* of the *Eaſt*.
(Scarce wealthier *Caravans* in after-Days
Shall *Iſhmaels* Sons to their *Impoſtors Tomb*,
Or from th' *Armuzian Gulf*, and *Perſia*'s ſhores,
Or old *Damaſcus*, earthly *Paradiſe*,
In ſafety *Pilot* o'r the *ſandy Main*.)
And now the *Sun* with faint declining *Beams*
Strikes the tall *Hills*, and *gilds* the Cryſtal *Stream*
Arriv'd, the pious *Trav'ler kneel'd* and *pray'd*,
Nor long before he ſaw the *charming Maid*,
Whom for his Maſter's *Boſom* Heav'n deſign'd:
The *Meſſage* done his aged Lord enjoyn'd,
He gains the *Virgin*'s, and her *Friends conſent*,
And ſoon rejoicing home with his fair *Charge*
went.

XV

XVIII.

GENESIS, Chap. XXIV. from Ver. 17. to 20.

V. 17. *The ſervant ran to meet her, and ſaid, let me (I pray thee) drink a little water of thy pitcher.*

18. *And ſhe ſaid, drink my lord: and ſhe haſted and let down her pitcher upon her hand and gave him drink.*

19. *And when ſhe had done giving him drink, ſhe ſaid, I will draw water for thy camels alſo, until they have done drinking.*

20. *And ſhe haſted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels.*

XIX.

Rebecca *being barren,* **Isaac** *prays for her,* **Esau** *and* **Jacob** *born. Their conditions foretold.*

VAin *Man,* when of his *darling Wish* possess'd
Still something *wants* which leaves him still *unbless'd.*
We ask of *Heaven* and murmur when *deny'd,*
We ask fair *Children* and a *beauteous Bride.*
But *Heav'n* alone foresees the dark *Event,*
And whether they in *Wrath* or *Mercy* sent;
And is there no *Relief* for mortal *Care*
No *Balm* for all our *Wounds?* - There is - 'Tis *Pray'r:*
By this, *unshock'd,* the fiercest *Storms* we bear,
By this *remove;* new *Light* and *Joy* receive,
And *breath* agen a while, and *think* we *live.*
This all the *Just* of old, this *Isaac* try'd:
No smiling *Heir* to bless his lovely *Bride;*
Can Heav'n *forget* what Heav'n itself *decreed,*
Where are his *Hopes,* and where the *Promis'd Seed!*
His *barren Wealth,* th' effect of all his *Care*
Must *Rapine* seize, or thankless *Strangers* share?
The *fruitful Poor* he bless'd - Yet did he not *despair.*

Ful

Full *Twenty Years* he *pray'd*, nor *pray'd* in vain,
But does at length a *double Bleſſing* gain:
The ſad *Rebecca's* barren Womb's unſeal'd,
And of her ſtruggling *Birth* the *Fate's* reveal'd:
"Two *Nations*, thus ſaid God, are in thy *Womb*
"Two different *Warring People* thence ſhall come
"The *younger Hand* the *Scepter* doom'd to ſway,
"The *Elder*, tho' reluctting, muſt *obey*.
And now her *ripen'd Burthen* preſs'd to ſhare
The cheerful *Light* and taſt ſweet *Vital Air*:
A *double Birth* from her glad *Labor* came,
Rough *ESAU* was the Firſt, *JACOB* the *Younger's* Name.

GENESIS, Chap. XXV. Ver. 21. to 26.

23. *The Lord ſaid unto her, two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people ſhall be ſeparated from thy bowels: and the one people ſhall be ſtronger than the other people; and the elder ſhall ſerve the younger.*

24. *And when her days to be delivered were fulfilled, behold, there were twins in her womb.*

25. *And the firſt came out red, all over like an hairy garment: and they called his name* Eſau.

26. *And after that came his brother out, and his hand took hold on* Eſau's *heel; and his name was called* Jacob.

XX.

Jacob *gets the Bleſſing from* Eſau.

SWift *Hours* and winged *Moments*, why ſo *faſt*,
And O ye *Ages!* who commands your *Haſt?*
How ſoon the *Bloom* of *Life* and *Youth* are flown?
How ſoon we grow unto our *Selves unknown?*
Decrepid Iſaac now has loſt his *Sight*,
His *Orbs* in vain attempt the *cheerful Light*;
Fair *Heav'n*, and *Man*'s dear Face they *ſearch* in vain:
His *heavier Sences* only *firm* remain:
Touch, *Hearing*, *Taſte*, and *Smell*, unbroke and ſtrong,
And ſtill the *glimm'ring Lamp* of Life prolong.
-- But his *Immortal Mind* renews its *Sight*,
More *quick* and *vig'rous* grown when *wing'd* for *flight*
And on the *Ridge* of Life can farther ſee
Within the *Realms* of dark *Futurity*.
Of thoſe *Two Sons* which bleſs'd his *Nuptial Bed*
He his lov'd *Eſau* call'd, and thus he ſaid.
--- Hence to the *Woods* my Son! and ſwift as *wind*
Go chaſe the lofty *Stag*, or nimble *Hind*:
When *Heav'n* thy *Labor* crowns with wiſh'd *ſucceſs*
Return, and thee before my *Death* I'll *bleſs*.
His *Mother* heard, her favour'd *Jacob* ſent
His lingring Brother's *Bleſſing* to prevent:
The Father *bleſs'd*, *unknowing* his *Deceit*,
And God *confirm'd* his *Word*, and made it *Fate*:
Thus, *Good* from *Ill*, unbounded *Wiſdom* draws,
And thus juſt Heav'n *diſpoſes* what it did not *cauſe*.

XX.

GENESIS, Chap. XXVII. 1. to Ver. 23.

v. 17. Rebecca *gave the ſavory meat, and the bread which ſhe had prepared, into the hand of her ſon* Jacob.

18. *And he came unto his father, and ſaid, my father: and he ſaid, here am I; who art thou my ſon?*

19. *And* Jacob *ſaid unto his father, I am* Eſau *thy firſt-born; I have done according as thou badeſt me: ariſe, I pray thee, ſit and eat of my veniſon, that thy ſoul may bleſs me.*

23. *And he diſcerned him not, becauſe his hands were hairy, as his brother* Eſau's *hands: ſo he bleſſed him.*

XXI.

Esau *complains of his Brother's supplanting him.* Isaac *blesses* Esau.

Weary and *faint* returning from the *Chase*
To meet his Father's *Blessing* and *Embrace*
Young *Esau* comes, and begs he'd deign to share
Th' *Effects* of his *Good-Fortune* and his *Care*:
Trembled the *Patriarch* when his *Voice* he knew;
"If thou my *Son*, my *Esau*, where and who,
"Where is th' *Impostor* did thy *Blessing* steal?
"Nor can I that *reverse* which *Heav'n* did *seal*.
Fierce *Esau* hears, with loud and bitter *Cries*
Accuses *partial Fate*, and *rends* the *Skies*.
O *Father*, *Brother!* in my *ruin* joyn'd!
A *Brother* false, a *Father* as *unkind!*
And have you then *exhausted* all your *Store*,
He adds with *Tears*, not One, One *Blessing* more
Can you upon your *once-lov'd* Son bestow,
Who strains these *Knees*, and at your *Feet* will grow
Of *that*, at least, a *Brother* can't deprive;
That, ev'n to *Esau*, may a *Father* give.

The

The *Patriarch* thus, I *him thy Lord* have made.
By *Nations* ſerv'd, by *Suppliant Foes* obey'd:
With *Corn* and *Wine* did I his *Race* ſuſtain;
Yet thou, at length, ſhalt *break* his ſervile Chain:
The *Dew* of *Heav'n* ſhall on thy *Lot* deſcend,
The *fertile Glebe* uncommon Bleſſings lend.
And *Triumphs* thy victorious *Sword* attend.
But half content did *Eſau* thence depart,
And treaſur'd Deep *Revenge* within his canker'd *Heart*.

GENESIS, Chap. XXVII. from Ver. 30. to 41.

v. 31. Eſau *alſo made ſavory meat, and brought it unto his father; and ſaid unto his father, Let my father ariſe, and eat of his ſons veniſon, that thy ſoul may bleſs me*, &c.

35. *And* Iſaac *ſaid, thy brother came with ſubtilty, and hath taken away thy bleſſing.*

39. *Behold, thy dwelling ſhall be the fatneſs of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above.*

40. *And by thy ſword ſhalt thou live, and ſhalt ſerve thy brother: and it ſhall come to paſs when thou ſhalt have the dominion, that thou ſhalt break his yoke from off thy neck.*

XXII.

Rebecca *ſends* Jacob *to* Padan-Aram. *Who ſees a Viſion of Angels in the way.*

AND now his fearful *Mother*, *Jacob* ſends
To *Bethuel*, and her *Aramëan Friends*:
Who, when *Still Night* her ſable wings had ſpread,
A *Stone* his *Pillar*, and the *Earth* his Bed,
Weary with trav'ling takes his welcome *Reſt*,
With glorious *Dreams*, and heav'nly *Viſions* bleſs'd:
He ſaw fair *Angels* from the *Clouds* deſcend,
And to the *Place* their ſhining *Footſteps* bend:
A wondrous *Scale* he ſaw from *Earth* ariſe
Whoſe lofty *top* was hid within the *Skies*.
Th' *Angelic Forms* were now no longer *fair*,
Their Rays eclips'd, for *God* himſelf was there,
When loe a *Voice* was heard, a *Voice* divine,
" I am thy *Father's God*, and will be *thine!*
" The *Land* where thou a *Stranger*, now doſt *reſt*
" Shall be by thy *unnumber'd Seed* poſſeſs'd,
" And all the *World* ſhall in thy *Seed be bleſs'd*.
" Where e'r thou go'ſt my *Favour* ſhall attend,
" My watchful *Angels* ſhall from *Ill* defend:
" Nor will I leave thee till I thee *reſtore*,
" Till all my *Words* I have *perform'd*, and *more*.
He ſaid, the *glorious Viſions* were too bright;
Sleep flies away, at once they take their *Flight*,
And *modeſt Day* aroſe, and *ſhone* with *paler Light*.

XXII.

GENESIS, Chap. XXVIII. Ver. 10. to 15.

v. 10. 11. Jacob *went out from* Beersheba, *and lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night: and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.*

12. *And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached unto heaven: and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it.*

13. *And behold the Lord stood above it, and said* I *am the God of* Abraham *thy father, and the God of* Isaac: *the land whereon thou liest, to thee will* I *give it, and to thy seed.*

XXIII.

XXIII.

Jacob's *Vow.*

THE *Pious Pilgrim* ſtruck with ſacred *Aw*,
And deep revolving what he *heard* and *ſaw*;
While yet the *Sun* did ſcarce his *Beams* diſcloſe
Thus to himſelf, as he from *Earth* aroſe.

Well may I *tremble*, when ſuch *Cauſe* for *Fear*,
How *dreadful is this Place, for God is here!*
'Tis *Holy*, 'tis *Divine* -- Away *Profane!*
What *mortal Strength* ſuch *Brightneſs* may *ſuſtain!*
What ſacred *Horror* trills thro' every *Vein!*
The *Gates* of *Heav'n* are here *expanded* wide;
The *King of Kings* does here himſelf *reſide:*
And may the *Pow'r* who *fills* it, not deſpiſe
My grateful, tho' my humble *Sacrifice!*
Then rais'd the *Stone* on which he *lean'd* his *Head*,
Pure *Oyl* he pour'd thereon, and thus he *ſaid:*
" *God of my Fathers!* My *Petition* grant!
" Let me not *daily Bread*, and *Rayment* want!
" O *proſper*, and *preſerve!* I ask no more,
" And to my *Father's Houſe* in *Peace* reſtore!
" So, *thou* my *God*, this *Place* thy *Houſe* ſhall be,
" And *Tythes* of all thou giv'ſt I'll *conſecrate* to *Thee.*

XXIII.

GENESIS, Chap. XXVIII. Ver. 18. to the End.

47

v. 18. Jacob *rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oyl upon the top of it.*

19. *And he called the name of that place* Beth-el.

20. *And* Jacob *vowed a vow, saying, if* God *will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on;*

21. *So that I come again to my fathers house in peace: then shall the* Lord *be my* God.

22. *And this stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be* God's *house: and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth to thee.*

XXIV.

Jacob *comes to the Well of* Haran: *sees* Rachel. *Is received by* Laban.

ENcourag'd thus, his *Journy* he purſues,
Till *Harans* Eaſtern Fields at length he views,
Cover'd with *Flocks* which graz'd the fertile *Plains*
Conducted and ſecur'd by harmleſs *Swains*.
The *Sun* ſhot fiercely from the *heigth* of Day,
Panting for Heat the *Flocks* and *Shepherds* lay
Around a limpid *Fountains* Brim; but none
Cou'd from the *Entrance* move the ponderous *Stone*:
Twice Six of our degen'rate weaker *Race*
The *rocky Fragment* hardly cou'd diſplace;
With eaſe the *Hebrew* throws it from the *brink*,
And makes wide way for all the *Flocks* to *drink*;
For *Laban's Flock* he ſees approaching near,
He ſees their lovely *Shepherdeſs* appear,
The *Charms of Innocence* and *Beauty* wear.
With more than *Friendſhip* in his Eyes and *Face*
He *look'd* and *bluſh'd*, and ran to her *Embrace*:
His *Name* and *Kindred* to the *Maid* reveals
With *trembling Lips*, and ſcarce his *Love* conceals.
Rich *Laban* hears, he meets him at the *Gates*,
His *Kinſman*, to his *Houſe* with courteous *welcome*
waits.

GENESIS, Chap. XXIX. Ver. 10. 14

10. *When* Jacob *ſaw* Rachel *the daughter of* Laban *his mother's brother, and the ſheep of* Laban; *that* Jacob *went near, and rolled the ſtone from the well's mouth and watered the flock of* Laban *his mothers brother.*

11. *And*

11. *And* Jacob *kiſſed* Rachel, *and lifted up his voice and wept.*

14. *And* Laban *ſaid to him, ſurely thou art my bone and my fleſh: and he abode with him the ſpace of a month.*

XXV.

Jacob *loves* Rachel, *and ſerves for her Seven Years.*

ILL *Apes* of ancient *Truths*, the *Pagans*, feign
That *Love* transform'd *Apollo* to a *Swain*:
See here the *Founder* of the *Sacred Race*
For *Sev'n* long years that pleaſing *Toil* embrace!
His *Sheep* their *Maſter's* watchful *Eye* confeſs,
Tho' more he heeds their charming *Shepherdeſs*:
Or on ſome hanging *Mountains* verdant *Side*,
Or near fair *Streams* which thro' the *Valleys* glide,
Or on a *flow'ry Bank*, beneath the *ſhade*
By ſpreading *Palms* and lofty *Cedars* made,
Which *ſereen'd* the *Sun*, but *fann'd* his inward *Fire*,
He *ſate*, and *ſung*, and touch'd his tuneful *Lyre*.
He ſung what paſs'd a *vulgar Shepherds* Lays,
How God did this fair *World* from *Chaos* raiſe;
How, *Man*, its *Lord*, he made, and from his *Side*,
(What cannot *Heav'n*?) educ'd his beauteous *Bride*;
When firſt they *met*, what *Joy*, what ſtrange *ſurprize*,
And all their bleſs'd *Employ* in *Paradiſe*.
Nor did his *Virtuous Suit* ſucceſsleſs prove,
For *Verſe* and Muſick ne'r were *Foes* to *Love*:
Her *Heart* he wins, he wins her *Friends* aſſent,
And brings the *beauteous Prize* in triumph to his *Tent*.

GENESIS, Chap. XXIX. Ver. 18 to 20.

18. Jacob *loved* Rachel, *and serv'd seven years for her; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.*

XXVI.

Jacob's *departure.* Laban *pursues him. God appears to* Laban: *He makes a Covenant with* Jacob.

FUll *twenty Years* the happy *Exile* stay'd
In *Harans Fields*, his *Labors* well repay'd:
So well his faithful Industry was bless'd
His Flocks and Herds thro' all the Plains increas'd.
A num'rous *Offspring* crown'd his nuptial *Bed*,
Nor they the *Scorn* of *Fools* for *want of Bread.*
Yet something still of *Happiness* behind:
His *once dear Home* he often call'd to mind,
And *Father's House*; fain wou'd he close his *Eyes*,
And see the *aged Sire* before he *dies.*
With *Heav'n* to *Friend* at length he homeward went,
Nor jealous *Laban* knew his *Son's* intent:
By gentle *Journeys* still to *West* he leads,
And *Paths* well known with his fair *Troop* he treads.
They thro' *rough ways*, thro' various *Regions* pass'd,
Euphrates cross'd and *Bashans Fields*, at last

Fair

Fair *Gilead* reach'd, he hopes the *Danger's* o'r,
His richly laden *Bark* in ſight of Shore:
But *angry Laban* hears, and like the *Wind*
With his *tempeſtuous Friends* came ſwift behind;
The *feeble Troop* o'retake, and nothing *breath*
But *Wrath* and *Vengeance*, *Slavery* and *Death*:
Too late to *fly*, too *weak* to *meet* the Foe:
But interpoſing *Heav'n* put by the *Blow*;
For God a *Viſionary Scene* diſplay'd,
And thus by *Night* to trembling *Laban* ſaid:
Touch not my Servant, my peculiar *Care*,
And ev'n the leaſt provoking *Word* forbear:
Th' *Morn* they meet, and in a *League* combine,
Which *ragged Heaps of Stones* to after-Ages ſign.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXI. 17. 20. 21. 23. 24. 25. 44. to 51.

V. 21. Jacob *fled with all that he had toward* Mount Gilead.

24. *And God came to* Laban *the* Syrian *in a dream by night, and ſaid unto him, take heed that thou ſpeak not to* Jacob *either good or bad.*

31. *And* Laban *ſaid to* Jacob, *behold this heap, and behold this pillar which I have caſt betwixt me and thee;*

52. *This heap be witneſs, and this pillar be witneſs, that I will not paſs over this heap to thee, and that thou ſhalt not paſs over this heap and this pillar unto me for harm, &c.*

XXVII.

Esau *comes to meet* Jacob. *He sends a Present to appease him. He wrestles with an Angel: His name is called* Israel.

THis *Storm* no sooner pass'd but others rise,
And with new *Tumults* fill the angry *Skies*
For now proud *Selahs* craggy *Rock* appears
And *Edoms* Realms; the conscious *Jacob* fears;
Fears his Supplanted *Brother*'s Arms, and sent
The distant gath'ring *Mischief* to prevent:
His *Messengers* ungrateful Tidings bring
Returning swift -- (*Ill news* is on the *Wing*,
The *Good* comes *slow* behind with *lazy Feet*:)
Fierce Esau with Four Hundred Men they meet,
All on *full march* his Brother's *Camp* to find,
Panting they come, and think him close *behind*.
The *Patriarch*'s with the doubtful news distress'd
And various *Passions* struggled in his *Breast*:
First *Heav'n* by *Pray'r* did on his *Side* engage,
And then to melt his injur'd Brother's *Rage*
Large Droves of Oxen, Sheep, and Camels brin
When joyn'd, a *Present* not unworthy *Kings*:
Then o'r the *Ford* his num'rous *Houshold* sent,
He only stay'd behind, and kept his *Tent*;
And as he *storms* high *Heav'n* with pious *Pray'r*,
In *Human Form* an *Angel* enters there;
Whom *Jacob* seiz'd, the heav'nly *Warrior* press'd
Nor wou'd he let him go, himself *unbless'd*:
The *Angel* thus -- I grant thee thy *Request*:
Jacob no more, thy name shall *Israel* be,
For thou with God and *Man* hast gain'd the vic

XXVII.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXII. Ver. 3. 6. 9. 13. to 15. 22. 24. to 28.

53

v. 6. *The meſſenger ſaid, thy brother* Eſau *comes to meet thee, and four hundred men.*

7. *Then* Jacob *was greatly afraid, and took of that which came to his hand, a preſent for* Eſau *his brother.*

24. 25. *There wreſtled a man with* Jacob, *and when he ſaw that he prevailed not againſt him, he touched the hollow of his thigh: and the hollow of* Jacob's *thigh was out of joyne, as he wreſtled with him.*

28. *And he ſaid, thy name ſhall be called no more* Jacob, *but* Iſrael: *for as a prince haſt thou power with God and with men, and haſt prevailed.*

XXVIII.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXIII. Ver. 1. 8. to 11. 16.

The kind meeting of Esau *and* Jacob.

THE *Patriarch* now assur'd of heavenly *Aid*
When first the Sun his *radiant Face* display'd
Crosses the murmuring *Brook*, no more affraid:
His Brother's *Troops* he sees, not *unprepar'd*,
He knew he had himself a *Stronger Guard*.
But pow'rful *Heav'n* had chang'd his *Heart* before,
'Twas *moulded* new, *revengeful* now no more:
Fury and *Murder*, direful *Forms* remove,
Soft *Pity* them succeeds, and mild *fraternal Love*:
He came to *Guard* and *Welcome*, not *contend*,
And only *knew* the *Brother* and the *Friend*.
When *Joy* wou'd give him leave his *Thoughts* to vent,
He asks him what those *Droves* behind him *meant*:
'Tis only a *small Present*, he rejoyn'd,
Tho' far too *mean*, for *you*, my Lord, design'd.
I have enough, my *Brother*, spare your cost
Replys the *Prince*; on *me* 'tis only *lost*:
So long he urg'd till he his *Gifts* receives,
And *Jacob* not *displeas'd*, upon his Journey *leaves*.

XXIX

XXIX.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXIV. Ver. 1. 2. 25. 26. 30. 31.

Dinah *raviſh'd, The* Shechemites *ſlain by* Simeon *and* Levi.

TO *Shalem*'s Fields did *Jacob* now repair,
His *Tent* he pitch'd, and built an *Altar* there:
The while young *Dinah*, innocent and fair,
Of *Home* and rural *Pleaſures* weary grown
Steals from her Father's *Tent* to ſee the *Town*,
And with her *Canaanitiſh Friends* reſort
To *Hamor*'s *Palace*, and luxurious *Court*.
Young *Shechem* ſaw, he *treated* and *careſs'd*,
A *lawleſs Fire* inflam'd the *Princes* Breaſt,
He ſeiz'd the *ſtruggling Maid*, and all his *Wiſh* poſ-
Simeon and *Levi heard*, they both *conſpire*, (ſeſs'd:
Enflam'd with *Wrath*, as *Shechem* with *Deſire*,)
Severe Revenge for this Affront to take,
And kill the *People* for their *Prince*'s ſake:
By guileful *Arts* they an *Advantage* gain,
And the defenceleſs *Citizens* are *ſlain*:
Cover'd with *Blood* they to their *Father* come,
And with 'em lead their *mournful Siſter* home:
No *Joy* their *Conqueſt* brought his peaceful *Tent*,
Their raſh *Revenge* he *chides*, and dreads th' *Event*:
His eager *Sons*, their *Paſſion* ſcarce allay'd,
Defend the cruel *Fact*, and thus they ſaid:
"Can ought for ſuch a *Crime* be too *ſevere*:
It was too *much*, too *much* for *Man* to *bear*,
With his *hot Blood* we've purg'd that foul *diſgrace*
The *Raviſher* has fix'd on *us*, and all our *Race*.

XXX.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXV. Ver. 16. 19. 20.

Rachels *Death. Her Burial, and Tomb.*

AH, why shou'd cheated mortals *wish* and *chuse*,
Or the dear *charming Object* ever lose!
Has *Love* itself no more of *Bliss* to give,
Or *fears* too soon we'd all our *Joys outlive!*
Thro' *Want* and *Sorrow* long the *Patriarch* strove,
And *softned* all his *Cares* with *virtuous Love*;
The rugged *Tempest* pass'd, the *Storms* were o'r,
His *Treasure's* lost upon the wish'd-for *Shore*:
His *Rachel*, his long Labor's happy *Prize*,
Joy of his *Heart*, and *Light* of his glad *Eyes*,
Himself the *Cause*, in ling'ring *Torments* dies:
Scarce cou'd his *Piety* Despair *prevent*,
Or make him with so *vast* a *Loss* content.
What was the *World* to him when she was gone?
A *Desert* all, a *Skie* without a *Sun*.
Yet will he *live*, her *Ashes* to perfume,
And scatter *Tears* and *Roses* round her *Tomb*:
A *Marble Pillar* o'r her *Dust* he rears,
Which this inscrib'd to *After-Ages* wears.

" *BEAUTY and LOVE are in this Vault enshrin'd*
" *While he who lost 'em both stays languishing behind*

XXX

XXXI.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXVII. Ver. 5. to 11.

Joseph's *Dreams*. *His Brethren hate him.*

CAN *Envy*, *Hatred*, and *Ambition* reign
With harmless *Shepherds* on their humble Plain?
Ev'n *there* we search for *Happiness* in vain:
Against a *Fav'rite* too they *there* combine,
With less of *Art*, but still the same *design*:
They on another's *Ruin* hope to *rise*,
And for a *Dream* wou'd Joseph *sacrifice*.
He *thought* he saw the *Fields* with *Harvest* crown'd,
And in large *Sheaves* the golden *Blessings* bound;
His *Brother's Sheaves* to *his*, obeisance pay'd;
They *heard*, and thus with scornful *Taunts* they said:
Is that strong *Hand* a *Scepter* doom'd to sway,
While we and all our *Father's House* obey?
Agen he *dreams*, the *Sun* and *Moon* appear,
Elev'n fair *Stars* which weaker *Lustre* wear
Compose their *Train*; they all in *consult* meet,
Humbly *submit*, and bow beneath his *Feet*:
The *Patriarch* heat'd, his forward *Son* reprov'd,
Tho' with the weighty *Omen* not unmov'd:
He treasures up his *Dreams*, content to wait
Till *lab'ring Time* disclos'd the deep *Resolves* of *Fate*.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Joseph *sold to the* Ishmaelites *by his Brethren, and carried into* Egypt.

NEar *Shechem*'s ruin'd *Walls* the *Patriarchs* led
Their Father's *Flocks*, and there securely fed;
From thence, (the *Fields* depastur'd) farther drive
Till they at *Dothan*'s fertile *Plains* arrive:
Young *Joseph* goes, commanded by his *Sire*
To find the *Ten*, and of their *Health* enquire;
Discern'd at *Distance*, they his *Death* conspire:
He comes, they cry, our *future Lord* let's kill,
And see if then he can his *Dreams fulfil*.
Reuben, of *Nature merciful*, and mild,
Allays their *Rage*, and seeks to save the *Child*:
Into a *Pit* the *Innocent* they cast,
And careless seat themselves to their *repast*:
As chanc'd a *Band* of *Ishmaels* Sons came by
With *Spices*, *Balm*, and *Myrrh*, approching nigh,
Thus *Judah* to his listning *Brethren* said:
What *Gain* if each upon his guilty *Head*
Our *Brother's Blood* we draw? Our selves let's *clear*
To these we'll sell the *Youth*, nor need we fear
Of *him* or of his *Dreams* again to *hear*.
The *motion* pleas'd, he's *sold*, the *Price* is pay'd,
And thro' the *Deserts* he to *Mizraims Realms* convey'd.

XXXII.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXVII. Ver. 12. to 28.

59

v. 26. Judah *ſaid unto his brethren, what profit is it if we ſlay our brother, and conceal his bloud?*

27. *Come, and let us ſell to him the* Iſhmaelites, *and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother, and our fleſh: and his brethren were content.*

28. *Then there paſſed by* Midianites, *merchantmen; and they drew and lift up* Joſeph *out of the pit, and ſold* Joſeph *to the* Iſhmaelites *for twenty pieces of ſilver: and they brought* Joſeph *into* Egypt.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

Jacob *laments for his Son* Joſeph.

THE *Breth'ren* now with *Fraud* their *Fact* diſguiſe,
And their *Injuſtice* muſt *conceal* with *Lies*:
His *Coat* of various *Colours* richly made,
Diſtain'd with *Blood* is to his *Sire* convey'd:
The *Coat* too well he knew, with *Grief* o'rpow'rd,
'Tis *his*, 'tis *his*, he cries, my *Son*'s *devour'd*,
My *Joſeph* is no *more* — Behold him *tear*
With loud *Laments* his *Garments* and his *Hair*!
His *goodly Robes* he into *Sackcloth* turns,
Cover'd with *Duſt* in deep *Deſpair* he *mourns*.
His *num'rous Sons* and all his *Houſe* ariſe
And ſtrive to *eaſe* his *Cares*; too *late*, he cries,
And *Hope* and *Comfort* now alike *defies*:
Ah my *Lov'd Son*! ſhall I thy *Loſs* ſurvive?
When *Joſeph* is no *more* ſhall *Jacob live*?
Heavier ye *Griefs*! make haſte ye ling'ring *Cares*.
And quickly *preſs* to *Earth* theſe *Hoary Hairs*:
As *faſt* as an *Old Man* can move, I'll *come*,
And *meet* thee once agen, my *Joſeph*, in the *Tomb*.

XXXIII.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXVII. from Ver. 31. to 35.

61

31. *They took* Joseph's *coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the bloud.*

32. *And they sent the coat of many colours, and brought it to their father; and said, this have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.*

33. *And he knew it, and said, it is my sons coat; an evil beast hath devoured him:* Joseph *is without doubt rent in pieces.*

34. *And* Jacob *rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loyns, and mourned for his son many days.*

XXXIV

XXXIV.

Joseph *tempted by his Mistress, he refuses her; is wrongfully accus'd, and imprison'd.*

VICE always is a *Slave*, but *Virtue's* free:
Joseph, tho' *sold*, enjoys his *Liberty*:
His *Master* loves his *Industry* and *Truth*,
His *Lady* views too oft his *blooming Youth*;
Too soon a *lawless Fire* inflames her *Breast*,
Which *robs* her *Mind* of *Peace*, her *Eyes* of *Rest*:
She *looks*, she *sighs*, she *languishes* in vain,
The lovely *Youth* regardless of her Pain:
In vain her *Sex's* well-known *Arts* she tries;
He dares not *trust himself*, nor trust *her Eyes*,
But *shuns* her *sight*, and *conquers* whilst he *flies*.
She still *persists*, so *wild* her *Passion* grown,
Till *Shame*, the last *Reserve* of *Virtue's* gone:
She *seiz'd* the *Youth*, attacks with *Syrens* Tears,
And tells him what's *unfit for virtuous Ears*:
In vain he *Gratitude* and *Conscience* press'd,
Blind to her *Charms*, and *Deaf* to her *Request*,
And *twin'd* at last the *Serpent* from his *Breast*.
With *other Fires* the slighted *Beauty* burns,
Defeated Lust to *Hate* and *Vengeance* turns:
Seize, seize the *Ravisher*, aloud she cries,
Resolv'd the guiltless *Youth* to *sacrifice*:
Silent he stood, yet *bold*, with no *Defence*
Besides his *Conscience*, and his *Innocence*;
Enrag'd his *Lord* commands; they *drag* him thence;
Loaden with *Chains* to *Dungeons* deep convey,
Remov'd from Heav'ns sweet *Light*, and least approach of *Day*.

XXXIV.

GENESIS, Chap. XXXIX. from Ver. 7. to 20.

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V. 7. *His masters wife cast her eyes upon* Joseph; *and she said, Lie with me. But he refused, &c.*

11. *And* Joseph *went into the house to do his business; and there was none of the men of the house there within.*

12. *And she caught him by his garment, saying lie with me: and he left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out.*

13. *And it came to pass, when she saw that he had left his garment in her hand, and was fled forth.*

14. *That she called unto the men of her house, &c.*

XXXV.

Pharaoh's *Dreams*. Joseph *interprets them.*

Ambition sinks when *tow'ring* to the *Skies*,
But humble *Virtue* from the *Dust* shall *rise*:
Young *Joseph* by his *Chains* illustrious grown,
Drawn from the *Dungeon* shares great *Pharaoh's* Throne.
Thither he comes to save the *sinking State*,
Forewarn'd by wondrous *Dreams*, and *big* with Fate:
As on his *Couch* the *Monarch* slumb'ring lay
These *Visionary Scenes* did *Heav'n* display:
On *Nilus's slimy Banks* he thought he stood,
And saw ascending from the *Parent-Flood*
Sev'n large, and *milk-white Kine*, well flesh'd and fair,
Which to the *Meadows* ran, and pastur'd there:
A *second Sev'n* succeeds *deform'd* and *lean*;
And, while intent he view'd the *wond'rous Scene*,
Attack the *former*, them they soon *o'rpow'r*,
The *Sev'n deform'd* the *beauteous Seven* devour,
Agen he *dreams* -- *Seven Ears* of *Corn* ascend,
And with their *weight* the Stalk beneath 'em *bend*:
Sev'n others them succeed, not far behind,
But *thin*, and *blasted* with the *burning wind*;
Yet these with speed *devour* the *Full* and *Fair*.
The King awakes, and seiz'd with *anxious Care*
He both th' *important Dreams* to *Joseph* told,
And thus did he their *mystic Sence* unfold
The *Dream* is *One*, in various *Figures* dress'd,
Sev'n Years of *Plenty* are by *both* express'd:
To these, *Sev'n Years* of *Famine* shall succeed,
When *Egypt* all her boasted *Stores* will need:
When *Plenty* comes, let *Pharaoh* then provide
That those long *barren Years* may be with *Corn* sup-
ply'd. XXX

XXXV.

GENESIS, Chap. XLI. Ver. 14. to 36.

v. 15. Pharaoh *ſaid unto* Joſeph, *I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard ſay of thee, that thou canſt underſtand a dream, to interpret it.*

16. *And* Joſeph *anſwered* Pharaoh *ſaying, it is not in me: God ſhall give* Pharaoh *an anſwer of peace,* &c.

26. *The ſeven good kine are ſeven years; and the ſeven good ears are ſeven years: the dream is one.*

27. *And the ſeven thin and ill-favoured kine that came up after them, are ſeven years; and the ſeven empty ears blaſted with the eaſt-wind, ſhall be ſeven years of famine,* &c.

XXXVI.

Joseph's *Preferment. His Marriage, and his Two Children.*

THE Monarch hears with *Joy* and ſtrange *ſurpriſe*,
Wondrous Young Man, belov'd of *Heav'n*, he cries;
Egypt's too *poor* a *juſt Reward* to give,
Yet, what a *grateful Nation* can, receive.
My *Viceroy* thou, thro' all my *Realms* obey'd,
To thee their *Saviour*, be their *homage* pay'd.
With ſpeed he bids the bright *Regalia* bring,
And him proclaim their *Father*, and their *King*.
He takes the *Royal Signet* from his *Hand*,
And with it gives unlimited *Command*:
Rich *Chains* of *Gold* his graceful *Neck* adorn,
Which an inglorious *Iron weight* had worn:
High on his ſtately *Chariot* rais'd he rode,
Admir'd, *ador'd* by all the ſhouting *Crowd*.
Nor wants a *Bride* of beauteous *Mind* and *Face*,
Proud of his *Heart*, tho ſhe of *Princely Race*:
Two *lovely Sons* ſhe did to *Joſeph* bear;
They *Smile*, and he forgets his former *Care*;
Of *foregone Ills* the very *Trace* remov'd,
Great without *Envy*, He, and without *Flatt'ry lov'd*.

XXXVI.

GENESIS, Chap. XLI. from Ver. 37. to 45. 50. to 52.

44. Pharaoh *said unto* Joseph, *I am* Pharaoh, *without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot all the land of* Egypt.

45. *And* Pharaoh *called* Joseph's *name* Zaphnath-aneah; *and he gave him to wife* Asenath *the ughter of* Poti-pherah *priest of* On: *and* Joseph *nt out over all the land of* Egypt.

50. *And unto* Joseph *were born two sons, before the rs of famine came: which* Asenath *the daughter of ti-pherah priest of* On, *bare unto him.*

XXXVII. GENESIS, XLI. *The Famine begins.* Joseph's *Brethren*, &c.

TIME now had ripen'd *Fate*, and on the *Sphere*
Had *spun* the first, bless'd *Week* of *plenteous* (*Years*:
The *Granaries* are *fill'd* by *Joseph's* Care,
And all against th' approaching *Storm* prepare;
Which now arrives, a dreadful *Famine* reigns,
Nor Father *Nile* cou'd bless his *Egypts* Plains:
They on their unexhausted *Stores* rely,
And forein *Regions* can from thence *supply*;
Old *Jacob* hears, and sends his *Sons* to buy;
For *Canaans* fertile Fields their *Want* confess,
Scorch'd like *Arabia's Sandy Wilderness*.
His *Benjamin* alone behind 'em stays,
The *Second Hope* of his declining Days:
The *Ten* to *Egypt* come, by *Joseph* known,
Tho' to his *Brethren* he a *Stranger* grown:
Roughly he asks 'em *whence* they came, and *why*?
Trembling and pale, from *Canaan*, they reply
To purchase Food -- Rather the Land to spy
From *Lubims* waste, or *Cush*, our ancient *Foe*
He fierce, rejoins -- With suppliant *Voice* and lo
Agen they plead their *Truth*, and thus began,
We once *Twelve happy Sons* of one *Old Man*;
One his untimely *Fate* long since did find,
The *Youngest* with his *Father* stays behind.
Let this appear, you vindicate your Truth;
Replies the *Prince*, but go, and bring the *Youth*
The while this *Pledge* shall your *Return* secure,
Or just *Rewards* of broken *Faith* endure.
Simeon, to *Blood* and *Murder* most inclin'd
When *him* they *sold*, he bids his *Servants* bind;
The rest return with *Corn*, he stays in *Chains* behin

XXXVIII. GENESIS, Chap. XLII. XLIV.

THeir num'rous *Houſhold* ſoon *exhauſt* their ſtore
Lean *Want* appears, and makes 'em *wiſh* for *more*
Yet dare they not to *Mizraims* Fields repair,
Their *Brother* left in *Chains* an *Heſtage* there,
Unleſs the *Youngeſt* now the *Journy* ſhare:
Their *mourniful Father* yields a *forc'd aſſent*,
Away his *Benjamin*, his *Darling* went:
At length arriv'd at *Joſeph's Princely Seat*
He mildly with 'em thus begins to treat.
And does th' *Old Sire* of whom ye ſpake, ſtill *ſhare*
The *cheerful Light*, and taſt th' *Ætherial Air*?
He does, Great Sir! tho' *Old* and full of *Days*,
The *Ten* reply, and for your *Welfare prays*.
Agen he views 'em with attentive *Eyes*,
And *Benjamin* among the *Crowd* eſpies;
With haſt he *flees* to his retir'd *Alcove*,
And vents in *Show'rs* of *Tears*, *fraternal Love*,
Returning ſoon, he *treats* his *Hebrew Friends*,
And loaden back with *Corn*, rejoicing ſends:
But *ſhort* their *Joy*, and but in vain their *Haſt*,
The *Steward* had a *maſſy Goblet* plac'd,
To *Joſeph* will'd, within the *Youngers* Sack;
He ſoon o'rtakes, and brings 'em trembling back:
The *fatal Bowl* with *Benjamin* was found
And he *ſecur'd*; when *proſtrate* on the *Ground*
Thus *Judah* pleads — on *me*, on *me*, let all
The *Guilt* and *Puniſhment* unpity'd fall:
But, Oh! this *unadverting Youth* forgive!
Let *him*, or rather let his *Father* live!
Him he miſs, he *dies*, nor dar'd we come
Till I his *Surety* to return him *home*:
Or rather let me *fall*, if *fall* I muſt,
Than bring my *aged Sire* with *Sorrow* to the *Duſt*.

XXXIX. Joseph *makes himself known to his Brethren. He sends for his Father.*

NO longer *Joseph* cou'd himself *refrain*,
But struggling *Nature* broke th' *uneasie* Chain:
He bids 'em *clear* the *Room*, the *Crowd* obey,
And none besides his *Wond'ring Brethren* stay;
Then -- *I am Joseph*, said, nor *needed* more,
Tho' humbly *prostrate* on the *Earth* before,
They'd now have *farther* gone, and wish its *Womb*,
And darkest *Shades* their kind immediate *Tomb*:
Agen with *gentle words* their minds he *chears*,
And with reviving *Smiles* dispells their *Fears*:
The *Youngest* first embrac'd with *friendly Tears*,
Then all the *Rest*; he bids their *Grief* forbear
For God to *save* their *Lives* had plac'd him *there*
Five dreadful *Years* of *Famine* yet remain,
No *Harvest* shou'd requite the *Tiller's* Pain:
Return, my *aged Father* bring with haste,
I'll *feed* you all until the *Dearth* be pass'd:
Of *Egypt's Dainties* he a *Present* sends,
And bids 'em on the way continue *Friends*.
Arriv'd they to their *aged Sire* relate
His *Joseph's Glory* and his alter'd *Fate*:
Too big th' unwieldy Joy, too vast the News,
Long did his fainting Heart, *Belief* refuse:
But when he saw the *Carriages* appear,
And did his pious Sons kind *message* hear;
Forgotten Joy shines in his lightn'd *Eyes*,
And thus the *aged Sire* in *Extasies*:
" Shall these *chill Veins* new *Life* and *Warmth* re
" And does my *lost lamented Joseph live?* (ceiv
" Tho' *long* the *Journey*, all my *Strength* I'll try
" To *see* and *bless* my *Son*, my *Joseph*, e'r I *die*.

XXXI

XXXIX.

GENESIS, Chap. XLV. Ver. 1. to 16.

V. 1. *Then* Joſeph *could not refrain himſelf before all them that ſtood by him; and he cried, cauſe every man to go out from me: and there ſtood no man with him, while* Joſeph *made himſelf known unto his brethren.*

V. 13. *And ſaid, ye ſhall tell my father,* &c. *and ye ſhall haſte, and bring down my father hither.*

14. *And he fell upon his brother* Benjamin's *neck, and wept; and* Benjamin *wept upon his neck.*

15. *Moreover, he kiſſed all his brethren, and wept upon them: and after that, his brethren talked with him.*

XL.

Jacob *with his Family goes into* Egypt, Joſeph *meets him; and preſents him, and Five of his Brethren to* Pharaoh.

FOR *Zoan*'s Fields, and deep retentive *lay*
Old *Jacob* thro' the *Deſert* takes his way;
Agen he ſees his much-lov'd *Joſeph*'s *Face*
Who from his *Chariot* leaps and runs with *Tears* to his Embrace:
Then brings to *Court* the *Venerable Sire*;
The *Nobles* preſs to ſee him, and *admire*,
Ev'n *Pharaoh* not *diſdains* to ask his *Age*:
--- *Evil* and *ſhort* has been my *Pilgrimage*,
A *Century* and *Half* t' has not *ſurpaſs'd*,
Tho' *longer* far my *Anceſtors* did laſt.
He *ſaid*, and *bleſs'd* the *King*, and from him went,
And *Joſeph* next his *Brethren* did preſent;
Five of the *Talleſt* and of graceful *Mien*,
By *Pharaoh* not *unworthy* to be *ſeen*:
He asks 'em, what their way of *Life* had been?
-- They -- We from our *Youth* were humble *Swains*
And us'd to *feed* our *Flocks* in *Canaans Plains*,
But all our *Paſtures* now are *ſcorch'd* and *burn'd*,
And like *Arabia*'s Sandy *Deſerts* turn'd:
To You, Great Sir! we all for *Refuge* fly,
Without your *Aid*, our famiſh'd *Flocks* muſt die,
In *Goſhens* fertile *Fields* we beg to reſt.
The Monarch *hears*, and *ſmiles*, and *grants* 'em their *Requeſt*.

XL

XL.

GENESIS, Chap. XLVI. XLVII. to Ver. 11.

Chap. xlvi. 29. Joseph *made ready his chariot, and went up to meet* Israel *his father, to* Goshen, &c.

xlvii. *And he took some of his brethren, even five men, and presented them unto* Pharaoh, &c.

7. *And* Joseph *brought in* Jacob *his father, and set him before* Pharaoh: *and* Jacob *blessed* Pharaoh.

8. *And* Pharaoh *said unto* Jacob, *how old art thou?*

9. *And* Jacob *said unto* Pharaoh, *the days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.*

XLI.

Jacob's *last Sickness. He sends for* Joseph, *and blesses his Two Sons.*

AND now the *Patriarch* finds his *Sp'rits* decay,
And drooping *Life* wear silently away:
His sinking *Eyes*, heavy with *Cares* and *Age*
Approaching *Death's* long *Iron Sleep* presage:
For *Joseph*, e'r he must the World *forsake*,
He sends, his *long*, his *last Adieu* to take:
His *Life's* weak *Lamp* gave yet one cheerful *blaze*,
When he *arrives*; he tries himself to *raise*,
And *bless* his Son, who lowly *Rev'rence* pay'd,
While thus with *pain* th' expiring *Patriarch* said:
Grieve not my Son! *mature* I yield to *Fate*,
I've *liv'd enough*, nor ask a *longer Date*:
Yet *one Request* you must not me deny,
Swear to perform't and I in *Peace* shall die:
'Tis -- that in *Canaan* you'd my *Bones* inter,
In *Ephron's* Field, and *Abraham's* Sepulcher:
He gave his *Oath*, and *firm'd* his last *Request*,
His *Children* brought, and them the *Patriarch* bless'd:
His Hands *transverse*, his *Right* the *Younger* grac'd,
And on the *Elder's* Head his *Left* was plac'd:
Joseph displeas'd, to *move* 'em vainly try'd,
Unerring Fate his *palsied Hands* did Guide.
My *Ephraim!* thee thy *Father's* God shall *bless*,
Inspir'd he cries, *Manasseh* only *less*:
Thy *Brother*, *Great*, but thou shalt *Greater* be,
And *Nations* like the *Sand* unnumber'd flow from *Thee*.

XLI.

GENESIS, Chap. XLVII. from Ver. 29. to the End of Chap. XLVIII.

Chap. xlviii. v. 8. Iſrael *beheld* Joſeph's *ſons, and ſaid who are theſe?*

9. *And* Joſeph *ſaid unto his father, they are my ſons, whom God hath given me in this place: and he ſaid, bring them, I pray thee unto me, and I will bleſs them.*

13. *And* Joſeph *took them both, and brought them near unto him.*

14. *And* Iſrael *ſtretched out his right hand, and laid it upon* Ephraim's *head, who was the younger, and his left hand upon* Manaſſeh's *head: guiding his hand wittingly; for* Manaſſeh *was the firſt-born.*

XLII.

GENESIS, Chap. XLIX.

Jacob *calls his Sons, and bleſſes them.*

ONE *Labour* for the *Patriarch* yet remains
E'r *Death* muſt looſe *exhauſted* Nature's *Chains*;
He calls his *Sons*, and thus their *Fates* explains.
REUBEN, my Might, my Strength! but *Reuben fell*;
Unſtable he as *Water*, can't *excell*:
His *Youth* with ſhameful *Inceſt* did abuſe
His Father's *Bed*, and muſt his *Birthright* loſe:
Which *LEVI* and fierce *SIMEON* hope in vain,
Their *Swords* in *Blood*, and guilty *Hands* they ſtain:
'Tis *JUDAH* ſhall that envied *Honour* gain.
Nor, *Judah!* ſhall thy regal *Race* expire
Till the *Great Shiloh* come, the *Nations* long *Deſire*.
From *Sea* to *Sea* ſhall *ZEBULON* extend,
At ancient *Sidon* ſhall his *Border* end.
Rich *ISSACHAR!* be rather *Safe* than *Brave!*
Inglorious *Eaſe* he'll chuſe, a *Wealthy Slave*.
The Sacred Rod of Juſtice, *DAN* ſhall wield,
By *Art* prevail, too *Weak* for open *Field*.
The wand'ring Sons of *Iſhmael GAD* ſhall quell:
In Royal Dainties *ASHER* ſhall excel:
Soft Words for *NAPHTHALI* his Freedom gain,
Like a *Swift Hind* he ſhoots acroſs the *Plain*.
JOSEPH! thy *Branches* like a fruitful *Vine*
Shall *ſhade* the *Walls*, and round the *Cedars* twine!

Deep,

Deep, deep thy *Root*, as is th' *Abyſs below*,
And o'r th' *Eternal Hills* ſhall thy fair *Branches* go:
Not famiſh'd *Wolves* dart keener at their *Prey*
Than *BENJAMIN* his trembling *Foes* ſhall ſlay,
Thus his enlightn'd *Mind* their *Fates* expreſs'd,
Then loos'd from *mortal Chains* ſhe *wings* for endleſs *Reſt*.

XLIII.

GENESIS, Chap. L. Ver. 1. to 13.

Joſeph *buries* Jacob *in* Canaan.

ON *Iſrael*'s *Face* the pious *Joſeph* fell,
And dear *Remains* of him he *lov'd* ſo *well*.
Then for his *Stately Funeral Pomp* prepares,
And him, *embalm'd*, to native *Canaan* bears.
Due Honours to his *Herſe* the *Nobles* pay,
And o'r the Sandy *Deſerts* him convey:
Fair *Jordan*'s Streams diſturb'd with *Tears* they paſs'd,
In *Paleſtina*'s Fields arriv'd at laſt,
Near *Atad*'s *Floor* in *regal ſtate* he lay,
And thence to *Ephron*'s *Cave* they him convey:
In *Solemn Ranks* the veſted *Mourners* go,
Joſeph the *Chief*: *ſilent* they *march* and *ſlow*:
How *ſad* a *Scene!* how *vaſt* a *Pomp* of *Woe!*
The wond'ring *Natives* crowd, and ask the *cauſe*
So large a *Troop* from *Mizraim*'s Regions draws:
The *Place*'s name preſerves the Great *Event*,
Which down from thence *unchang'd* to diſtant Ages went.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Joſeph *dies.* *The* Iſraelites *afflicted.* Moſes *born, expos'd, found, and brought up by* Pharaoh's *Daughter, who adopts him for her Son.*

EV'N *Kings* are *Duſt* nor all their *Pow'r* can ſave
Themſelves or deareſt *Fav'rites* from the *Grave:*
Pharaoh is *dead*, and *Joſeph* is the ſame,
Ungrateful *Egypt* ſoon *forgets* his Name:
A *King aroſe* a Foe to *Iſrael's* Seed,
As ſoon as *born* their Sons are doom'd to *bleed.*
MOSES of *Levi's* Race, *divinely Fair,*
Did his ſad Mother then to *Amram* bear:
A while the *lovely Infant* did conceal,
At length left *envious eyes* ſhou'd him reveal,
Did in an *Ark* of *Bulruſhes* incloſe,
And to the *Mercy* of the *Waves* expoſe:
The *Waves* themſelves than *Tyrant-Man* more mild,
Safe on their *Boſoms* waft the lovely *Child.*
As *Pharaoh's Daughter* did to *Nile* repair
To pay miſtaken *Adorations* there,
The Infant ſhe among the *Ruſhes* ſpies,
Nor him beholds with *unrelenting* Eyes:
To his glad *Mother* him commits *unknown,*
And when he paſt his tender *Childhood* grown
Adopts the envy'd *Youth* a *Kinſman* to the *Throne.*

XLIV.

EXODUS, Chap I. Ver. 6. 8. 16. II. 1. to 10.

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v. 3. *When his mother could no longer hide him, ſhe took for him an ark of bulruſhes, and daubed it with ſlime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and ſhe laid it upon the rivers brink.*

4. *And his ſiſter ſtood afar off, to ſee what would be done to him.*

5. *And the daughter of* Pharaoh *came down to waſh her ſelf at the river, and her maidens walked along by the rivers ſide: and when ſhe ſaw the ark among the flags, ſhe ſent her maid to fetch it.*

6. *And when ſhe had opened it, ſhe ſaw the child: and behold the babe wept,* &c.

XLV.

Moſes *viſits his Brethren. Kills an* Egyptian.

THis *Riſing Sun* attracts the *Courtiers Eyes*,
Who *Wiſdom*'s ſhar'd at once, and *Beauty*'s Prize,
Yet all their *gawdy ſhows* he cou'd deſpiſe.
Afflicted *Virtue* meanly to diſown
He thinks too dear a *Rate* to gain a *Throne*:
His *Hebrew Brethren* now no more unknown,
Tho' for their *Thraldom* he cou'd only *grieve*,
And *mourn* the *Wrongs* he cou'd not *yet relieve*.
Pharaoh he left, he left the pompous *Court*,
And to th' afflicted *Hebrews* did reſort:
He found 'em *faint* beneath their *ſervile load*,
The *Deſart* ſprinkled with their *Tears* and *Blood*.
Compaſſion in his *gen'rous Soul* did riſe,
And juſt *Reſentment* ſparkled in his *Eyes*:
Too many *miſerable Objects* there
His *Temper* try'd, but *One* he cou'd not *bear*:
He ſaw a cruel *Maſter* ſeize his *Slave*,
Reſiſting tho' *unarm'd*, and vainly *Brave*:
Mov'd by the ſacred *Sp'rit* his *Sword* he drew,
And to his injur'd *Brother*'s reſcue flew:
Deep in th' *Invader*'s *Breaſt* the *Weapon* drives,
And his warm *Heart* the deadly *Point* receives:
Curſing he *falls*, and kicks the *Sandy Ground*,
And his black *Blood* and *Soul* rush mingled thro' the *Wound*.

XLVI. Exodus, Chap. II. Ver. 15. to 21.

ENrag'd the *Tyrant* of proud *Memphis* hears,
And deep *Revenge* againſt the *Heroe* ſwears;
A *Price* is ſet on his devoted *Head*,
To *Midian*'s Fields the *glorious Exile* fled;
And, as the *Sun*, in *Weſtern Waves* deſcends,
The *Pilgrim* too his weary *Journy* ends.
O *happy Age* when *Innocence* did reign,
When *Shepherds* rul'd, and *Kings* did not diſdain
To *guard* their fleecy *Houſholds* on the Plain!
Good *Jethro* held, of theſe, the *foremoſt* Place,
A *Prieſt* and *Prince* of holy *Abra'ms* Race:
Sev'n beautious *Daughters* bleſs'd his *Nuptial Bed*,
On *flow'ry Banks* their Father's *Flocks* they fed;
By *Day* they fed, and cooler *Evening* come,
The lovely *Shepherdeſſes* drive 'em home.
A *Well* there was, deep in the *native Rocks*,
Whence all the *Plains* refreſh'd their fainting *Flocks*:
When *Jethro*'s there among the reſt arrive
The churliſh *Shepherds* thence his *Daughters* drive:
Nor *Moſes* this -- "Is't thus you *treat* the *Fair*?
Hence, or the juſt *Rewards* of *Rudeneſs* bear!
He ſaid, and did for more than *Words* prepare:
Diffident of their *Number*'s weak defence
The frighted *Clowns* in troops run mutm'ring thence:
The *Flocks* ſuffic'd they homeward haſte, and tell
With *Moſes* and the *Ruſticks* what befell:
And have ye left the *gen'rous Stranger* there,
Expos'd in *Fields* to cold *nocturnal Air*,
Their Father anſwers -- ſtrait his *Servants* ſent
And brought him to his *hoſpitable* Tent:
His *Faith*, his *Courage*, and his *Prudence* try'd
He begs he'd not diſdain his *Flocks* to guide,
And made fair *Zipporah* his *well-contented Bride*.

XLVII.

God appears to Moſes *in a Burning Buſh*

TO *Horeb Moſes* leads his bleating Charge,
And feeds 'em there in *Paſtures* freſh and large
Hanging they graze the Sacred Mountain's ſide,
A moſſy Hillock bears their careful Guide:
Rare *Myrtle* Shrubs around at diſtance ſeen,
The Friendly *Palm*, and *Cypreſs* Ever-Green.
As he the Sylvan Scene with Pleaſure views
By gentle motion dreſs'd in various Hews,
A hollow wind comes whiſp'ring thro' the Leaves
The ſolid Rock with dire Convulſions cleaves:
The largeſt Buſh, and fairer than the reſt
He ſaw in harmleſs Flames, and Lambent Light-
nings dreſs'd.
Tho' ſtrange, tho' wondrous ſtrange the Sight
appear. (Fear,
The Saint who knew no Guilt cou'd know no
And to the *Burning Buſh* approaches near:
When from the Flames a Voice like Thunder brok
And *Moſes* in theſe awful Words beſpoke:
"Thy Sandals quickly looſe, bold mortal, and retir
"This Place is Holy Ground, and God is in the Fir
"The God of *Abraham*, I, and all his favour'd Ra
The Prophet heard and kneel'd, and trembli
veil'd his Face: (unknow
When thus the Voice goes on —"To me are
"Afflicted *Iſrael*'s Tears, I number every Groa
"Under their cruel *Lords* no longer ſhall they grie
"From my own Heav'n I come to pity, and relie
"From *Egypt*'s Slaviſh Bands ſhalt thou my Flo
convey (W
"To *Canaans* happy Fields, my ſelf I'll ſhow

XLVII.

EXODUS, Chap. III. Ver. 2. to 8.

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V. 2. *The Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in flame of fire, out of the midſt of a buſh: and he looked, and behold, the buſh burned with fire, and the buſh was not conſumed.*

6. *God ſaid, I am the God of thy father, the God of* Abraham, *the God of* Iſaac, *and the God of* Jacob. *And* Moſes *hid his face: for he was afraid to look upon God.*

7. *And the Lord ſaid, I have ſurely ſeen the affliction of my people which are in* Egypt, *and have heard their cry, by reaſon of their task-maſters: for I know their ſorrows, &c.*

XLVIII. Moſes *and* Aaron *go in unto* Pharaoh. *He refuſes to let* Iſrael *go, and increaſes their Oppreſſion.*

HIS Pow'rs receiv'd, he Heav'ns dread Envoys goes
His Friends to reſcue, and confound their Foes,
Great *Aaron* in th' Auguſt Commiſſion joyn'd,
The future *Ephod* to adorn, deſign'd.
Undaunted they to *Pharaoh*'s Court repair,
And Audience gain'd, their Embaſſy declare,
From God, the Lord of Hoſts, who all things made
From *Iſrael*'s God they come, and thus they ſaid:
Diſmiſs my People who my Name confeſs,
To Sacrifice in *Etham*'s Wilderneſs.
When thus the haughty Tyrant from his Throne
Can any God be in my Realms unknown?
Who is the Lord, that I reſpect ſhou'd pay
To his Commands? I'll not his Words obey.
Have *Hebrews* nothing elſe to do but Pray?
Other Employ I'll find -- Impoſtors go,
Or you the weight of Royal Hands ſhall know.
Guards - See that ſtricter Care their Maſters take
Of Bricks their wonted Number ſee they make!
Diminiſh nought, but let no Straw be giv'n:
They're Idle, and wou'd fain go play with Heav'n.
He ſaid, his ready Miniſters obey:
Thro' all the Land for Straw the *Hebrews* ſtray;
With this their Time conſum'd, their Tale was leſs,
Remorſeleſs Stripes their Officers oppreſs,
To *Pharaoh* they complain but no Redreſs.
They the Great Brethren met, and them accus'd,
Their Words had but their eaſie Faith abus'd.
Their Meſſage falſe, their Promiſes in vain,
And only added Weight to their inglorious Chain.

XLVIII.

Exodus, Chap. V. from Ver. 1. to 21.

V. 1. Moses *and* Aaron *went in and told* Pharaoh, *thus saith the Lord God of* Israel, *let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness, &c.*

6. *And* Pharaoh *commanded saying,*

7. *Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves.*

8. *And the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore, you shall lay upon them; you shall not diminish ought thereof: for they are idle; therefore they cry saying, Let us go and sacrifice to our God.*

XLIX.

God encourages Moſes. *He goes again to* Pharaoh. *His Rod becomes a Serpent, and ſwallows up the Rods of the Sorcerers.*

IMpatient Man in troubles will not ſtay
For his Relief, till Heav'n can find the way:
Joy oft is near when we of Joy deſpair,
A Storm ſucceeds a Calm, and Thunder clears the Air,
Ev'n doubtful *Moſes* ſelf confeſs'd the Man,
When thus to him his Fathers God began.
I AM, I WAS, and ſtill ſhall be the ſame,
Th' Immutable *Jehovah* is my Name:
A God to *Pharaoh* Thou, as I to thee;
Thou mine, and *Aaron* ſhall thy Prophet be.
With Plagues on Plagues I'll harden'd *Egypt* ſcourge,
Till they themſelves your wiſh'd Departure urge.
But firſt with Wonders I'll your miſſion ſign,
Their Sence compell'd to own a Pow'r divine:
That Rod thou bear'ſt, when on the Marble thrown
Before their Eyes a *creſted Serpent* grown:
Encourag'd they agen to *Pharaoh* goe,
And on the ground their wondrous *Rod* they throw,
Which in an inſtant did a *Snake* become,
Whoſe bloody Eyes ſhot Flames around the Room.

The harden'd *Tyrant* calls, his *Charmers* came,
And by their *helliſh Magic* did the ſame:
But th' active *Hebrew Serpent* theirs purſues,
Breaks their ſtrong Backs, and does their *Chains* unlooſe:
By Heav'n commiſſion'd with Superior Pow'rs,
Seizes on all the reſt, and them devours:
Then glides a harmleſs *Worm* around the Room,
And does in *Aaron's* Hand its wonted *Form* reſume

EXODUS, Chap. V. Ver. 22. VI. 2 3. VII. 1. to 12.

Chap. vi. 2. *God ſpake unto* Moſes, *and ſaid unto him, I am the Lord:*

3. *And I appeared unto* Abraham, *unto* Iſaac, *and unto* Jacob, *by the name of God Almighty, but by my name* Jehova *was I not known to them,* &c.

Chap. vii. 10. Moſes *and* Aaron *went in unto* Pharaoh, *and they did as the Lord had commanded: and* Aaron *caſt down his rod before* Pharaoh, *and before his ſervants, and it became a ſerpent.*

11. *Then* Pharaoh *called the wiſemen, and the ſorcerers: now the magicians of* Egypt, *they alſo did in like manner with their inchantments.*

12. *For they caſt down every man his rod, and they became ſerpents: but* Aarons *rod ſwallowed up their rods,* &c.

L.

The Waters turned into Blood. Frogs are sent.

EGypt their helpleſs Gods in vain may pray,
Their helpleſs Gods are plagu'd as much as they.
Ev'n *Nile*, their *Jove*, if whoſe rich Streams o'rflow
No Thanks th' Ungrateful think to Heav'n they ow,
Stagnates, and ſtinks, and all its ſev'n-mouth'd Flood,
Direful Portent! rolls with a Sea of Blood:
Satiate with what they did ſo long deſire
The cruel Natives now for Thirſt expire:
Nor this alone; what e'r in Myſtic Stile:
They dream of Creatures from the Slime of *Nile*,
See now its animated Waters roll,
And every Drop ſwell with imperfect Soul!
Myriades of *Frogs* from thence at Heaven's command
March from the River, and invade the Land:
For Nature's ſlow Production will not ſtay,
Born in a Moment, perfect in a Day.
To *Pharaoh*'s Court they preſs, and ſlight his Guard;
Like factious Crowds they ſwarm, and will be heard;
Importunate, as hungry Courtiers, grown,
His Levee wait, and croak around the Throne;
On his Rich Beds their ſlimy Members place,
A Luxury unknown before to all their watry Race.

LI.

EXODUS, Chap. VII. Ver. 20. 21. Chap. VIII. Ver. 3. to 6.

Chap. viii. V. 1. *Thus ſaith the Lord, if thou refuſe to let my people go, behold, I will ſmite all thy borders with frogs.*

3. *And the river ſhall bring forth frogs abundantly, which ſhall go up and come into thine houſe, and into thy bed chamber, and upon thy bed, and into the houſe of thy ſervants, and upon thy people, and into thine ovens, and into thy kneading-troughs.*

4. *And the frogs ſhall come up both on thee, and upon thy people, and upon all thy ſervants.*

LI.

Lice and Flies are ſent.

AS Storms of Hail on Stones deſcending, ſound,
But can't their ſolid Texture pierce, or wound,
So, doubled Plagues the Tyrant's Heart affright,
Yet ſtill obdurate he renews the Fight.
Tho' now the Frogs remov'd by *Moſes* Pray'r,
Juſt Heav'n can ſoon another ſcourge prepare:
The meaneſt Worm commiſſion'd, proves the Rod
And weighty Plague of an avenging God:
From *Lice*, th' uncleanly Torment of the Poor,
Not *Pharaoh*'s Robes can *Pharaohs* ſelf ſecure:
Obſcene and large, of an uncommon kind,
The like his Sorcerers cou'd not make or find:
They own their Art out done: they own this Sign
Th' inimitable Work of Hands divine.
Still the relentleſs King his Rage renews,
Tho' ſtill juſt Heav'n with vengeful Plagues purſues.
On *Egypt* came a dreadful ſwarm of Flies,
Of countleſs number, and of monſtrous ſize,
Of painful Bite, and of moleſtful Sound;
Both Night and Day they fly their endleſs round
Until their Soul is left in each vexatious Wound.
In diſmal Clouds they hover o'r the Coaſt,
And *Accaron*, their Airy Prince led forth their various Hoſt.

LII.

The Murrain and Blain.

A Dreadful Murrain next infects the Air,
And when Beasts die, their Masters must prepare.
The gen'rous Steed, ready equipp'd for Race,
Pawing the Ground, and eager of the Chace,
Swallowing the distant Goal with alter'd Eyes
Unwilling to forego th' expected Prize
Beneath th' incumbred Rider falls, and dies.
The lab'ring Oxen, as they sweating come,
And bring the Plough with weary Footsteps home
With doubled Knees drop on the printed Clay,
And in deep murmurs groan their Souls away.
The painful Camels lose their Masters hire,
The milky Mothers o'r the Pails expire.
The Ass, which late his Lady proudly bore
Sinks in his Stall, and loves the Crib no more:
Vex'd Air he with his quiv'ring Hoofs does wound
As his strong crested Shoulders strike the Ground.
The Sheep, their wealthy Masters envy'd store
Which *Wool* well worthy *Tyrian Purple* bore,
Struck with the sudden Plague forget to graze,
Their sunk dim Eye, their inward Pain betrays:
Each staggers from the next; in vain he tries
His wonted wholsome Herbs, and bleating dies.
Their Masters scarce escape, the pois'nous Air
Infects their Blood, but yet their Lives did spare:
Tortur'd with noisom Blains no ease they find,
Forerunners of the Plague that yet remain'd behind.

LIII.

LIII.

The Plague of Hail.

NEW poignant Arrows from th' Almighty's Bow,
Transfix th' unjuſt, the guilty Land o'rthrow,
Still unreform'd: His fearleſs Heralds came,
And War againſt their impious King proclaim.
"Thus ſaith the Lord, my People muſt depart,
"Or all my Plagues ſhall centre in thy Heart.
"For this I ſuffer'd thee to fill the Throne,
"To make my Pow'r and Juſtice widely known;
"To vindicate my Honour and my Laws;
"For this permitting what I did not cauſe.
"If thou refuſe, my Stores I'll open wide,
"And quickly humble all thy Nation's Pride:
"My Magazines of Cold and Heat diſcloſe,
"Whence mingled Fire and Hail ſhall blaſt my Foes.
No Threatnings make the wayward King relent,
He Steels his Heart, unknowing to repent:
When, ſee the muſt'ring angry Storms on high!
Behold the ruddy Vengeance ſtreak the Skie!
The diſembowel'd Clouds diſcharge their ſtore,
Flie off in haſte, and ſtill make room for more;
Whence Fire and Hail in Ruin reconcil'd,
Swept the ſad Earth, the future Harveſt ſpoil'd;
Amazing Thunders thro' the Welkin drive,
As the vaſt Cryſtal Orb itſelf wou'd rive.
The Trees no more their heavy Honours wear,
Like broken Arms their ſhiver'd Boughs appear.

Tall

Tall *Pyramids* their Airy Summits ſhake,
Deep fix'd in Earth their broad Foundations quake:
No mortal Force the Tempeſt cou'd ſuſtain,
But Beaſts, and Trees, and Men, lie ſcatter'd o'r the Plain.

EXODUS, Chap. VIII. IX.

Chap. viii. V. 16. *The Lord ſaid unto* Moſes, *ſay unto* Aaron, *ſtretch out thy rod, and ſmite the duſt of the land, that it may become lice throughout all the land of* Egypt.

17. *And they did ſo; for* Aaron *ſtretched out his hand with his rod, and ſmote the duſt of the earth, and it became lice, in man and beaſt: all the duſt of the land became lice throughout all the land of* Egypt.

Chap. ix. V. 3. *Behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattel which is in the field, upon the horſes, upon the aſſes, upon the camels, upon the oxen, and upon the ſheep: there ſhall be a very great murrain,* &c.

23. Moſes *ſtretched forth his rod toward heaven, and the Lord ſent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground; and the Lord rained hail upon the land of* Egypt.

24. *So there was hail, and fire mingled with the hail, very grievous, ſuch as there was none like it in all the land of* Egypt, *ſince it became a nation.*

25. *And the hail ſmote throughout all the land of* Egypt, *all that was in the field, both man and beaſt: and the hail ſmote every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field.*

LIV.

The LOCUSTS.

EV'N *Atheists* seem couragious while 'tis fair,
But can't the threatning Storms, and Thunder bear:
Pharaoh, of late so haughty and so proud
Now hides his Face, for *Moses* calls aloud:
O bring that Holy Man, if not too late,
His Pray'rs may save us from impending Fate!
He came, he heard, for trembling *Pharaoh* pray'd,
Who promis'd all, -- but *Pharaoh*'s now afraid:
This Death remov'd, he heeds his Vows no more,
His melted Iron, harder than before:
When over trembling *Egypt*'s guilty Land
Agen the Prophet stretch'd his fatal Wand:
The *Locusts* come, their Quarters were assign'd,
Their Convoy was the burning *Eastern* Wind:
Their sounding Wings the stooping Plague foreshow,
A dusky Twilight veils the World below.
The tender Grass which new from Earth arose,
The spiring Wheat, which promis'd Harvest shows;
If any Herbs, or straggling Leaves remain,
If ought that's Green had scap'd the Hail in vain,
These famish'd *Libyan* Troops the Country scour,
And bare as Earth the rising Blade devour.
The Trees they bark; like Skeletons they stand,
Or Masts of Shipwreck'd Fleets in sight of Land.
What Foes to Man are Unbelief, and Vice,
Which to a Desart thus can turn a Paradise!

LIV.

EXODUS, Chap. IX. Ver. 27. to End. Chap. X. Ver. 13. to 15.

Chap. x. V. 12. Moſes *ſtretched forth his rod over the land of* Egypt, *and the Lord brought an eaſt-wind upon the land all that day, and all that night: and when it was morning, the eaſt-wind brought the locuſts.*

14. *And the locuſts went up over all the land of* Egypt, *and reſted in all the coaſts of* Egypt: *very grievous were they; before them there were no ſuch locuſts as they, neither after them ſhall be ſuch.*

15. *For they covered the face of the whole earth, ſo that the land was darkned, and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees, which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of* Egypt.

LV.

The Ninth Plague. *Thick Darkneſs in* Egypt. *Light in* Goſhen.

NO warning did the Ninth dread Plague foreſhow,
Like Thunder, where the Bolt outflies the Blow:
(Who play with Heav'n, their Day of Mercy paſs'd;
A ſudden Vengeance them ſhall ſeize at laſt.)
On all the Land prodigious Darkneſs fell,
It fill'd the Heav'ns, tho' it aroſe from Hell;
Their Lamps extinct, their Fires no cheerful Ray
Emitt, but trembling in their Aſhes lay:
If any Gleams of ghaſtly Light appear
Acroſs the Shades, they only raiſe their Fear,
While boding Shrieks, and diſmal Yells they hear:
While many a Fiend, with fierce and bloodſhot Eye
Dire Faces and deform'd, ſhoot glaring by:
Only their Parents Ghoſts wou'd longer ſtay,
With hollow Murmurs beckning them away:
Where e'r at firſt they ſtood, where e'r they lay,

Like

Like Statues fix'd the Wretches ſtill remain,
Bound with a more than Adamantine Chain:
While happy *Goſhen* cheerful Light enjoy'd,
While in their Great Redeemer's Praiſe employ'd,
They ſaw the Pitchy Darkneſs roll from far
In helliſh Fogs, without one friendly Star.
From *Abraham*'s Boſom thus bleſs'd Souls ſurvey,
The Dungeons of the Damn'd, and Realms remov'd from Day.

EXODUS, Chap. X. Ver. 21. to 23.

21. *The Lord ſaid unto* Moſes, *ſtretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkneſs over the land of* Egypt, *even darkneſs which may be felt.*

22. *And* Moſes *ſtretched forth his hand toward heaven: and there was a thick darkneſs in all the land of* Egypt *three days.*

23. *They ſaw not one another, neither roſe any from his place for three days: but all the children of* Iſrael *had light in their dwellings.*

LVI.

The Paſſover inſtituted.

JEHOVA ſpake --One Plague I yet will bring
On ſtubborn *Egypt*, and their faithleſs King;
Then ſhall they ſoon diſmiſs my People thence,
And thruſt 'em from them in their own Defence.
Their Sons, their dear Firſt-born, their Strength and Might
The Peſtilence ſhall ſlay: One fatal Night
Shall ſweep them all, but *Iſrael* ſhall be free,
And juſt Revenge on their Oppreſſors ſee.
A Spotleſs Lamb let every Houſe prepare,
And every Soul the ſacred Banquet ſhare.
With Sandals on your Feet, proclaiming haſt,
And Staff in Hand, I order this Repaſt,
Which ſhall to immemorial Ages laſt.
The Blood which from the dying Victim flows,
When ſeen, where my deſtroying Angel goes
On his dread Meſſage, ſprinkled o'r the Gate,
Shall ſave you from the ſudden ſtroke of Fate:
That ſacred Sign ſhall every Houſe defend,
Th' Almighty's Sword ſhall ſpare th' Almighty's Friend;
But bath'd in Blood, and red with ſlaughter come
From *Egypt*'s Sons in Triumph reaking home.
Glad *Iſrael* hear, adoring they obey'd,
And for the laſt, the great Deciſive Moment ſtaid.

LVI.

EXODUS, Chap. XII. Ver. 3. to 28.

V. 3. *In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house.*

5. *Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year: ye shall take it out from the sheep, or from the goats.*

9. *Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire: his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof.*

11. *And thus shall ye eat it; with your loyns girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand: and ye shall eat it in haste; it is the Lords passover.*

LVII.

The Death of the Firſtborn.

AND now the Night her ſable Wings diſplaid,
And half the World lay drown'd in dusky ſhade:
The Fires on *Pharaoh*'s Tower remiſsly burn,
And ſnatch ſhort Life from their exhauſted Urn:
Lean Avarice ſlumbers o'r its uſeleſs ſtore,
Ev'n Malice Sleeps, in ſome to wake no more.
Fix'd in their Orbs the ſickning Planets ſtand,
And *Ammon* trembles for his darling Land.

'Tis paſs'd --th' Almighty Word from Heav'n leap'd down,
And on his radiant Face he wore a Frown
To Angels terrible; his Sword unſheaths,
Walks thro' the Land, and deals Ten Thouſand Deaths;
But ſtops at each protected *Hebrews* Door,
And drops the Point, or waves it gently o'r:
Then, as the *Nile*, where Hills or Damms oppoſe,
When theſe ſurpaſs'd, with greater Fury flows,
He ſhoots away and draws a purple Flood,
Agen the Land is drunk with Seas of Blood.
What ſteely Heart can bear, what Tongue recite
The mortal Terrors of that dreadful Night?
Expiring Groans the gentleſt Sounds they hear,
And ſomething worſe than Death the Living fear:
An Univerſal Shriek invades the Skies;
As when th' Unjuſt compell'd to Judgement riſe:

So

So *Pharaoh* roſe amidſt his ghaſtly Friends,
And now for *Moſes* not diſſembling ſends;
He beggs, he ſues, he haſtens him away,
No Children now, or Goods behind muſt ſtay:
Nor empty thence, nor unadorn'd they went;
Loaden with Jewels by th' *Egyptians* lent:
The Hoſts of God, led by his own ſtrong Hand
In peaceful Triumph march from *Egypts* hated Land.

EXODUS, Chap. XII. 29. to 33.

29. *At midnight the Lord ſmote all the firſt-born in the Land of* Egypt, *from the firſt-born of* Pharaoh *that ſat on his throne, unto the firſt-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the firſt-born of cattel.*

30. *And* Pharaoh *roſe up in the night, he and all his ſervants, and all the* Egyptians; *and there was a great cry in* Egypt: *for there was not a houſe where there was not one dead.*

31. *And he called for* Moſes *and* Aaron *by night, and ſaid, riſe up, and get you up from amongſt my people, both you and the children of* Iſrael: *and go, ſerve the Lord, as ye have ſaid,* &c.

LVIII.

Pharaoh *purſues the* Iſraelites.

CAN *Pharaoh* late repriev'd ſo ſoon rebel?
He can, he does he grows too ripe for Hell,
(When reſpite once a perjur'd Tyrant gains,
Nothing can hold him but infernal Chains,)
Leviathan the *Great* enrag'd, purſues
The Prey he ſeem'd e'rwhile conſent to loſe:
Chariots, and Horſe which knew not to retire
(But how can Stubble face conſuming Fire?)
He leads, defenceleſs *Iſrael* to oppreſs,
Entangl'd in th' impervious Wilderneſs.
The Sea in Front, their Flanks huge Mountains lin'd,
And *Pharaoh*'s num'rous Army preſs'd behind,
The ſervile Crowd, baſe as the Chains they wore
Envy the Bondage which they mourn'd before:
In vain the fiery Column now may ſhine,
Dumb Idols fear'd above the Pow'r divine.
Moſes to God for ſpeedy Succour flies,
And God to *Moſes* from the Cloud replies:
Let not the Hours in weak Complaints run waſte,
But give the word to march, and forward haſte!
March for the ſounding Shore without delay,
And he that bids you go will make, or find the Way.

LVIII.

EXODUS, Chap. XIV. Ver. 5. to 15.

v. 6. Pharaoh *made ready his chariot, and took his people with him.*

7. *And he took six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of* Egypt, *and captains over every one of them.*

8. *And he pursued after the children of* Israel: *and the children of* Israel *went out with an high hand.*

9. *But the* Egyptians *pursued after them, (all the horses and chariots of* Pharaoh, *and his horsemen, and his army) and overtook them encamping by the sea.*

LIX.

Pharaoh *and his Army drowned in the Red Sea.*

BEhold, ſtretch'd out before the *Hebrew* Hoſt
The Rod which had not yet its Virtue loſt!
The Sea divides, and every ſhouldring Wave
His Neighbour preſſing, eaſie paſſage gave:
Old Ocean's ſecret Chambers open lay,
Its Pearls and Gemms expos'd an eaſie prey;
Pale Coral bluſh'd to ſee th' invading Day.
The reſcu'd *Hebrews* tremble now no more,
But wall'd with Floods attempt the diſtant Shore.
Th' *Egyptians* with Revenge and Fury blind
Purſue the Track, and preſs 'em cloſe behind:
The Cloud and Fiery Pillar interpoſe,
And *Iſrael* ſhield from their devoted Foes:
What mortal Force Heav'ns angry Looks can bear,
Which in a Moment frowns it to Deſpair?
Terror, Confuſion, Horror, and Diſmay
Their Army ſeize; their Horſes diſobey
The Maſter's Voice; unwheel'd their Chariots flag,
And thro' the Sand, a pond'rous Load, they drag:
Too late the Wretches now their Error ſee;
From *Iſraels* God too late attempt to flee:

LIX.

LIX.

EXODUS, Chap. XIV. from Ver. 21. to 29.

V. 27. Moſes *ſtretched forth his hand over the ſea, and the ſea returned to his ſtrength when the morning appeared, and the* Egyptians *fled againſt it: and the Lord overthrew the* Egyptians *in the midſt of the ſea.*

28. *And the waters returned, and covered the chariots and the horſemen, and all the hoſt of* Pharaoh *that came into the ſea after them: there remained not ſo much as one of them.*

29. *But the children of* Iſrael *walked upon dry-land in the midſt of the ſea: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.*

Moſes

Moſes agen his fatal Rod extends,
The Ocean ſees, and from its Walls deſcends:
On every ſide its warr'y Troops appear,
And charge at once their Front, their Flank, and Rear,
The gen'rous Courſers rear, and plunge in vain
To break the Studded Harneſs, and the Rein,
And like Sea Monſters float upon the Main.
Nobles and Peaſants, Princes and their Slaves
Fall undiſtinguiſh'd in the roaring Waves:
Pharaoh the laſt, tho' high above the reſt,
Like *Lucifer* his Looks, his Pride confeſs'd:
Curſing he from his lofty Chariot fell,
His Carcaſs ſunk to Earth, his faithleſs Soul to Hell.

LX.

EXODUS, Chap. XV.

MOSES's *Song.*

ON *Etham*'s adverſe Shore the *Hebrews* ſtand,
And ſee their Foes extended on the Sand:
Each ſees the cruel Lord from whom he fled,
Trembling they view, and ſcarce believe 'em dead.
While *Moſes* thus tranſmits to After-Days
The Great Event, and their Redeemer's Praiſe.

The

The Lord's triumphant Name let all rehearſe,
Praiſe the dread Maker of the Univerſe!
The Horſe whom rich Caparisons adorn,
Proud Riders by the gen'rous Courſers born,
At once have ſlept their Everlaſting Sleep,
At once lie buried in th' *Arabian* Deep.
Dread God of Battles! we'll thy works proclaim
Thy wondrous Works -- *Jehova* is thy Name.
My Saviour thou, my Strength, my Song, my Praiſe,
My Father's God -- Thy glorious Name I'll raiſe;
For Thee a Stately Temple I'll prepare,
Deep as the Centre, tow'ring as the Air.
Thus ſaid th' inſulting Foe -- I will purſue,
My Sword in Blood, my thirſty Sword imbrue:
The Winds of God blew terrible and loud,
Th' Abyſs the Signal takes, and overwhelms the Proud.
Like Stones, like Lead they ſink, they all expire,
Weak Stubble in thy Wrath conſuming Fire.
The Waters ſaw, thy Voice the Waters hear,
Forget their Nature, and congeal with Fear:
The Sea like Earth, and Earth like Seas appear:
Convulſions cleave the Ground in horrid Caves,
And ſhow a new Abyſs beneath the Waves.
Great God of *Iſrael!* what vain Idol dare
With thee, th' Eternal Lord of Hoſts, compare?

Thy

Thy Glory ſhall thy ranſom'd Saints expreſs,
Obedient Nature does thy Pow'r confeſs,
And Thee with Faces veil'd the dazled Angels bleſs.

LXI.

EXODUS, Chap. XV. from Ver. 22. to the End.

The Iſraelites *journey to* Marah. *They murmur. The Water healed. They arrive at* Elim.

THE Seas, and Sanguine Shore they now forſake,
And thro' th' untroden Wild their Journey take:
Three Days they meaſure that unhappy Land,
O'r Rocks of Salt, and burning Hills of Sand:
At *Marah*, Water found, but found in vain,
It mocks their Thirſt, and but augments their Pain.
Bitter and Salt, -- The murm'ring Hoſt complain;
Forget their Saviour who, from *Egypt* brought,
And all the Signs in *Zoan*'s Fields he wrought:

(But

(But every Age produces Murm'rers too,
Iſrael we blame, yet *Iſrael*'s Crimes purſue.)
To Heav'n their Leader flies, which ſends Relief,
Heav'n which can find a Cure for ev'ry Grief,
A Tree of wondrous Uſe, and Pow'r reveals,
Whoſe Virtue ſoon the brackiſh Waters heals.
Journying from thence, at *Elim* they arrive,
Scarce *Canaan*'s ſelf cou'd more of Pleaſure give:
For every Tribe a Cryſtal Spring they found,
Whoſe limpid Waters fall with murm'ring Sound,
And lull their Cares; the Hoſt encamps around,
Beneath a Palm-Tree Grove's refreſhing Shade.
No Sun can reach 'em there, no Storms invade.
O Happy who for heavenly *Canaan* preſs
Tho' wand'ring thro' a weary Wilderneſs,
When ſome reviving Drops kind Angels bring
From Loves and Pleaſures unexhauſted Spring;
Whoſe Streams from God's high Throne inceſſant flow,
On whoſe green Banks in comely Order grow
Fair Trees, whoſe gen'rous Fruit that charms the Eyes,
Who wou'd not die to taſte? who taſts it never dies,

LXII.

Manna *given.*

FOR Water late, and now for Bread they cry,
Their Stores exhausted ask a new supply:
Happy th' *Egyptians*, who in plenty dy!
The Mercy of a Plague, who wou'd not chuse
Rather than Life by lingring Famine lose!
How gladly wou'd they those bless'd Times regain,
And *Pharaoh*'s happy, peaceful, glorious Reign!
While thus th' Assembly murmur and repine,
Behold the God of *Israel*'s Glory shine
Amid the Cloud, which rais'd its lofty Head
Above the Camp, and thus th' Almighty said:
- Ungrate! who gave you *life* can give you *bread*:
To morrows Sun your Plenty shall renew,
And shew a faithless Race what Heav'n can do.
Nor sooner did Heav'ns Lamp th' Horizon pass,
And draw the fragrant moisture from the Grass,
When on the ground a hoary Substance lay
Like tender Frosts, that melt at sight of Day;
Unseen before, unknown from whence it came,
But *Manna* now the wondrous Food they name,
Transparent Crystal Globes less bright, and round,
Fairer than Pearls in *Indian* Oceans found:
Of noblest Taste, and fitted to invite,
But never cloy the treated Appetite.
Less sweet the Hony which from *Hybla* flows,
Or Oyl, that *Asher*'s fruitful portion grows:
Celestial Fare! if ought above they need,
On this, or not unlike it, Angels feed:
Their radiant Vehicles with this renew,
And feast on pearly Drops of fragrant Morning Dew.

LXII.

EXODUS, Chap. XVI. Ver. 3. 4. 10. 12. 14. 15.

V. 13. *In the morning the dew lay round about the host.*

V. 14. *And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground.*

15. *And when the children of* Israel *saw it, they said one to another, it is* Manna: *for they wist not what it was. And* Moses *said unto them, this is the bread which the Lord has given you to eat.*

16. *Gather of it every man according to his eating: an omer for every man, according to the number of your persons, take ye every man for them which are in his tents.*

LXIII.

Moſes *praying* Amalek *diſcomfited.*

OLD *Eſau*'s quarrel *Amalek* purſues,
And firſt with *Jacob*'s Sons his War renews:
But *Joſhua*, *Jacob*'s Sons their Leader chooſe,
While *Moſes* with ſtrong Pray'rs attacks their Foes,
Planted upon a neighb'ring Mountains height,
No unconcern'd Spectator of the Fight:
From Heav'n auxiliary Troops he draws,
And Guardian Hoſts eſpouſe the juſter cauſe:
Inviſible they charge, th' Invaders yield;
Retiring in diſorder from the Field.
Heavy with Age the Prophet ſtrives in vain,
And can no more his palſied Hands ſuſtain:
The ſtrong *Cherubic* Guards retire from fight,
The Foe returns with doubled rage and might:
When *Hur* and *Aaron* this perceiv'd from far,
And mark'd the various Fortune of the War,
Ebbing and flowing ſaw the doubtful Tide,
Which *Moſes* rais'd or drooping Hands did guide,
Cautious they plac'd themſelves on either ſide:
Supported thus till Night the Prophet pray'd,
The dubious Chance no longer now delay'd,
But Conqueſt on the *Hebrew* Banner ſtaid;
When thus th' Allhigh — Let future Ages know
Who firſt was ranſom'd *Iſrael*'s conquer'd Foe:
Write, in the Sacred Volumes, write it fair,
Let future Nations find, and read it there,
That God, with *Amalek* proclaims eternal War.

XLIII.

EXODUS, Chap. XVII. from Ver. 8. to the End.

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v. 10. Joſhua *fought with* Amalek: *and* Moſes, Aaron, *and* Hur, *went up to the top of the hill.*

11. *And when* Moſes *held up his hand,* Iſrael *prevailed: and when he let it down* Amalek *prevailed.*

12. *But* Moſes's *hands were heavy, and they took a ſtone, and put it under him, and he ſat thereon; and* Aaron *and* Hur *ſtayed up his hands, the one on the one ſide, and the other on the other ſide; and his hands were ſteady until the going down of the ſun.*

13. *And* Joſhua *diſcomfited* Amalek *and his people with the edge of the ſword.*

LXIV.

The Law is given from Mount Sinai *in Thunder and Lightning.*

TO *Sinai* next, the Mount of God, they came,
Which ſoon was veil'd in awful Clouds, and Flame:
Jehova calls, and bids the Camp prepare,
From Heav'n he will his ſacred Laws declare;
Around the ſpatious Mount muſt Bounds be made,
Nor Man nor Beaſt on pain of Death invade.
Archangels now th' amazing Trumpets ſound,
Which from th' *Arabian* Deep, and Weſtern Shores rebound:
Heark how th' unſufferable Thunders tear
Both Earth and Heav'n! while forky Lightnings glare,
And with blue Flames transfix the ambient Air:
Trembled the Camp, the ſolid Mountain ſhakes,
And Earth beneath it, to the Centre quakes:
Red Volcans from its mould'ring Top expire,
Extinguiſh Day, and damp the Lightnings Fire.
The Lord deſcends, the Thund'rers Voice is known
The Holy Myriads guarding round his Throne:
The Ten dread Words from *Sinai* he recites,
Which his own Hand in Marble Tables writes:
Great Natures Tranſcript, and Eternal Law,
Whence future Sages ſhall their Models draw,
Wiſe *Greece* and haughty *Rome* are here ſurpaſs'd,
Each Word, each Tittle here ſhall Earth and Heav'n out-laſt.

LXIV.

EXODUS, Chap. XIX. and Chap. XX.

Chap. xix. V. 18. *Mount* Sinai *was altogether on a ſmoke, becauſe the Lord deſcended upon it in fire: and the ſmoke thereof aſcended as the ſmoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.*

20. *And the Lord came down upon mount* Sinai, *on the top of the mount: and the Lord called* Moſes *up to the top of the mount, and* Moſes *went up.*

21. *And the people ſtood afar off, and* Moſes *drew near unto the thick darkneſs where God was.*

LXV.

The Altar and Tabernacle.

TO *Moſes* God the ſacred Model ſhows,
Whence he his moving Temple ſhou'd compoſe:
Figure of heavenly Things in Shades conceal'd,
And Truths to be by lab'ring Time reveal'd.
Of *Shittim*'s precious Wood an Altar's rear'd,
And all its ſacred Utenſils prepar'd:
Next ſee the Court whoſe ſpacious Curtains joyn,
Embroider'd richly o'r, a Work divine:
On Twenty neat Pilaſters ſtrongly born,
Whoſe Heads fair Silver Corniſhes adorn.
The Tabernacle next -- with awful Fear
Approach the Place, for God himſelf is here:
Let all adoring enter, nor preſume
With Feet unhallow'd to invade the Room:
Where a rich Branch with pureſt Oil ſupply'd
Scatters perpetual Day on every ſide,

But what the Veil conceals we can't ſurvey,
Until the Son of God in Mortal Clay
Into the Holy' of Holies ſhews the way:
Yet Faith may pierce beyond dull Senſe's Eye,
And thoſe tremendous Myſteries deſcry.
The ſacred Ark with pureſt Gold o'rlaid,
Of the Redeemers Fleſh a Myſtic Shade:
High over all the *Shechina* divine,
From whence unſufferable Glories ſhine.

Here Faith muſt ſtop, for Heav'n can give no more
Here Modeſt *Seraphs* veil their Faces, and adore.

LXV.

EXODUS, Chap. XXV. Ver. 8, 9, 10. 17, 18. 22. Chap. XXVII. to the End.

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Chap. XXV. V. 8. *Let them make me a ſanctuary; that I may dwell amongſt them.*

9. *According to all that I ſhew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the inſtruments thereof, even ſo ſhall ye make it.*

10. *And they ſhall make an ark of* Shittim-*wood:*

11. *And thou ſhalt overlay it with pure gold,* &c.

Chap. XXVII. V. 1. *And thou ſhalt make an altar of* Shittim-*wood, five cubits long, and five cubits broad; the altar ſhall be four-ſquare, and the height thereof ſhall be three cubits.*

2. *And thou ſhalt make the horns of it upon the four corners thereof: his horns ſhall be of the ſame: and thou ſhalt overlay it with braſs,* &c.

LXVI.

The Golden Calf.

WHile *Moſes* in the Mount with God remain'd,
Shameful Idolatry the People ſtain'd:
Their Leader abſent, who ſhou'd them protect?
Rejecting him they God himſelf reject:
A *Golden Calf* the Crowd in *Horeb* frame,
And for their Idol ſteal *Jehova's* Name,
Then thus the gaudy Nothing's Praiſe proclaim.
" Hail, ſacred Heifer! thus we bow to thee,
" Who *Iſrael* didſt from *Egypts* Bondage free:
" O guide us thro' this barren World of Sand,
" And bring us ſafe to *Canaans* bliſsful Land!
From him not hid, who ev'n our Thoughts can ſee,
Their Black Ingratitude, and Blaſphemy:
In wrathful Clouds his Face he ſoon conceals,
And thus to *Moſes* he their Crime reveals:
" Hence to the Camp deſcend, nor longer here remain!
" Thy People, (mine no more, they my Commands diſdain,)
" Whom thou from *Egypt* brought'ſt, ſo ſoon corrupted grown,
" New Golden Gods adore, their Fathers God diſown:
" Confirm'd and ſteel'd in Sin, of harden'd Heart and Face,
" My Vengeance I'll unrein on all their murm'ring Race,

Low

LXVI.

Exodus, Chap. XXXII.

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v. 4. *He made it a molten calf: and they ſaid, theſe be thy gods, O* Iſrael, *which brought thee up out of the land of* Egypt.

5. *And when* Aaron *ſaw it, he built an altar before it, and* Aaron *made proclamation and ſaid, to morrow is a feaſt to the Lord.*

6. *And they roſe up early on the morrow, and offered burnt-offerings, and brought peace-offerings: and the people ſat down to eat, and to drink, and roſe up to play.*

19. *As ſoon as* Moſes *came nigh unto the camp, and ſaw the calf, and the dancing;* Moſes *anger waxed hot, and he caſt the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount,* &c.

Low on the Ground the trembling Prophet falls,
And on th' offended Pow'r for Mercy calls:
His Truth and Glory pleads, nor pleads in vain,
A kind Reprieve his fervent Pray'rs obtain.
Then from the *Mount* deſcends as *Heav'n* commands
With both the Sacred Tables in his Hands:
Approach'd the Camp he did too ſoon deſcry
Their New-born Golden Idol plac'd on high:
Riot and Shouts his feſtal Pomp proclaim,
Lewd Dances ſpread his Glory and their Shame.
The Saint did all with juſt Reſentments view,
And from his Hands the heav'nly Treaſure threw;
Againſt the craggy Rock the Tables brake;
Then did their Calf, their helpleſs Idol take,
Moulten and ground to Duſt, the Duſt he ſtrows
Upon the Brook which from the Mountain flows:
Then brings his fond Adorers to the Brink,
And makes 'em of the odious Potion drink:
Nor this enough to expiate their ſtain,
Till Thouſands of th' Unjuſt by Zealous *Levi* ſlain.

LXVII.

Aaron's *Veſtments.* *His Offerings.*

AND now behold the holy Veſtments grace
Great *Aaron*, and his conſecrated Race:
Of pureſt Linnen twin'd his *Mitre* made,
A glorious *Ephod* o'r his Shoulders laid:
Light and *Perfection* on his Breaſt he wears,
And near his Heart the Names of *Iſrael* bears,

On

On richeſt Gems within the Folds enchas'd,
Which as he mov'd a dazling Splendor caſt.
In fineſt Linnen clad his Sons appear,
Miters their Heads, their Shoulders *Ephods* wear.
Ineſtimable Unguents largely ſhed
Surround the Holy Pontiff's rev'rend Head,
Thence to his Robes deſcend, and ſcatt'ring there
With fragrant Odours fill the Ambient Air:
Thus veſted, he his Offerings makes t' atone
At once the Peoples Errors, and his own:
An Holocauſt upon the Altar lays,
And next the peaceful Minchas chearful blaze:
Pure Incenſe laſt within the Veil he burns,
Then *Moſes* joyns, and to the Crowd returns,
Whom both with lifted Hands they bleſs - when ſee,
To firm their Pray'rs a welcome Prodigie!
Th' illumin'd Cloud is fill'd with golden Streams,
Which drown the fainter Suns retiring Beams;
From whence large Sheets of pure Ætherial Flame
Shot thro' the Clouds and inſtantaneous came;
Conſume the Fat which on the Altar lies,
Conſume at once the grateful Sacrifice.
Low on the Ground th' aſtoniſh'd People fell,
And with loud Shouts they praiſe the God of *Iſrael*.

LEVITICUS, Chap VIII. from Ver. 5. to 10. Chap. IX.

v. 5. *This is the thing which the Lord commanded to be done.*

6. *And* Moſes *brought* Aaron *and his ſons, and waſhed them with water*, &c.

LXVIII.

Nadab *and* Abihu.

BOld *Nadab* and *Abihu* here prepare,
The daily Incenſe in their Courſe to bear.
They ſaw no friendly Blaze to Heav'n aſpire,
They ſaw the Smoak in gloomy Curls retire,
Their Incenſe kindled with unhallow'd Fire.
But from th' affronted Oracle there came
In rolling Clouds a more than Lambent Flame,
Which ſeiz'd th' audacious as too late they fled,
Reveng'd their Sacrilege, and left 'em dead,
Their Robes untouch'd -- Thus Lightnings wondrous Fire,
Which melts the Blade the Scabbard leaves entire.
When *Moſes* thus to their ſad Kindred ſpoke,
Reſtrain your Tears, nor mourn this dreadful Stroke.
From Heav'n it comes, 'tis juſt, tho' 'tis ſevere,
For thus *Jehova* did his Will declare.
"Let thoſe who my dread Courts approach, beware,
"Holy as I am Holy, Clean, and Pure,
"Nor can the ſmalleſt Stain of Sin endure.
Preſume not then your Brethren to lament,
Cover'd your Heads, nor ſhall your Cloaths be rent,
Leſt while th' anointing Sacred Oyl you bear,
And that with Grief pollute, their Fates you ſhare.
Nor ſhall they fall unmourn'd, for Heav'n ordains
Sepulchral Honours to their great Remains:
All *Iſrael* ſhall their Obſequies attend,
Bemoan their raſh Attempt, and their untimely End,

LXVIII.

LEVITICUS, Chap. X. Ver. 1. to 7.

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v. 1. Nadab *and* Abihu, *the ſons of* Aaron, *took either of them his cenſer, and put fire therein, and put incenſe thereon, and offered ſtrange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not.*

2. *And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord.*

3. Then Moſes *ſaid unto* Aaron: *this is that the Lord ſpake, ſaying, I will be ſanctified in them that come nigh me, and before all the people I will be glorified.*

LXIX.

Shelomith's *Son blaſphemes, and is ſtoned.*

THE Son of *Shelomith*, of Ipurious Race,
Sprung from a proud *Egyptian*'s loath'd Em-brace,
His Father's Nature but too well expreſs'd,
And all the *Heathen* in his Life confeſs'd;
Stubborn and lewd, inclin'd to curs'd Debates,
Iſrael alike, and *Iſrael*'s God he hates:
Always Contentious, ever in the Wrong,
Boaſting his nervous Strength, but vainly ſtrong,
As impotent of Heart as ſtout of Tongue.
He challenges the Camp his Force to try,
But ſhameful Foyl his boaſted Victory;
O'rthrown and baffled by a ſingle Hand,
Curſing the Impious falls, and bites the Sand:
Enrag'd, on partial Heav'n he throws the blame,
Blaſphemes the Great *Jehova*'s ſacred Name;
But on himſelf his Curſes backward fly
And wound his Head, but cannot reach the Skie.
The pious Crowd around with Horror hears,
They ſeize the harden'd Wretch and ſtop their Ears:
To the Tribunal dragg'd, his Cauſe is try'd,
The Fact Notorious not to be deny'd:
No Puniſhment that reach'd his daring Crimes
Their Laws had fix'd, unknown to former Times:
The Oracle conſulted, ſtrait replies,
No Mercy ſhew to him who Heav'n defies!
Beneath a ſtony Show'r th' abhorr'd Blaſphe-mer dies.
Such be their Fate who Glory in their Shame,
And ſtill affront th' Unalterable Name:
But happy thoſe, who on Heav'ns ſide engage,
Bold Blaſphemy to check, and ſtem an impious Age.

LXIX.

LEVITICUS, Chap. XXIV. Ver. 10. to 23.

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v. 10, 11. *The ſon of an* Iſraelitiſh *woman blaſphemed the name of the Lord, and curſed: and they brought him unto* Moſes, *and his mothers name was* Shelomith, *&c.*

13. *And the Lord ſpake unto* Moſes *ſaying,*

14. *Bring forth him that hath curſed, without the camp, and let all that heard him, lay hands upon his head, and let all the congregation ſtone him.*

23. *And the children of* Iſrael *did as the Lord commanded* Moſes,

LXX.

The Number and Encampment of the Iſraelites.

TWice had the Sun to either Tropic driv'n
His Golden Car, and view'd both Ends of Heav'n,
Since *Jacob*'s Sons from *Egypt*'s Thraldom came,
Conducted by the wondrous Cloud and Flame:
When God in *Sinai*'s Wild to *Moſes* ſpake,
And bids of all the Tribes the Number take:
With him the Princes of th' Aſſembly join,
The famous Heads of every Patriarch's Line:
To Sixty Myriads did their Males amount,
Tho' *Levi* not included in th' Account:
The Charge of God his conſtant happy Care,
His ſacred Tribe the ſacred Veſſels bear;
For this encamp'd the Tabernacle round,
The reſt far off from that forbidden Ground:
Each Houſe the Standard of their Tribe regard,
Each Tribe obſerves its own peculiar Ward.
Where firſt the Sun its ſmiling Beams diſplays
Great *Judah*'s Princely Lion meets his Rays:
Wiſe *Iſſachar* his deep Battallion join'd,
And *Zebulon* encamp'd not far behind.
Againſt fierce Noon were *Ruben*'s Arms diſplaid,
But skreen'd beneath the Clouds refreſhing Shade,
Simeon and *Gad* their Brother's Quarter ſhare,
A pow'rful Army each, and each a War:
Ephraim encamps againſt the midland Main,
Manaſſeh him, and *Benjamin* ſuſtain:

The

The Rear to *Dan*'s fierce Thouſands *Moſes* gave,
Beneath the frozen Pole his Banners wave;
Whoſe numerous Camp bleſs'd *Aſher*'s Sons augment,
And *Nephthali* behind 'em pitch'd his Tent.
Thus marſhal'd they the Sandy Deſart tread,
Where e'r the Ark and wondrous Column led:
The Signal giv'n for marching, *Moſes* pray'd,
And not in vain, implor'd celeſtial Aid:
" --- Ariſe, O Lord! and thoſe that hate thee find,
" Scatter'd like Duſt or Chaff before the Wind!
But when agen their weary Armies halt,
Thus did he their Redeemer's Praiſe exalt;
" Where thou our Guard, no Shape of Ill we fear;
" Return, O Lord! and bleſs thy choſen Myriads here.

NUMBERS, Chap. I. II. Chap. X. Ver. 35. 36.

Ch. I. v. 1. *The Lord ſpake unto* Moſes, *ſaying*,

2. *Take ye the ſum of all the congregation of the children of* Iſrael, *after their families, by the houſe of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their poll:*

3. *From twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in* Iſrael; *thou and* Aaron *ſhall number them by their armies*, &c.

LXXI.

TABERAH.

AGEN ungrateful *Israel* blindly err,
And rank *Egyptian* Dainties they prefer
To that rich Food whereon th' Immortals fed,
The sordid Bread of Slaves to Angels Bread:
Ah who, they cry, shall give us Flesh to eat!
The same dry nauseous Food we still repeat?
Is Heav'n so Poor it can no better treat?
Nothing but *Manna*, *Manna* can afford?
Too well we now recall that crowded Board
We did in *Egypt* with our Masters share.
Nor wanted tasteful Leeks and Onions there:
They thought 'em Gods, and them we scarce can blame,
Who if we saw 'em now, shou'd do the same.
Jehova heard, his wrathful Vengeance rose,
And woe to his unthankful murm'ring Foes!
Behold the Fire of God from Heav'n appear;
And seize their utmost Tents like Stragglers in the Rear,
Raging unquenchable; the Rebels fly,
Or in the rapid Flames blaspheming dy.
With short extorted Penitence the rest
To *Moses* cry, and he to Heav'n address'd,
Which soon the furious Element repress'd:
The Place's Name the wondrous Action shares,
And thence, unchang'd by Time, to distant Ages bears.

LXXII.

NUMBERS, Chap. XI. Ver. 1. to 6.

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V. 1. *When the people complained, it displeased the Lord: and the Lord heard it; and his anger was kindled; and the fire of the Lord burnt among them, and consumed them that were in the uttermost parts of the camp.*

2. *And the people cried unto* Moses; *and when* Moses *prayed unto the Lord, the fire was quenched.*

3. *And he called the name of the place* Taberah: *because the fire of the Lord burnt among them.*

LXXIII.

Quails Given. The People Plagu'd.

OH! who the Depths of Man's falſe Heart can tell,
And baſe Ingratitude, as deep as Hell!
As faſt as God can Pardon, we rebel:
Obnoxious Sinners think his Bolts too ſlow,
Challenge his Thunder, and prevent the blow.
The ſtubborn Mutineers, their Fellows ſlain,
Mercy to them, and Grace, indulg'd in vain,
Againſt the Hand that gave 'em Life complain:
For *Fleſh* their cry, around the Camp it ran,
From every Tent 'twas heard, and every man:
Ye ſhall, ſaid God: your raging Wiſh enjoy,
And with the fatal Grant your ſelves deſtroy!
One Day, nor Two, nor Twenty ſhall ſuffice,
Since you the Lord, and what he ſends deſpiſe;
For a full Month of Days you Fleſh ſhall eat,
Till with the luſted Dainties all replete,
You loath, like Manna now, your own deſire,
And ſated with the Food unbleſs'd expire.

He ſaid, when ſtrait tempeſtuous Winds ariſe,
And fill with Clouds of *Quails*, the burthen'd Skies:
Tired with their Flight they fall the Camp around,
And cover wide away the Sandy Ground;
Thick as th' unnumber'd Drops, when *Auſter* brings
Warm fruitful Rains upon his Humid Wings.
The People ſeize the animated Show'r,
And half alive their bleeding Limbs devour.
Nor long behind the thankleſs Gluttons ſtaid,
Nor was the threatn'd Vengeance long delay'd:
A ſudden Plague from Heav'n th' Unjuſt conſumes,
And late Poſterity with Horror ſhows their Tombs.

LXXIII.

NUMBERS, Chap. XI. Ver. 31. to 34

131

V. 31. *There went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a days journey on this side, and as it were a days journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth.*

32. *And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails: he that gathered least, gathered ten homers: and they spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp, &c.*

LXXIV.

Aaron *and* Miriam's *Sedition, her Leproſie and Cure.*

MOSES, on Earth the meekeſt Man in vain;
The more he bears, the more the Crowd complain:
The Foe to Goodneſs moves domeſtic Strife
Betwixt his haughty Siſter and his Wife:
Ambition, Pride, and reſtleſs Female Rage,
Three pow'rful Fiends did on his ſide engage:
Place, and Preeminence, (which cou'd they chuſe
What Woman wou'd not rather die than loſe?)
The weighty Cauſes of their mutual Jarrs;
This no Superior, that no Rival bears.
Miriam too weak, her Brother *Aaron* draws
Againſt their Siſter to eſpouſe her cauſe;
Moſes for his unhappy choice they blame,
A *Cuſhite* ſhe, their Stocks and Nations ſhame:
Silent he ſtood, nor in their Fewds engag'd,
With weightier Thoughts employ'd - the more enrag'd,
At length they into open Faction brake,
The Lord by *them*, as well as *Moſes* ſpake:
Nor this th' All-high, who from his radiant Throne
Regards the Meek, and ſtill their Cauſe will own:
His well-known Glory in the Cloud appears,
Far off the whole Aſſembly kneels and fears:
A Voice from his Majeſtick Preſence went,
Which *Aaron* call'd, and *Miriam* from their Tent:
Trembling they came, when thus *Jehova* ſaid:

And were you not, audacious Pair! affraid
Againſt my Servant *Moſes* to repine,
And with th' accurſed murm'ring Crowd combine?
If You the Great Prophetic Office ſhare
In Dreams and Viſions I'll my will declare;
But Face to Face with *Him* I'll ſpeak, and he
Shall only my unclouded Glories ſee.
He ſaid, and from the guilty Pair withdrew;
The marks of heav'nly Anger ſoon they knew:
All o'r a ghaſtly Leper *Miriam* grown,
Unclean, deform'd, and to her ſelf unknown:
Affrighted *Aaron* ſaw, to *Moſes* ran,
Fell at his Feet, and thus with Tears began:
Our ſhameful Guilt and Folly we deplore
Goodneſs like yours, my Lord! will ask no more:
That Mercy which your greateſt Foe can ſpare
O now let a repenting Siſter ſhare!
He hears, he prays, and Heav'n did her reſtore,
The Plague remov'd, as ſound and beauteous as before.

NUMBERS, Chap. XII.

V. 1. Miriam *and* Aaron *ſpake againſt* Moſes *becauſe of the* Ethiopian *woman, whom he had married, for he had married an* Ethiopian *woman.*

2. *And they ſaid, hath the Lord indeed ſpoken only by* Moſes? *hath he not ſpoken alſo by us? And the Lord heard it, &c.*

LXXV.

The Spies and Bunch of Grapes.

IN *Canaans* Southern Bounds glad *Iſrael* ſtand
And of their Rulers ſend to ſearch the Land:
By ancient *Hebrons* Tow'rs they took their way
And thoſe tall Hills which round proud *Jebus* lay;
Thence to delightful *Jericho* they came,
The City of *Palm-Trees*, widely known to Fame:
O'r *Kiſhon*'s Fourds, near *Tabor*'s Mount and Fields,
Kiſhon, which to fair *Jordan* only yields,
The ſounding Shores of *Cinnereth* ſurvey;
Their Journey thence to *Jordan*'s Fountains lay,
Which under hoary *Libanus* ariſe,
Whoſe Ridges bound the Land, and threat the Skies.
Returning they to fruitful *Eſhcol* came,
Thence *Eſhcol* ſtil'd, before unknown to Fame:
'Twas now the Time when Nature in her Pride
That happy Land with gen'rous Fruits ſupply'd:
With Golden Cheeks the rich Pomgranates ſhine,
And tempting Grapes load each luxuriant Vine.

Of

LXXV.

NUMBERS, Chap. XIII.

v. 17, &c. Moſes *ſent men to ſpie out the land of* Canaan, *and ſaid, get you up, and ſee the land what it is, whether it be good or bad, fat or leane, &c.*

23. *And they came unto the brook of* Eſhcol, *and cut down from thence a branch with one cluſter of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a ſtaff; and they brought of the pomgranates, and of the figs.*

24. *The place was called the brook* Eſhcol, *becauſe of the cluſter of grapes which the children of* Iſrael *cut down from thence.*

Of these they a vast Cluster with 'em bear,
Th' enormous weight Two of the Strongest share,
Brought on a knotty Staff with Swear and Pain,
The knotty Staff cou'd scarce the the Load sustain.
Full Forty Days expir'd at length they come
In an unlucky Hour to *Paran* home.

The Land, they must confess, was rich and good
Exuberant every where with Fruit and Food,
And all the needs of Life; But still they must
In their Accounts impartial be, and just,
And not betray the Peoples weighty Trust:
They were not fond of War, nor wish'd to try
The Force of their unequal Enemy:
Their Garisons were strong, their Walls were high,
Their num'rous People Bold and Warlike were,
Anak the Great, with his fierce Sons were there:
Proud *Amalek* the Southern Border fills,
The *Hittite* and the *Amorite* the Hills,
Themselves as Tall; bold *Jebus* Sons the rest,
The *Canaanite* the Shore and *Jordan*'s Coast possess'd.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

NUMBERS, Chap. XIV.

The People murmur. Joshua *and* Caleb *endeavour to still them,* &c.

IT was a mournful and a tedious Night:
The fiery Pillar shot no friendly light,
A Pannic fear the trembling Camp invades,
Attack'd by Legions of infernal shades:
Discord and Malice, Discontent and Care
Ingratitude, Sedition, and Despair,
And Faction, fowlest Fiend of Hell were there.
Amid the Croud in close Cabals they lay
Preparing for the Mischief of the Day:
With sullen Gloom the luckless Day arose,
And did the Counsels of the Night disclose,
Gath'ring in Globes see the Tumultuous Crowd,
Pour'd from their Tents their Treasons vent aloud;
Nor only *Moses* now, but God accuse,
Both did deceive 'em, both their Faith abuse;
To *Canaan*'s hungry Sword their Host betray,
Their Wives and Children doom'd the Victor's prey:
This was too much, nor longer cou'd be born;
What they cou'd yet prevent they vainly mourn,
A Captain made to *Egypt* they'll return.

Joshua

Joshua and gen'rous *Caleb* stood their Ground,
Of all the Spies, these only loyal found:
In vain they strive the heated Crowd t' appease.

"If God in us delight and him we please,
We soon shall in bless'd *Canaan*'s Land repose,
Bless'd *Canaan*'s Land with Milk and Hony flows;
The Natives vainly boast their Walls and Tow'rs,
Their Strength, their Hearts are gone, and God is ours:
Deaf to their Charms th' Assembly furious grown
A motion made they both the Traitors stone:
Intrepid still the mighty *Moses* staid,
And still to Heav'n that ne'r forsook him, pray'd:
So when rude Winds the angry Billows chase,
The steddy Steersman they'd in vain displace,
And dash the Salt-Sea Foam against his Face;
Whilst on the Star that must his Vessel guide
Fixing his Eyes he scorns the Ocean's Pride.
And now the Glory' of God appears on high,
And flashing Lightnings streak the angry Sky:
The Factious Heads who the just War oppose,
Abuse their trust and magnifie the Foes,
By a swift Plague from Heav'n of Life bereft,
Caleb and faithful *Joshua* only left:
The rest must to the howling Wild retire,
And wand'ring Forty Years unlov'd, unbless'd expire,

LXXVII.

NUMBERS, Chap. XVI.

KORAH's *Rebellion.*

NOR yet did Factions in th' Assembly cease,
For *Korah*'s Arts disturb their short-liv'd Peace:
Of *Levi*'s Sons too many Names he draws,
Freedom the Plea, Int'rest and Pride the Cause:
Of heavy Grievances aloud they cry'd,
That *Moses* Rod did *Aaron*'s Censer guide:
The Lordly Priests no longer they'll obey,
Mean Instruments of base Despotick Sway.
Moses of men the meekest they upbraid
That he'd their Ancient Liberties invade:
With these proud *Dathan* and *Abiram* join,
Of faulty ring *Reuben*'s weak and angry Line,
And still they urge their forfeit Right Divine.
To them no Honour, no Preferments fall,
Aaron and *Judah* had engross'd 'em all:
They for their Birthright strive; they *Levi* hate,
Yet Aid his angry Sons in this Debate.
These in the *Sanhedrim* of Name and Note,
And us'd to sway the House of Judgement's Vote;
Whom the dull Crowd implicitly admir'd,
Hung on their Lips, and thought 'em all inspir'd:
The mingled Multitude, that murmur'd still,
From *Egypt* crowded on, and sav'd against their will.

LXXVIII.

Dathan *and* Abiram *ſwallowed up.*

WHen all things now were ripe for miſchief grown,
Korah his Party heads, and leads 'em on:
Before the Altar they embattel'd ſtand
With each his kindled Cenſer in his Hand:
So far their Arts among the Tribes prevail,
That on their ſide the whole Aſſembly rail:
Moſes and *Aaron* all deſerted, blame,
(They did not ſo when they from *Egypt* came.)
Not one to own, or to defend 'em dares;
Nor did they Numbers need, for God was theirs;
When from the Cloud amazing Splendor broke,
And to his Servants thus *Jehova* ſpoke:
"Retire, my Friends, with ſpeed from this devoted Place,
"And in a moment I'll conſume this murm'ring Race.
The injur'd Saints for Mercy proſtrate fall,
Shall one offend, and Vengeance ſeize on all!
They intercede a moment e'r too late,
And ſtop the iſſuing Word before 'twas Fate.
The *Sanhedrim* converted with 'em joyn,
They ſaw th' Appearance of the Pow'r Divine:
To *Dathan* and *Abiram*'s factious Tent,
So Heav'n commands, they with 'em trembling went.
(*Korah* and his, to juſt Deſtruction doom'd,
The while, are by the Fire of God conſum'd.)
When *Moſes* thus — If theſe Offenders fall
The common way that Nature paves for all,
I ask no Faith that I from God am ſent;
But if impatient Heav'n their Fates prevent;

If

LXXVIII.

NUMBERS, Chap. XVI. Ver. 19, 21, 22, 25, 28, to 34.

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If gaping Earth shall them alive receive,
I'm no Impostor; you'll my Words believe.
Nor sooner said when dire Convulsions heave
The lab'ring Earth -- Behold its surface cleave:
The secret Realms of Ghosts and Shades display,
And let in Night upon th' invaded Day;
When thro' the horrid Chasm the Traitors go,
And with loud Shrieks they sink, deep, deep to Hell below.

LXXIX.

Moſes *ſmites the Rock, and brings forth Water at* Meribah.

THE People now in *Rekam*'s Borders ſtand,
Horrid with barren Rocks, and Hills of Sand:
Mountains on huge miſhapen Mountains pil'd,
A Proſpect hideous, terrible and wild:
The Pilgrim-Stream which thro' the Deſart wide
Following the num'rous Hoſt their Thirſt ſupply'd,
Forſakes 'em here. - Th' Aſſembly *Moſes* chide:
Is this? is this the *Canaan* we muſt gain,
For which we travel'd croſs the ſandy Main,
And with vain Hopes forſook bleſs'd *Egypt*'s Fields?
No Figs or Vines th' unhappy Region yields;
No Seeds will on the the barren Surface grow;
Nor from the Rocks refreſhing Waters flow.
When from the Cloud th' All-high to *Moſes* ſpake,
The Rod of God agen commands him take;
Then bid the Rock diſcloſe its Secret Store,
And Wat'ry Treaſures never known before:
Provok'd, the Prophet his Commiſſion breaks,
And for the Rock the harder Crowd beſpeaks.

Hear now, ye Rebels! muſt ye hence receive
Miracu'lous Streams, nor will ye yet believe?
Then ſmote the Rock, when from its flinty Womb
Tumbling in loud Caſcades new Waters come
For all the Camp - But ah! how dear they coſt!
For this the angry Brethren *Canaan* loſt;

XXX. Con-

LXXIX.

NUMBERS, Chap. XX. from Ver. 1. to 12.

Condemn'd to die in Sight of that bleſs'd Land,
For raſhly diſobeying Heav'ns Command.

Holy, and Juſt, and True! thine *Iſrael* ſpare!
Let *Levi* all unſeemly Warmth forbear!
Like thee their Anger, tho' provok'd reſtrain;
So ſhall the Meek at length the Heav'nly Canaan gain.

LXXX.

LXXX.

The Brazen Serpent set up.

THE Floodborn Prophet guides the sacred Host,
Around their Brother *Edom*'s hostile Coast:
They thro' rough ways, thro' scorching Desarts go,
Huge ragged Rocks above, and Sands below:
Agen of God and *Moses* they complain,
And tastful *Manna*, heavenly Food, disdain:
The Lord displeas'd a dreadful Army sent
Of fiery Serpents, who commanded went
Attack'd the Camp, and enter'd every Tent:
Among the rest himself th' Old Serpent came
His Mouth, his Eyes shot Flakes of smoky Flame:
Rais'd on his Folds, a Crown adorn'd his head,
And hissing horrible his scaly Troops he led:
Their Quarry seiz'd they poisnous Vapors breath
Around the Rebels twin'd, an odious Wreath,
And scatter every where Despair and Death:
Those who escape to injur'd *Moses* fly,
Their Guilt acknowledge, and for Mercy cry:
To angry Heav'n he for the People prays,
Which bids him strait a *Brazen Serpent* raise
High in Mid-Air, which speedy Ease shou'd give,
And all the wounded Host who *look'd* shou'd *live*.

Nor

LXXX.

NUMBERS, Chap. XXI. from Ver. 4. to 9.

v. 5. *The people ſpake againſt God, and againſt* Moſes, *&c.*

6. *And the Lord ſent fiery ſerpents among the people, &c.*

8. *And the Lord ſaid unto* Moſes, *make thee a fiery ſerpent, and ſet upon a pole: and it ſhall come to paſs, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, ſhall live.*

9. *And* Moſes *made a ſerpent of braſs, and put it upon a pole, and it came to paſs, that if a ſerpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the ſerpent of braſs, he lived.*

Nor did he this Delay, nor this in vain,
Whoever look, immediate ease obtain:
Their dying Eyes they turn, new Life receive,
Yet scarce themselves the wond'rous Cure believe.
O thou, who on the cursed Tree wert rais'd,
While sinful Men and wond'ring Angels gaz'd:
Whose Death our Life, whose charming Mercy brings
Health and Salvation underneath its Wings:
Thy Merits to our wounded Souls apply,
Those who believe in thee, O Saviour! never die.

LXXXI.

Sihon and *Og*.

TO *Sihon*'s Confines *Israel*'s Sons drew near,
Tyrants like him are never void of Fear:
Their peaceful Host his jealous Court alarms,
And the fierce King his servile Subjects arms:
In vain the Pilgrims friendly Terms propose,
He with no friendly Mind to meet 'em goes:
Their Troops with their long March fatigu'd, assails,
Yet soon the Justice of their Cause prevails.
The Tyrant falls, his Slaves no longer stand,
To his lov'd *Israel* God dispos'd their Land.
A double Conquest now, but lately won,
From *Lot*'s incestuous Daughter's elder Son;
When *Heshbon* shin'd in Flames, and all its State,
Could not protect it from its ripen'd Fate.
Next, circling round, the sacred Army came,
To *Bashan*'s Region, not unknown to Fame.

Where the rank Soil did Nature's Laws refuſe,
And Giant-Beaſts, and Monſter-Men produce,
Huge *Og* their King, an Iron Army brought.
In *Edrei*'s Fields with trembling *Iſrael* fought.
His Sons like lofty Pines around him ſtood,
He, like a Cedar in the midſt, o'relooking all the Wood.
An Iron gleam the hideous Monſter made,
His Guards, like Dwarfs, fought underneath his Shade.
Nor this diſcourag'd *Moſes* from the Fight,
Singly reſolv'd to tempt his boaſted might:
Nor had his nervous Arms forgot to wield,
The biting Ax, or pond'rous brazen Shield:
The moody Tyrant fearleſs he aſſails,
And in the Lord of Hoſt's dread Name prevails,
His Head that towr'd aloft, he cou'd not reach,
But thro' his Boſom drives a fatal Breach:
The ſpouting Life a Speedy Paſſage found,
He falls a cumbrous Load, and dints the trembling Ground.

NUMBERS, Chap. XXI. Ver. 21. to the End.

v. 23. ---- Sihon *gathered all his people together, and went out againſt* Iſrael *into the wilderneſs: and he came to* Jahaz, *and fought againſt* Iſrael.

24. *And* Iſrael *ſmote him with the edge of the ſword*, &c.

33. ---- Og *the king* Baſhan *went out againſt them he, and all his people*, &c.

35. *So they ſmote him and his ſons, and all his people, until there was none left him alive*, &c.

LXXXII.

Balak *ſends to* Balaam, *&c. The Aſs ſpeaks.*

WHen Heav'n will blaſt a lofty Tyrant's reign,
His Cunning and his Force are all in vain:
In vain he ſtrives againſt its ſtrong Decree,
His Hopes are Wind, his End is Infamy.
This, *Balak*, Lord of faithleſs *Moab* found,
When *Iſrael*'s Songs approach'd his *Eaſtern* Bound:
When human Succours fail, to Hell he goes,
With curs'd Enchantments to confound his Foes.
To *Balaam*, thro' the *Eaſt* too widely known,
By Magic infamouſly famous grown;
Who by ſtrong Charms, and many a ſecret Spell,
The ſervile Gods cou'd to his Aid compel:
No vulgar Embaſſy the Tyrant ſends,
Of *Moab*'s Lords, and *Midianitiſh* Friends:
T' enquire of Heav'n the Sorcerer pretends,
But to the Fiends in dead of Night he goes,
And asks their Counſel to deſtroy their Foes.
In vain obſequious to his Charms they come,
His Threats in vain, their Oracles are dumb.
When lo! a heav'nly Light the Room invades,
And chaſes thence the foul infernal Shades:
They durſt not ſtay, for God himſelf was there,
Concern'd for *Iſrael*, his peculiar Care;
Beware, he crys, audacious Wretch beware,
Move not a Foot, thou canſt not hope ſucceſs,
Nor canſt thou curſe the Man whom God will bleſs,

Trembling

LXXXII.

NUMBERS, Chap. XXII. Ver. 4. to 35.

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v. 28. —— *The aſs ſaid unto* Balaam, *what have I done unto thee, that thou haſt ſmitten me theſe three times?*

29. *And* Balaam *ſaid unto the aſs, becauſe thou haſt mocked me: I would there were a ſword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee.*

30. *And the aſs ſaid unto* Balaam, *am not I thine aſs, upon which thou haſt ridden ever ſince I was thine, unto this day? was I ever wont to do ſo unto thee? and he ſaid, nay.*

31. *Then the Lord opened the eyes of* Balaam, *and he ſaw the angel of the Lord ſtanding in the way, and his ſword drawn in his hand,* &c.

Trembling he heard, unwillingly obey'd,
And *Balak's* Lords return'd, behind 'em ſtay'd.
But when a ſecond Embaſſy he ſent,
The wav'ring Wizard roſe, and with 'em went.
The Wages of Unrighteouſneſs he choſe,
But ſee a Mighty Angel him oppoſe:
His Aſs at firſt the ſhining Form eſpy'd,
And ſtarted oft, and oft he turn'd aſide.
In vain he ſtrikes, and works her to the Road,
Till down ſhe ſinks beneath her impious Load.
With ſilent Looks complaining of the Wrong,
When Heav'n, (What cannot Heav'n!) unloos'd her Tongue.
With human Voice form'd in her ſecret Breaſt,
She the mad Prophet's brutal Rage repreſs'd;
Whoſe eyes unſeal'd, he ſees the Angel ſtand,
A flaming Sabre in his vengeful Hand,
Pointed againſt his Breaſt; to Earth he falls,
And half a Penitent, for Mercy calls.
The Angel lets him ſtill purſue his way,
But bids him only what high Heav'n ſhou'd dictate, ſay.

LXXXIII.

NUMBERS, Chap. XXII. 39. 41. XXIII. 1. 5. 7. to 10. 21. to 24.

Balak *meets* Balaam. *His Sacrifice*, &c.

TO *Huzzoth's* Town the King and Prophet come,
Which from its ſpatious Streets receiv'd its Name;
To

To *Baal*'s high Places thence together go,
There to ſurvey and curſe their hated Foe:
Sev'n Altars that falſe Wizard bids them rear,
A Bullock and a Ram on each prepare;
Thus did the *Zabii*'s Heathen Rites adviſe,
And to the Planets thus they ſacrifice.
When lo a Pow'r unknown the Sage oppreſs'd,
Spake with his Lips, and ſtruggled in his Breaſt:
Heav'n, which before his Aſs's Tongue did looſe,
Her impious Maſter's now is pleas'd to uſe:
Unwillingly inſpir'd he can't forbear,
But muſt theſe bold ungrateful Truths declare.
" In vain has *Balak* me from *Aram* ſought,
" In vain has from the *Eaſtern* Mountains brought,
" *Jacob* to curſe, and *Iſrael* to diſtreſs,
" Ah! who can curſe the Man whom God will bleſs?
" Vain Idols he in *Jacob* has not found,
" Whoſe ſhameful Worſhip fills the Nations round.
" What Charms can then againſt his Sons prevail?
" Divining's loſt, and ſtrong Enchantments fail.
" I ſee him from the Mountains wide away,
" And from the craggy Rocks his Camps ſurvey:
" His God's peculiar choice, he dwells alone,
" His Numbers as the Duſt or Sand unknown.
" With him, O let me to the Grave deſcend!
" What e'er my Life, like his I'd wiſh my End.
" Is God like Man, to Lie, or to Repent?
" Who can his Words reverſe, or who prevent?
" What Jubilees, what Triumphs ſhall proclaim
" The peaceful Kings, the Great *Meſſiah*'s Name?
" His *Iſrael* God from *Egypt*'s Bondage led;
" See his protecting Cloud around him ſpred!
" Couch'd like a Lion ſafe beneath its Shade,
" What deſp'rate Mortal dares his awful Reſt in-
" vade?

LXXXIV.

Numbers, Chap. XXIV.

Balaam *bleſſes* Iſrael. *He Propheſies of* Chriſt, *the* Aſſyrians, *and* Romans, &c.

WHen *Balaam* found his Charms had no Succeſs,
But his own *Iſrael* God reſolv'd to bleſs;
Deluſive Auguries he ſought no more,
Nor follow'd curs'd Enchantments as before:
Another Spirit had ſeiz'd the alter'd Sage,
And ſwell'd his Boſom with diviner Rage:
Fierce *Balak*'s Anger he does now diſdain,
(His Golden Promiſes alike in vain,)
And thus of all the World the diſtant Fates explain.
" How goodly, *Jacob!* are thy Tents! how fair!
" They with the fertile Valleys may compare;
" Or Gardens richly deck'd with Nature's Pride,
" Whoſe Verdant Trees by ſome fair River's Side
" Like Cedars Tall in comely Order grow,
" And view their Branches in the Streams below:
" Beyond a Mortal's Skill their vaſt Deſign,
" The Model and the Structure all divine.
" To me th' Almighty has his Will declar'd;
" What Viſions have I ſeen, what Wonders heard?
" Far off I ſee a radiant Star ariſe,
" And with new wond'rous Light adorn the Skies:
" The Orient ſhall his fated Empire gain,
" Of *Jacob*'s Race the Great Meſſiah reign:
" *Moab* and all the Heathen Lands his Prey,
" The ſpacious Globe ſhall his Commands obey.

Thy

Thy Sons, Proud *Amalek!* he next ſurveys
In *Canaan*'s Southern Bounds, and thus he ſays.
" Of all the Nations Thou didſt firſt declare
" Againſt God's Favourite People impious War:
" Too weak thy Arms, unequal this Debate,
" Ruin, eternal Ruin is thy Fate.
To *Jethro*'s Offspring next he turns his Eyes:
" Strong is thy Dwelling-Place, thy choice is wiſe;
" Happy Exchange, he ſays; yet all in vain,
" Thy Doom at length to wear Proud *Aſher*'s Chain:
" Ah who ſhall live that ſees that luckleſs Day!
" Yet worſe behind! behold the Weſtern Sea
" Cover'd with Ships, whence *Chittim*'s Offspring come,
" And thy renowned Sons, O future *Rome!*
" *Aſhur* muſt fall, and *Heber* ſtrives in vain,
" For ſo the ſtrong Decrees of Fate ordain:
" Nor ſhall their haughty Victor long ſurvive;
" Empire, like Men, their ſtated Periods live:
" Eternal *Rome* muſt die, her Reign is o'r,
" Tumbling from her proud Hills ſhe falls to riſe no more.

LXXXV.

NUMBERS, Chap. XXV.

Zimri *and* Cozbi.

WHat Hell's and *Moab*'s Force and Fraud combin'd,
In vain attempted, and in vain deſign'd,
At length by Female Guile accompliſh'd ſee,
And *Iſrael* naked to its Enemy!

Each

Each Civil Hoſt, t' oblige his *Hebrew* Friend,
Their Gods, and more, their Wives and Daughters lend;
Whoſe Charms than *Balaam*'s Curſes far more ſtrong,
More pow'rful Magic in their Eyes and Tongue:
With theſe they their enchanted Gueſts intice
To their lewd Idols pompous Sacrifice:
Peor of old, thro' *Moabs* Regions fam'd,
In after-Days the foul *Priapus* nam'd.
Nor did th' unnurtur'd Crowd alone rebel,
For in the ſpecious Snare their Nobles fell:
Zimri, a noted Chief of *Simeons* Race,
Who Private Lewdneſs only, thought diſgrace,
In open Day falſe *Cozbi* with him brings,
Sprung from the Stem of *Midianitiſh* Kings:
Nor Zealous *Phineas* this, who ſnatch'd a Spear
Which double Death on its Sharp Point did wear,
And in the very Act of Lewdneſs found
Tranſfix'd 'em both, and nail'd 'em to the Ground:
Nor this without Commiſſion he preſum'd,
For God's dread Word before to Death had doom'd
Each Wretch whom foul Idolatry had ſtain'd:
Nor unrewarded his juſt Zeal remain'd:
Thoſe guilty Victims angry Heav'n appeas'd,
And in the Camp the wide Contagion ceas'd:
The Covenant of Peace his Juſtice gains,
An everlaſting Prieſthood he obtains.

Has bounteous Heav'n exhauſted all its ſtore?
And can unbounded Goodneſs give no more?
There is, there is, a ſure Reward for thoſe
Who own its Cauſe againſt its mighty Foes:
Who bear the Sword with an impartial Hand,
And in the Breach, firm and undaunted ſtand,
To puniſh daring Vice, and ſave a Guilty Land.

LXXXVI.

NUMBERS, Chap. XXXI.

The War with Midian.

VEngeance divine, unerring, tho' 'tis ſlow,
Suſpends its Arm to give the greater Blow.
For all the Whores and Gods that *Midian* gave
The choſen Race to weaken and enſlave,
Twelve Thouſand Warriours harneſs'd for the Fight
Muſt now their curs'd Civilities requite:
Brave *Phinehas* gladly leads the choſen Band,
The Trump of God adorns his ſtrong Right-Hand:
In vain th' unequal Foes their Hoſt ſurround,
And like unnumber'd Locuſts ſpread the Ground.
Sound! Sound a Charge! They ſhake, they bend, they fly,
And *Iſrael* gains an eaſy Victory.
Falſe *Midian*'s haughty Princes ſtrive in vain,
Zur, *Evi*, *Rekem*, *Hur*, and *Reba* ſlain;
Whoſe Fate their Wizard-Prophet *Balaam* ſhares,
Victorious *Iſrael*'s juſt Revenge he bears,
He ſcap'd the Angel's Sword, but cou'd not theirs.
Into the Countries Heart (their Army broke)
They pierce, and gain their Towns without a ſtroke.
With Fire and Sword the Treach'rous Race purſue,
Their Palaces they burnt, their Men they ſlew.

But

But a falſe Pity pleaded for the Fair,
The fatal Cauſes of the War they ſpare:
Theſe with uncounted Spoils, they bear away,
And to their Breth'rens joyful Camp convey:
When *Moſes* ſaw, his Anger juſtly roſe:
" --- What Madneſs this, to ſpare your ſtrongeſt Foes?
" A mortal Plague they brought, themſelves a worſe;
" Where *Balaam* cou'd not, theſe prevail'd to curſe.
" Your Swords againſt the ſplendid Serpents turn,
" Who have their Thouſands ſlain: Let *Midian* mourn,
" As *Iſrael* did before -- They plead in vain;
Juſt, tho ſevere their Doom, the ſpecious Plagues are ſlain.

LXXXVII.

DEUTERONOMY, Chap. XXVII.

Ebal *and* Gerizim.

IN *Moab's* Borders now the People ſtand,
Whom *Moſes* thus accoſts by Heav'ns command:
When *Jordan* paſs'd, you ſeize the Promis'd Land;
Two hanging Rocks you'll ſee with equal Pride
Thruſt out their rugged Fronts on either ſide:

Like

Like some huge Arches distant Ruins show,
Whose mould'ring Walls affright the Vale below:
Be half the People plac'd on *Ebal*'s Brim,
The other on the cloudy *Gerizim*:
When *Levi* thus the Curses shall repeat
Which GOD's just Laws on harden'd Sinners threat.

Curs'd be the Man who Gold or Silver takes,
And an abominable Idol makes!
In vain he sets it in a secret Place;
Just Vengeance him shall find, and all his Race.
An equal Curse those Wretches shall oppress
Who slight their Aged Parents in distress:
Those who the Ancient Land-Mark move away,
And those who make the helpless Blind to stray:
Who poor unfriended Strangers shall oppress,
Or wrong the Widow, and the Fatherless:
Whom Incest, or unnatural Crimes delight,
Or who in secret shall their Neighbour smite:
Who for Reward the Innocent pursue,
Or who in Blood their guilty Hands embrue:
Who not confirm each awful Word they hear;
All are accurs'd, and all their Sin shall bear:
While distant Eccho sounds each Curse agen,
All *Israel* to each Curse shall give their loud *Amen!*

LXXXVIII.

Moſes's *View of* Canaan. *His Death, Burial, and Elegy.*

HOW dear did One raſh Word the Prophet coſt!
For this his Life, and more, he *Canaan* loſt:
His temperate Youth with vigorous Age was bleſs'd,
And no Decays his num'rous Years confeſs'd:
His Eyes as full of Fire, his Pulſe as warm
As when th' abhorr'd *Egyptian* felt his Arm:
Yet he muſt die -- But firſt the Favour gain'd
To ſee the Land for *Iſrael*'s Sons ordain'd:
Behold him to the Top of *Piſgah* go,
And view the Country and the Clouds below!
Sweet *Jericho*'s delightful Town and Plain,
And *Judah*'s Lot to the Great Weſtern Main:
From thence to North ſurvey with longing Eyes,
Where goodly *Lebanon*'s fair Cliffs ariſe,
Whoſe Tall Eternal Cedars threat the Skies.
Laſt of the Southern Wild a Proſpect take
To *Caſiotis*, and the *Syrbon*-Lake:
He cou'd no more, but on the Turf reclin'd,
As meekly as he liv'd, his Soul reſign'd:
Officious *Seraphs* bare his Soul away,
And to a happier *Canaan* him convey:

But

LXXXIX.

DUTERONOMY, Chap. XXXIV.

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V. 1. Moſes *went up from the plains of* Moab *unto the mountain of* Nebo, *to the top of* Piſgah, *that is over againſt* Jericho: *and the Lord ſhewed him all the land of* Gilead, *unto* Dan, &c.

V. 4. *And the Lord ſaid unto him, this is the land which I ſware unto* Abraham, *unto* Iſaac, *and unto* Jacob, *ſaying, I will give it unto thy ſeed: I have cauſed thee to ſee it with thine eyes, but thou ſhalt not go over thither.*

V. 5, 6. *And* Moſes *the ſervant of the Lord died there; but no man knoweth of his ſepulchre unto this day.*

But

But God himself his Fun'ral Honours pay'd,
And in a Tomb unknown to Mortals laid:
Nor this enough, O favour'd Saint for thee;
Since God himself thus wrote thy Elegy.

" What Prophet by the Sacred Breath inspir'd,
" What Friend of God with Holy Raptures fir'd,
" Whose Deathless Name can equal Glories share,
" Or with my Servant *Moses* can compare?
" With Mortal Eyes th' Invisible he saw,
" On trembling *Sinai*'s Top receiv'd the Law:
" From *Egypt*'s Fetters ransom'd *Israel* brought,
" And in their sight, dread Signs, and mighty Wonders wrought.

LXXXIX.

JOSHUA, Chap. I. Ver. 1. 2. Chap. II. Rahab *and the Spies.*

ENtomb'd in *Moab*'s Valley *Moses* lies;
Jehova bids the Valiant *Joshua* rise;
Second in Honour fill his Vacant Place,
And to their happy Seats conduct the chosen Race:
The Prudent General's Thoughts and Care no less,
Tho' Heav'n itself assures him of Success:
Two Spies to neighb'ring *Jericho* he sent,
Nor undiscover'd thro' the Guards they went:
The jealous King appris'd of their Intent,
With

With ſpeed his Guards to faithful *Rahab* ſends,
But *Rahab*'s Houſe conceals her *Hebrew* Friends:
The Souldiers hope in vain their Prey to find,
Pour'd thro' the Eaſtern Gate as ſwift as Wind,
In vain purſuing thoſe who ſtaid behind;
To whom their Fair Preſerver thus begins:
"Too well we know the weight of *Canaan*'s Sins:
"Your Title and Poſſeſſion Heav'n ſecures;
"Yours are our Cities, and our Land is Yours:
"A *Panic* Fear does every Breaſt invade,
"We faint, we melt, of *Iſrael*'s Arms afraid.
"We've heard how God did you thro' Seas convey
"While parting Waters ſhow'd your wond'rous way:
"What you to *Sihon* and to *Og* have done,
"Trembling we hear, and make their Fates our own:
"Since then with hazard of my Life conceal'd,
"Nor to the threatning cheated Guards reveal'd,
"The Mercy I have ſhown you, let me find,
"And to my Father's Houſe be juſt and kind.
"Swear by the Pow'r that loves your Nation Swear
"The hungry Sword their precious Lives ſhall ſpare:
They did, then o'r the Wall ſhe lets 'em down,
They to the Mountain flee, and leave the Town:
Three Days conceal'd in *Palm*-Tree Groves they lay
Almoſt impervious to the All-ſearching Day;
Then fording *Jordan*, to the Camp repair,
To *Joſhua* and the reſt the joyful news they bear.

XC.

Jordan *divided.* Iſrael *paſſes over.*

THE Hoſt of God, a mighty Hoſt, remain,
Near *Jordan*'s Banks decamp'd from *Shittim*'s Plain:
With longing Eyes they view'd, unſatisfy'd,
Their promis'd Fields that grac'd his *Weſtern* ſide,
Still to their Wiſhes and their Vows deny'd;
For *Jordan* now his ſlimy Banks o'reflows,
And broad as Father *Nile*, or *Ganges* grows.
In vain, for Nature to her Lord gives way:
When Seas divide, can Rivers not obey?
The Prieſts, in Stoles of pureſt Linen, bear
The dreadful Ark, and to the Brink repair;
Nor ſooner on the utmoſt Rivage tread,
When, lo! the Waters ſaw, and backward fled,
Their ancient Courſe forgot, and Oozy Bed;
Far, far away to *Adam*'s diſtant Strand,
And furl'd on Heaps like Icy Mountains ſtand:
While thoſe below fail from the Salt-ſea Plain,
Whoſe thirſty Soil expects their cooling Waves in vain.
This great Event the trembling Guards perceive,
From *Jericho*, and ſcarce their Eyes believe:
Thick on the Walls and Battlements they ſtood,
To their chill Hearts retir'd the curdling Blood:
They ſaw the ranſom'd Flock come ſafely o're,
And with glad Shouts ſalute the welcom Shore:
Twelve weighty Stones from *Jordan* ſaw them take
And Signals of their wondrous Paſſage make:

Nor

XC.

JOSHUA, Chap. III. Ver. 1. to 17. Chap. IV. Ver. 5. to 18.

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Chap. IV. Ver. 5. Joſhua *ſaid,* Paſs *over before the ark of the Lord your God into the midſt of* Jordan, *and take ye up every man of you a ſtone upon his ſhoulder, according unto the number of the tribes of the children of* Iſrael.

6. *That this may be a ſign among you, that when your children aſk their fathers in time to come, ſaying, What mean you by theſe ſtones?*

7. *Then ye ſhall anſwer them,* &c.

Nor ſooner had the Prieſts the Channel paſs'd,
Who as they enter'd firſt, aſcended laſt:
The Firm no ſooner by their Sandals preſs'd,
And on the ſedgy Banks the Ark did reſt;
When *Jordan* breaks with burſt of Thunder's roar,
Like ſome fierce Eagre ſweeps each ſounding Shore,
And ſhoots its foaming Waves as widely as before.

XCI.

JOSHUA, Chap. V. Ver. 13. to the End.

Joſhua *ſees the Captain of the Lord's Hoſt.*

NOW *Iſrael*'s Army *Jericho* inveſt,
And with a ſtrong Blockade 'tis cloſely preſs'd:
Alone the fearleſs *Joſhua* walks the round,
To view the Place, if any weakneſs found,
Or to ſurprize, or ſtorm from advantageous Ground,
Thoughtful he ſtood, reclining on his Spear,
When lo! he ſees an awful Form appear.
Mortal he ſeem'd, yet more than mortal Grace,
And Splendor terrible adorn'd his Face.
A Sword he graſp'd, as bright as it were made,
Of a portentous Comets flaming Blade:
When thus the General of the choſen Hoſt,
The Great unknown undaunted did accoſt.

"From

" From whence, and whose? What art thou, soon
declare,
" For *Canaan* or for *Israel*, Peace or War?
Michael am I, the shining Form reply'd,
Sent from the Throne the Host of God to guide:
Prostrate the General falls, and prints the Sand,
And waits for his Superior's dread Command;
He bids, to loose his Sandals not disdain,
Nor with irreverend Steps the hallow'd Place
profane:
Joshua obeys, new Orders he receives,
Whom, mounting to the Clouds, the heav'nly Visions leaves.

XCII.

The Walls of Jericho *fall down, the City taken:* Rahab *and her Family preserv'd.*

HOW vain are human Arts, whose best
Defence,
Betrays our Guilt, or owns our Impotence.
The strongest Walls an inward Fear confess,
Corslets and Shields, and glittring Helms no less;
And Force or Fraud o'er our weak Frames prevail,
Tho' arm'd with Tow'rs, or wall'd with Coats of
Mail.
If from our fellow Mortals unsecure,
What Fortress can, against just Heav'n ensure?
What rocky Ramparts may its Bolts endure?
Nor needs it the red Thunder still unsheath,
Nor grants each guilty Wretch so great a Death.

It can with Arms contemptible confound,
And ſolid Subſtance ſhake with airy Sound:
This, *Jericho*, thy tott'ring Walls declare,
No Steel-head Rams, no ſtrong Machins of War
Provok'd that Fate which for thy Crimes was juſt,
And roll'd thy ancient Honours in the Duſt:
But *Iſrael*'s Sons, ſo Heav'n commands, ſurround
Thy Ramparts with the clanging Trumpet's ſound:
The Prieſts, the Ark in long Proceſſion bore,
The harneſs'd Warriors ſilent march'd before:
A Week of Days they proſecute their Toil,
While from the Walls th' abhorr'd *Barbarians* ſmile:
But ſcarce the ſeventh bleſs'd Morn had deck'd the Skies,
When with new Hopes inſpir'd th' Aſſembly riſe:
Sev'n times the nodding Tow'rs and Walls they paſs'd,
And *Joſhua* gives the Signal at the laſt:
Now ſhout, he ſaid, your Conqueſt Heav'n aſſures;
Aſcend! for the devoted Town is yours:
Let *Rahab* live, but all the reſt muſt die,
So loud their ripen'd Sins for Vengeance cry:
The Spoil is God's, beware th' accurſed Thing,
Leſt on yourſelves and us the Curſe you bring.
He ſaid, with ſhouts the Army rends the Skies,
Tumble the Walls, thick Clouds of Duſt ariſe:
So burſts a Torrent from the Mountains ſide,
So roars the Thunder thro' the Welkin wide:
Each in his Rank aſcends from where he ſtood,
The City's won, and fill'd with Fire and Blood.
Rahab alone her Countries Loſs ſurvives,
And with her Fathers Houſe in *Iſrael* lives;
Whom Holy Bands to Princely *Salmon* joyn,
Whence a long Race of Kings in *Judah*'s ſacred Line.

XCII.

JOSHUA, Chap. IV. Ver. 20. to 23.

v. 20. *The people ſhouted when the prieſts blew with the trumpets: and it came to paſs when the people heard the ſound of the trumpet, and the people ſhouted with a great ſhout, that the wall fell down flat, ſo that the people went up into the city, every man ſtraight before him, and they took the city.*

21. *And they utterly deſtroyed all that was in the city,* &c.

23. ---*But they brought out* Rahab, *and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that ſhe had,* &c.

XCIII.

Joshua, Chap. VII. and VIII.

Achan *and* Ai.

HUnger of Gold, and Sacrilegious Thirſt,
Unſatisfied to be alone accurs'd,
Your pois'nous Influence larger Conqueſts gains,
And blaſts th' unhappy Nation where it reigns.
One *Achan* Iſraels Glory can deface,
And ſpread wide Vengeance round the ſacred Race.
For *Ai*, Three Thouſand Warriors now prepare,
More than enough their Force, had God been there,
--- But he was gone, and Conqueſt with him led,
Before their feeble Enemies they fled:
Some fall transfix'd, and wounded ſome return;
They melt, they faint, the whole Aſſembly mourn:
Proſtrate on Earth afflicted *Joſhua* lay
With *Iſrael*'s Elders all that luckleſs Day,
Their Cloths they rend; around 'em Sackloth ſpread,
And ſcatter Duſt on each diſhonour'd Head.
When God to *Joſhua* did the Crime diſcloſe,
Which made his People naked to their Foes:
The blaſting Sacrilegious Guilt reveals,
Tho' for a while the guilty Wretch conceals:

But

But that th' unerring Lot at length decides,
And Tribe from Tribe, and Houſe from Houſe divides:
Singling at laſt devoted *Achan*'s Head,
Paler than Death when his black Name was read:
Trembling and manifeſt of Guilt he ſtands,
When *Joſhua* mildly all the Truth demands,
As beſt becomes a Judge.-- Th' accurs'd replies
His Sacrilege confeſs'd, and Avarice;
Among the Spoils he ſaw a goodly Prize,
A Royal Garment, glorious to behold,
Embroder'd rich, and ſqualid all with Gold:
And near, a Golden Wedge inviting lay'd;
The precious Spoils he to the Camp convey'd:
Nor theſe alone, a Heap of Silver coin'd
Hid cloſe in Earth they in his Tent might find.
Both theſe, and all who did his Crime partake
They with their Sire a juſt Example make:
Beneath a Show'r of Stones the Traitors groan,
And happy He by whom the Firſt was thrown.
When thus they angry Heav'ns fierce Wrath appeaſe,
Proud *Ai* is conquer'd and deſtroy'd with eaſe.
" Might all our *Achan*'s ſuch a Vengeance ſee,
" Our *Iſrael* cou'd not miſs to gain the Victory.

XCIV.

XCIV.

JOSHUA, Chap. IX. and X.

Gibeon *makes a League with* Joshua. *The Kings discomfited who combin'd against it. The Sun and the Moon ſtand ſtill.*

THE Tidings ſoon thro' *Canaan's* Regions flown,
They hear their Neighbour's Fates, and dread their own:
Yet juſtly harden'd in their Crimes oppoſe
With Force united their unequal Foes:
Gibeon alone by Wiles a Peace obtain'd,
Gladly their Lives, tho' not their Freedom gain'd:
Againſt whoſe Walls the Lord of *Jebus* brings
A num'rous Hoſt of tributary Kings:
Hebron, and *Jarmuth*, and ſtrong *Lachiſh* joyn'd,
With learned *Debir's* pow'rful Prince combin'd:
The *Gibeonites* diſtreſs'd with Numbers, fly
For Succour to their New and Great Ally:
Oblig'd by ſacred Oaths to their Defence,
For ſacred Oaths cou'd then oblige a Prince:
Brave *Joſhua* heard, nor timely help delay'd,
But marches ſtrait to his Confed'rates Aid:

All

All Night he march'd, and as the Morning roſe,
Fell furious in upon his careleſs Foes:
Th' Intrenchments gain'd, How vaſt a Carnage made?
And roll'd in Duſt, what heaps of Princes laid?
Slaughter was glutted, Ruin wanted Breath,
And panting *Hades* ſcarce cou'd follow Death:
Who ſcap'd the hungry Sword, in vain wou'd fly,
Beneath prodigious Show'rs of Hail they die:
A diſmal Gleam th' affrighted Sun did yield,
And gather'd ſanguine Vapours from the Field:
When *Joſhua* ſtretch'd aloft his knotty Spear,
And thus began, "Ye rolling Heav'ns, give Ear!
'Attend, O ſilent Moon! thou Solar Brightneſs,
"hear!
"---Stand!---in your Maker's Name, I charge you
"ſtand,
"While *Iſrael* executes his dread Command!
They heard; the great Machine no longer rolls,
It ſtood unmov'd and ſtable as the Poles:
Nature the ſtop perceiv'd, and ſhook for fear,
She thought her fatal Period now was near:
Scarce more amaz'd, when this great Frame gives way,
And Earth and Heav'n ſhall mingled fall at the laſt dreadful Day.

XCI.

XCV.

JOSHUA, Chap. XXIII. and XXIV.

Joshua's *Advice, and last Speech to* Israel. *His Death.*

WHen *Canaan's* Natives slain or dispossess'd,
And God by *Joshua* gave his *Israel* rest;
Bending with Age his Dust to Dust inclin'd,
But firm and vigorous still his deathless Mind:
E're what was Mortal to Corruption falls,
Of *Israel's* States he an Assembly calls,
Then thus began--- Near broad *Euphrates* side,
Your Paynim Fathers did of old reside:
From thence was *Abr'ham* call'd to this blest Land,
Whose Seed unnumber'd as the Stars or Sand:
Nor have you yet forgot the Wonders wrought,
When God your Fathers out of *Egypt* brought,
Nor how the *Amorites* against you fought:
How treach'rous *Balak* did for *Balaam* send,
How vain his Curses, how deserv'd his End.
What Nations leagu'd your Conquests to prevent,
Destroy your Name, and frustrate Heav'ns intent;

Heav'n

Heav'n, which has now subdu'd your pow'rful Foe,
And not your own Right-hand, your Sword or Bow;
Has giv'n a Land where Milk and Honey flow:
Whose happy Fields without your Toil, produce
The Olives, and the Grapes reviving Juice:
What shall you for his Goodness, then repay?
Jehovah fear, and him sincere, obey.
That Idol-Fire which *Chesed*'s Sons adore,
Th' *Egyptian* Gods, which vainly guard their Shore,
Exterminate their very Names, and be
Alone devote to *Israel*'s Deity.
If this bless'd Service you ingrate, refuse,
Declare whose Altars you design to chuse!
---Or those which *Abraham* did in *Ur* forsake,
Or *Canaan*'s Gods, whose helpless Shrines you brake?
For me and mine, while vital Breath shall last,
Our happy Choice is made, our Lot is cast:
To God alone we'll Adoration pay,
To *Israel*'s God, whom Earth and Heav'n obey.
He said, Then does his Limbs to Rest compose,
And whilst his Eyes surrounding Princes close,
To *Abraham*'s Bosom, and his great Fore-fathers goes.

XCVI.

XCVI.

War with the Canaanites. Bezek *taken.* Adoni-bezek *puniſh'd.*

TO *Shiloh*'s Oracle the Tribes repair,
And wait for Orders to renew the War:
Warn'd by their murm'ring Fathers impious Rage,
They dare no more without Command engage:
Brave *Judah*'s Sons the Poſts of Honour gain,
Which with ſev'n harneſs'd *Myriads* they maintain;
Their Royal Lion warring in the Field,
Unknowing to retreat, and leſs to yield:
Proud *Bezek*'s ſpatious Walls with Turrets crown'd,
On ev'ry ſide the Hoſt of God ſurround:
Too weak the Town to bear their firſt attack,
They puſh the Foe, they ſtorm, they gain, they ſack;
While *Bezek*'s haughty Lord reſiſts in vain,
Nor can his trembling Guards the Fight maintain:
Ignoble Flight with like Succeſs he tries,
A ſhort Reprieve with Shame too dearly buys:
Purſu'd and ſeiz'd, the ſame hard Fate he bore,
Which ſev'nty Kings had done from him before;
Who glean'd their Meat beneath the Tyrant's Board,
The Footſtools they of their imperious Lord;
Maim'd and abus'd--- he ſtill prolong'd their Breath,
As envy'ng them the Luxury of Death.
He owns his Fate is Juſt--- and ſo muſt all,
Who as they trace his Crimes may ſhare his Fall:
Stifled with Malice, Pride and Rage he dies,
To clear a Providence, and vindicate the Skies.

CXVI.

JUDGES. Chap. I. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 8.

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Ver. 5. *They found* Adoni-bezek *in* Bezek: *and they fought against him, and they slew the* Canaanites, *and the* Perizzites.

6. *But* Adoni-bezek *fled, and they pursued after him and caught him, and cut off his thumbs and his great toes.*

7. *And* Adoni-bezek *said, Threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table: as I have done, so God hath requited me.*

XCVII.

Judah *conquers* Hebron *and* Debir. Achsah *given to* Othniel.

STrong *Hebron* next thro' *Canaan*'s Regions fam'd,
Of old from *Anakean Arba* nam'd;
Judah's victorious Army dar'd oppose,
Who saw unmov'd their huge Gigantic Foes:
The monstrous Sons of *Anak* saw from far,
Each nodding Terrour, each himself a War.
Low in the Plain encamp'd the *Hebrews* lay,
Whom from the Walls with scorn their Foes survey:
Behold above the rest proud *Sheshai* stand,
Who own'd no God but his own strong Right-hand:
The Fear of *Israel* he aloud defies,
And darts retorted curses at the Skies:
Nor valiant *Othniel* this, who from below,
Shoots o're the Hill to meet th' unequal Foe:
Thro' Darts, thro' Swords, thro' Show'rs of Death he's born,
Thro' rocky Fragments from the Mountain torn:
See him upon the tallest Rampart stand,
And meet the bold Blasphemer hand to hand:
His well-known Sword he rais'd (the dreadful Blade,
With choicest Skill at rich *Damascus* made,)
And cleaves him to the Twist.-----
---Still like a half demolish'd Tow'r he stood,
And his warm Entrails spouted Seas of Blood:

At length he falls, and num'rous Crowds beneath,
In his wide Ruins find their Grave and Death:
Dread and Diſmay the weak Defendants ſeize,
By *Iſrael* trampled, and deſtroy'd with eaſe.
To *Debir* next victorious *Othniel* goes,
Their Battlements he ſcales, and routs his Foes:
Below the beauteous *Achſah* view'd the Fight,
Honour and Love at once enflam'd her Knight:
Honour bids high, but Love had ſtronger Charms,
He comes, and reaps the Fruit of Conqueſt in her Arms.

JUDGES, Chap. I. Ver. 10. to 13.

Ver. 10. *And* Judah *went againſt the* Canaanites *that dwelt in* Hebron, *(now the name of* Hebron *before was* Kirjath-arba*) and they ſlew* Sheſhai *and* Ahiman, *and* Talmai.

11. *And from thence he went againſt the inhabitants of* Debir: *(and the name of* Debir *before was* Kirjath-ſepher,)

12. *And* Caleb *ſaid, He that ſmiteth* Kirjath-ſepher, *and taketh it, to him will I give* Achſah *my daughter to wife.*

13. *And* Othniel *the ſon of* Kenaz, Calebs *younger brother, took it: and he gave him* Achſah *his daughter to wife.*

XCVIII.

Deborah and *Barak*. *Jael* and *Sisera*.

FOR *Israel's* Sins fierce *Jabin* them ſubdues,
And baffled *Canaan's* deſp'rate Claim renews;
While *Sis'ra* his victorious Char'ots leads,
And Slaughter all around, and Ruin ſpreads:
Lopp'd Arms, and bleeding Heads lie ſtrow'd beneath
His Murd'ring Scythes, too hard for Time or Death:
His fiery Courſers trampling o'er the Plain,
Their brazen Hoofs daſh round a ſanguine Rain.
Degen'rate *Iſr'el* Sons embrace their Chain,
Their very Souls enſlav'd--- But heav'n can find
In female Breaſts a more than manly Mind:
The Sex that boaſt themſelves for Empire made,
Had dropp'd the Sword, the Sov'reign Pow'r betray'd:
Undaunted *Deborah* reclaims their Right,
And with *Abin'am's* Son deſcends to fight:
The Heathen hear, their dreadful Chariots arm,
And on the Banks of ancient *Kiſhon* ſwarm;
Cluſt'ring above, an Iron-Wall, they ſtood,
Breaſt-high, God's Army marches o're the Flood:
They caſt their Darts, they mount, they joyn, they beat,
And *Sis'ra* bears the News of his Defeat:
Inglorious Chief! himſelf the News did bring,
He ſav'd his precious Life for *Canaan's* King.
---How ſhort the Life which he in vain did ſave?
How ſoon the fatal Stroke a Woman gave?
Sleeping he dies, unknowing yields his Breath,
Now firſt couragious ſeems, for now he ſmiles on Death.

XCVIII.

JUDGES, Chap. IV. Ver. 1. to 22.

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Ver. 21. Jael Heber's *wife took a nail of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went ſoftly unto him, and ſmote the nail into his temples, and faſtned it into the ground: (for he was faſt aſleep and weary) ſo he died.*

22. *And behold, as* Barak *purſued* Siſera, Jael *came out to meet him, and ſaid unto him, Come, and I will ſhew thee the man whom thou ſeekeſt. And when he came into her tent, behold,* Siſera *lay dead, and the nail was in his temples.*

XCIX.

JUDGES, Chap. V. from Ver. 2. to the End.

The Song of Deborah *and* Barak.

WHen God his choſen Flock with Conqueſt bleſs'd,
The pious *Deb'rah* thus his Praiſe expreſs'd:

Let *Iſrael* their Avenger's Glory raiſe,
In lofty Notes of everlaſting Praiſe!
Hear, O ye Kings! attentive Princes hear,
A wond'rous Song that well deſerves your Ear!
When *Iſrael's* God from hoſtile *Edom* came,
With his own Thunder arm'd, array'd in Flame;
Trembled the Earth, as o're the Clouds he rode,
The Cloud's diſſolve to Rain, and own the incumbent God.
The Mountains Tops at his approach retire,
Their molten Entrails run in ſtreams of Fire.

O, how unlike, thoſe novel Gods, and vain
Weak unavailing Names! no help they yield,
War, War the Gates reſound, and War the Field!
Th' alarm in vain is giv'n, of Spear and Shield.
By their inſulting jealous Lords bereft,
No refuge but inglorious Flight was left:
When *Deborah* aroſe at Heav'ns Command,
When I aroſe to ſave the Orphan'd Land:
Bleſs'd be their Names, the gen'rous Few, that join'd
To urge the happy Change by Heav'n deſign'd!

By

By Counſel or by Action, Pen or Sword,
To ſave their Country, and to help the Lord:
But curſe ye *Meroz!* an uncommon weight
Of Vengeance ſeize 'em, and a Neuter's Fate!
They wou'd the Spoil, tho' not the Danger, ſhare,
When *Siſera* is ſlain, they'll now declare.
---His Boaſts, his fruitleſs Hopes, his Fears are o're;
He bow'd, he fell, he ſunk, to riſe no more.
So let thy Foes, O God! to Duſt deſcend,
But thoſe that love thee, brighter Stars attend!
The Sun himſelf leſs glorious far than they,
The Sun, when mounted on the blazing Noon of Day.

C.

Gideon's *Expoſtulation. The Miracle of the Fleece.*

FOrgetful *Iſrael* ſoon agen offends,
And ſoon their angry God his Judgments ſends:
O're all the Land wild *Midian*'s Offspring pours,
An Epidemic Plague, like Locuſts, all devours:
To Caves and Dens th' affrighted *Hebrews* run,
Entomb themſelves alive their Death to ſhun:
Nor long unmov'd the Father at their Cries,
At his Command an Angel cleaves the Skies;
Beneath a ſpatious Oak at *Ophrah* ſtays,
And to the thoughtful *Gideon* thus he ſays:
---Brave Man! ſecure of Fate, and Aid divine!
No Danger canſt thou fear, for God is thine.

He thus--- If God be ours, as once we thought,
Where are those Wonders he in *Egypt* wrought?
Are all our *Moses*'s, all our *Joshua*'s gone,
Our *Othniel*'s, and our *Ehud*'s? Are there none
To Heir their Virtues, that we still must bear
The Heathens Yoke, and of Relief despair?
---Yes--- one there is, says God, and thou art he:
Go then, in this thy Might, thy Country free!
With Reformation he the Wars begins,
He knew their strongest Foes were *Israel*'s Sins:
Baal's helpless Altar to the Ground he throws,
And fells the Grove which near his Altar grows:
Inspir'd, the Trumpet takes, and blew a Blast,
Which first thro' *Ophrah*'s narrow Confines pass'd:
It pass'd thro' *Abiezer*'s utmost bound;
Glad *Israel* hears, and gathers to the Sound:
From double-trib'd *Manasseh* thousands run,
From distant *Asher*, and from *Zebulun*.
When *Gideon* thus did *Israel*'s God address,
And humbly asks an Omen of Success.
If one so mean thy People must defend,
O let the Dew on my sole Fleece descend!
'Tis done--- the Grass and Floor around are dry;
Agen the Hero, Heav'n presumes to try:
Upon his Fleece no drop of moisture found,
While Sheets of Silver Dew spread all the ambient Ground,

C.

C.

JUDGES, Chap. VI. Ver. 36. to the End.

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Ver. 36. Gideon *ſaid unto God, If thou wilt ſave* Iſrael *by mine hand, as thou haſt ſaid,*

37. *Behold, I will put a fleece of wool in the floor: and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth beſide, then ſhall I know that thou wilt ſave* Iſrael *by mine hand, as thou haſt ſaid.*

38. *And it was ſo: for he roſe up early on the morrow, and thruſt the fleece together, and wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl-ful of water.*

CI.

Midian *discomfited.*

Gideon reviews his Host on *Harod*'s Plain,
Too num'rous yet the Victory to gain:
Three *Myriads* who at first the Hero joyn'd
Melt off, Three hundred only left behind:
By these, said God, too few their Strength to boast,
Will I discomfit *Midian*'s num'rous Host:
This Night go down, in *Moreh*'s Vale they lie,
And welcom Omens meet of Victory!
He goes, his faithful *Phurah* by his side,
They find their careless Army scatter'd wide;
They hear a Soldier no vain Dream relate
Of *Israel*'s Conquest, and of *Midian*'s Fate:
From thence return'd secure of wish'd Success,
The joyful News by Looks and Words express.
Gideon his Army, (scarce an Army) heads,
And not to Battel, but to Conquest leads: (Word
Around the slumb'ring Camps they shout; The
Was *Gideon*'s and *Jehovah*'s vengeful Sword!
Horror and Guilt the Paynim Host affright,
Dread sounds their Ears, their Eyes a ghastly Light:
They ran, they cry'd, they fled; their Swords they drew,
And each did in his Fellows's Blood imbrew;
Manasseh, *Asher*, *Nepthali* pursue:
Fierce *Ephraim* seiz'd the Foords of *Jordan*'s Flood,
And dy'd his Streams with *Midianitish* Blood:
Oreb and *Zeeb* in their Flight they meet,
Their bleeding Heads they bring, and cast at *Gideon*'s Feet.

CI.

CI.

JUDGES, Chap. VII. Ver. 5. to the End.

185

Ver. 5, 6. ---*The Lord ſaid unto* Gideon, *Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him ſhalt thou ſet by himſelf; and the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men.*

7. *And the Lord ſaid, By the three hundred men that lapped will I ſave you, and deliver the* Midianites *into thine hand.*

22, 23. ---*The Lord ſet every man's ſword againſt his fellow, even throughout all his hoſt, and the hoſt fled: and the men of* Iſrael *purſued the* Midianites.

CII.

Judges, Chap. IX.

Abimelech *made King, and* Shechem *destroy'd.*

UNworthy to supply Great *Gideon's* Place,
Abimelech arose of spurious Race:
Without Remorse his seventy Brethren slain,
He thought a Crown he still did cheaply gain:
To *Shechem* he his ill-got Empire ows,
Ally'd by Birth, yet they his secret Foes:
In narrow Passes they an Ambush lay,
And hope *Abimelech* himself their Prey;
Their plenteous Vintage home, well-warm'd they bring,
And by their Idol-Gods they curse their Idol-King:
Nor this cou'd *Gideon's Blood*, tho' *base* endure;
To crush his Rebels, and his Friends secure
He with a potent Army takes the Field,
To whose superior Force the double Traytors yield:
The Victor to the City them pursues,
Th' unwieldy Gates are clos'd, the War renews:
The wrathful King, impetuous, presses on,
Their ill-defended Gates and Walls are gone:
The Foe breaks in like an impetuous Flood,
Which tops the Banks that long its Course withstood,
The City's sow'd with Salt, and moisten'd with their Blood,

One

One Tow'r alone impregnable remain'd,
And Treaty they alike and Force diſdain'd:
They truſt their God, the Hold was nam'd from *Baal*,
But more they truſt their firm and lofty Wall:
The Victor thinks the reſt in vain was won,
Till Art compleats what Valour had begun:
Above the Town an hoary Mountain ſtood,
Whoſe venerable Head was crown'd with Wood:
The Firs and Pines thick Branches thence they rend,
And to the Tow'r, a moving Grove deſcend:
Theſe to the Gates apply'd th' Aſſailants fire,
In vain within they from the Gates retire:
At once their diſmal Shrieks aſcend the Skies,
Their dying, and their Fun'ral Flames ariſe,
Never had *Baal* before ſo large a Sacrifice.

CIII.

Abimelech *ſlain by a Woman.*

VIrtue alone can deathleſs Laurels boaſt;
She gains the Day when Life itſelf is loſt:
What with'ring Joys deceitful Conqueſt yields,
From Cities ſack'd, and from triumphant Fields!
How ſoon the giddy Globe of Fortune turns,
The Captive ſmiles, th' inſulting Victor mourns!
This, Great *Abimelech!* from thee we learn,
(And future Warriors may their Fate diſcern:)
Now happy, if thou bear thy Enſign's back,
Nor *Thebez* Walls, with Stars averſe, attack:

Fate

Fate draws thee on, and beckons from afar,
And Death, diſguis'd like Glory, leads to War:
The Town is ſtorm'd, the weak Defendants fled,
But in the Citadel again make Head;
Arm'd with Deſpair a brave Reſiſtance make;
Again their well-known Fire th' Aſſailants take;
Tho' lately try'd, of wiſh'd Succeſs it fails;
One Stratagem but rarely twice prevails:
Greedy of Fame, impatient of Delay,
To his warm Troops the Gen'ral leads the way;
Whom, at the Gates, to his deſpairing Foes,
His lofty Plume and glitt'ring Arms diſcloſe:
—Tis done, and from a Mill-ſtone's deadly weight,
A Woman, a weak Woman ſends his Fate:
He feels the Stroke the Seat of Life confound,
His Helmet cruſh'd, his Head a ſingle Wound;
Groaning he falls, reluctant ſtrikes the Ground:
But his ſtrong Heart ſtill riſes with Diſdain,
"Can *Gideon*'s Son by Female Hands be ſlain?
"Let ſome kind Sword the Stroke of Mercy lend,
"If near me either Enemy or Friend!
His faithful Squire, who oft in Battel try'd,
Had ne're unguarded left his Maſter's ſide,
This laſt kind cruel Office not deny'd:
Soon as the Sword its fatal Paſſage found,
He riſes to the Point, and meets the welcom Wound.

CIII.

CIII.

JUDGES, Chap. IX. Ver. 50. to 55.

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Ver. 51. *There was a ſtrong tower within the city, and thither fled all the men and women, and all they of the city, and ſhut it to them, and gat them up to the top of the tower.*

53. *And a certain woman caſt a piece of a mill-ſtone upon* Abimelech's *head, and all to brake his head.*

54. *Then he called haſtily unto the young man his armour-bearer, and ſaid unto him, Draw thy ſword and ſlay me, that men ſay not of me, A woman ſlew him. And his young man thruſt him through, and he died.*

CIV.

CIV.

JUDGES, Chap. X. Ver. 17, 18. Chap. XI. to 29.

Jephthah *chosen Captain by the* Gileadites.

Ammon's incestuous Offspring now prevail,
From *Rabbah*'s Tow'rs they *Gibeah*'s Walls assail:
At *Mizpeh*'s neighb'ring Hills the Tribes unite,
Pressing Memorials their Distress recite,
And valiant *Jephthah* to their Aid invite.
From foreign Lands their loud Complaints he hears,
And speeds away to dissipate their Fears;
Their high Estates in full Convention joyn'd,
To him the vacant Soveraign Pow'r assign'd:
He knew 'twas an *unthankful Work* to save,
He knew the *Wealthy* never lov'd the *Brave*;
And, *Ammon* beat, might civilly desire,
He'd ease the Nation, and to *Tob* retire.
Revolving deep he poiz'd the Crown, before
His thoughtful Brows that thorny Trifle wore;
For publick Good at length accepts the Weight,
For others Freedom he a Slave of State.
In their new Head secure they promise fair,
And to their *rightful Saviour* Homage swear,
And *Jephthah* does for their Defence prepare:
By Treaty first does friendly Terms propound,
But ne're was *Ammon* yet by Treaty bound;
For where no *Faith* is, how shou'd *Truth* be found?

And

And now the sacred Sp'rit invades his Breast,
And all the God his mighty Soul possest:
Like Lightning thro' the Clouds he darts away,
And only wou'd a while at *Mizpeh* stay,
The Gen'ral thought it no Disgrace to pray.
New Strength receiv'd, secure of Conquests, goes
At once to find, engage and rout his Foes.

Go on, Great Prince! may Glory and Renown
Attend thy Banner, and thy Temple crown!
Thy conqu'ring Sword insulting *Ammon*'s Rod,
Their *Chemosh* forc'd to yield to *Israel*'s God!
"But, ah! in vain thy Brows with Laurel
" crown'd,
"For Fate and gloomy Death encompass thee a-
" round.

CV.

Ammon *discomfited.* Jephtha's *Vow.*

Fierce *Ammon*'s num'rous Van appears in sight,
Glad *Israel* rose and shouted for the Fight:
Between both Armies valiant *Jephthah* ran,
His Spear to Heav'n he rais'd, and thus began;

"So may my Arms the God of Battles bless,
"And grant his own lov'd *Israel* wish'd Success;
"As when from War with Conquest I return,
"What e're I meet, a Sacrifice shall burn.

The spatious Plain now grows a narrow Line,
The loft Forlorns engage, the Battles joyn:

Heaps

Heaps upon Heaps accurſed *Ammon*'s ſlain,
But freſh Reſerves the tott'ring Fight ſuſtain:
Till *Jephtha*'s Guards, their General at their Head,
Charg'd their unwieldy Groſs, which bent and fled:
Their Main diſpers'd, the Wings no longer ſtood,
The reſt was Carnage all, a Field of Blood.
But, ah! how ſhort are wretched Mortals Joys!
This Moment gives 'em, and the next deſtroys:
How dear muſt what he wins, brave *Jephtha* coſt?
How oft he'll rather wiſh his Life he had loſt?
Swift Fame did his deſir'd Return prevent,
And with her Silver Trump before him went:
An only Daughter Heav'n the Hero lent,
A lov'd, an only Child, as chaſt as fair,
She did her Father's Soul and Virtues ſhare:
Her Country's Love and Duty made her fly
To Joy him of his mournful Victory:
---He ſaw the Maid, and like a Statue ſtood,
Pale was his alter'd Face, congeal'd his Blood:
" ---My Daughter! ---longer mine, alas! no more!
" Thy cruel Duty we muſt both deplore:
" Th' irrevocable Word to God is paſt;
" Thou now art his, this Day muſt be thy laſt!
Thus he; unmov'd and calm her Doom ſhe hears,
Her charming Eyes alone are free from Tears:
When *Iſrael*'s ſafe, her Death ſhe ſcorns to grieve,
And only asks, ſubmiſs, a ſhort Reprieve:
Sadly he grants, two waxing Moons ſhe ſtay'd,
Then his hard Vow's fulfill'd on the devoted Maid.

CVI.

CV.

JUDGES, Chap. XI. from Ver. 30. to Ver. 39.

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v. 32. Jephtha *pass'd over to fight against the children of* Ammon, *and the Lord delivered them into his hands.*

34. *And when he came to his house, behold his daughter came out to meet him.*

35. *And when he saw her, he rent his clothes, and said, alas, my daughter! for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.*

CVI.

An Angel appears to Manoah *and his Wife, and promiſes them a Son.*

ISRAEL again by Sin themſelves debaſe,
Enſlav'd to faithleſs *Capthor*'s fore-skin'd Race:
To *Zorah*'s Fields a heav'nly Watcher came,
(His dazling Robes laid by, and Wings of Flame;)
Where liv'd a happy Pair with Plenty bleſs'd,
And only want a Son to crown the reſt.
The Angel did the pleaſing Tidings bear,
And to the Wife fore-told a joyful Heir:
A *Nazarite* of God; the tempting Wine,
To him in vain thro' Cryſtal Walls ſhou'd ſhine:
No Razor muſt his ſacred Locks profane,
His Hands muſt looſe his injur'd Nation's Chain.
She haſtens home to bring her Lord the News,
So great, he did almoſt his Faith refuſe:
Agen the wondrous Meſſenger appears,
And all confirm'd attentive *Manoah* hears;
Who on the Rock an Holocauſt prepares
To *Iſrael*'s God, and joyns his fervent Pray'rs:
The Angel his celeſtial Robe reſumes,
His Sun-like Face, and gay Cherubic Plumes;
Behold his alter'd God-like Preſence ſhine,
His large extended Form confeſs'd Divine!
High on a fiery Column's wondrous Car,
To Heav'n he mounts, ſwift as a ſhooting Star:
Proſtrate on Earth the trembling Pair are laid,
When *Manoah* ſilence broke, and thus he ſaid:

This

CVI.

JUDGES, Chap. XIII. Ver. 2. to 23.

Ver. 19. Manoah *took a kid, with a meat-offering, and offered it upon a rock to the Lord.*

20. *And when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar: and* Manoah *and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground.*

21. *(But the angel of the Lord did no more appear to* Manoah *and to his wife, &c.)*

22. *And* Manoah *said to his wife, We shall surely die, because we have seen God.*

23. *But his wife said unto him, If the Lord, &c.*

This dreadful Scene we ſhall not long ſurvive,
For who can ſee the Face of God and live?
With fairer Hopes his Conſort thus rejoyn'd,
If God diſpleas'd our ſpeedy Deaths deſign'd;
Why ſhou'd the Angel with ſuch Care adviſe,
And why ſhou'd Heav'n accept our Sacrifice?
Her, no vain Omens found their wiſh'd Event,
For e're ten waning Moons their Orbs had ſpent,
The Angel's Words perform'd, a wondrous Heir is ſent.

CVII.

Samſon *ſlays a Lion*, &c.

YOung *Samſon* grew, and Heav'n the Hero bleſs'd,
And ſoon the ſacred Spirit invades his Breaſt;
Near *Eſhtaol* and *Zorah*'s fruitful Plain,
His lab'ring Breaſt cou'd ſcarce the God ſuſtain.
Prompted to mighty Deeds the more than Man,
Afflicted *Iſrael*'s Freedom thus began.
A fair *Philiſtian* Maid at *Timnah* ſpy'd,
He wiſh'd the charming Infidel his Pride,
So Heav'n itſelf directs him, which fore-knows,
He'll hence Occaſion gain againſt his Foes:
His Parents, ignorant of Fates intent,
Unwillingly to *Timnah* with him went:
The aged Couple thro' the Vineyards walk,
And of their Son's unhappy Choice they talk;
Samſon behind; when from the ſecret Shades
A Lion ramps, and him unarm'd invades;

Nor

CVII.

JUDGES, Chap. XIV. to Ver. 8.

Ver. 5. Samſon *went down, and his father and mother to* Timnah, *and came to the vineyards of* Timnah: *and behold a young lion roared againſt him.*

6. *And the ſpirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand: but he told not his father or his mother what he had done.*

7. *And he went down and talked with the woman, and ſhe pleaſed* Samſon *well.*

8. *And after a time, he returned to her, and he turned aſide to ſee the carcaſs of the lion,* &c.

Nor Sword nor Spear th' undaunted Champion needs,
The ſacred Spirit, earneſt of mightier Deeds,
Seizes him all; the rugged Foe he joyn'd,
Cruſh'd his broad Breaſt, and his ſtrong Neck he rwin'd:
Onward he walks, the careful Pair o'retakes,
But of his great Exploit no mention makes:
The lovely *Timnite* ſaw, who charm'd him more,
Than when her Eyes had ſeiz'd his Heart before:
Scarce cou'd his Parents longer diſapprove
His Paſſion, where they ſaw ſuch Cauſe of Love:
Their Wealth, his Merits, cou'd not be deny'd,
Nor long his Faith and Conſtancy were try'd,
He ſoon returns with Joy to wed his beauteous Bride.

CVIII.

JUDGES, Chap. XIV. Ver. 7. to the End.

Samſon's *Riddle.*

AS thro' the Vineyards *Samſon* takes his way,
Near where the Lions putrid Carcaſs lay;
He hears ſurpriz'd, from thence a murm'ring Sound,
He ſees live Honey flowing on the Ground:
The dropping Combs he from their Manſion tears,
Walks eating on, and with his Parents ſhares:

With

With all the Joy and Pomp that fits their State,
At *Timnah* they his Nuptials celebrate:
Th' Ill meaning Politician Lords combine,
T' entrap their gen'rous Gueſt, their baſe Deſign:
To mark his Actions they, in Friends diſguiſe,
His feſtal Table crowd with thirty Spies:
Nor had his wond'rous Birth eſcap'd their Ears,
Nor ever yet were Tyrants void of Fears:
Open and brave young *Sampſon* all receives,
As he no Ill deſigns, no Ill believes:
At length the Feaſt he crowns with gen'rous Wine,
From *Gaza*'s and *Sarepta*'s noble Vine;
But with the cryſtal Nymph his Thirſt allays,
Nor needs the fuming Grape his Spirits to raiſe:
E're from the Board the chearful Gueſts aroſe,
This Riddle *Samſon* did to all propoſe;
"The Eater did on others Meat beſtow,
"And from the ſtrong did wond'rous Sweetneſs
"flow:
If they the knotty Riddle cou'd explain,
Each for his ſhare ſhou'd a rich Veſtment gain.
They turn'd it off, and try'd, but try'd in vain;
At length they with his facil Spouſe confer,
She wrung it from her Lord, and they from her:
Enrag'd he heard it ſolv'd, her Treaſon knew,
And Thirty of th' abhorr'd *Philiſtians* ſlew:
Near *Aſhkalon*'s proud Walls their Spoils he takes,
And to their faithleſs Friends th' ill-omen'd Preſent makes.

CIX.

Samson's *Foxes. He kills a Thousand Men with the Jaw-bone of an Ass.*

QUarrels of Lovers seldom long endure,
And Time's a Leach that deepest Wounds can cure:
All *Breaches* he, but that of *Faith* can bind;
No Salve, no Herbs, no Charms for this can find,
If falsly heal'd, he leaves the pois'nous Head behind.
Samson, appeas'd, does with a Kid prepare,
Agen to see his false *Philistian* Fair;
Now *his* no more, another's Wife she's made,
And to his treach'rous Friend with Ease betray'd:
Nor this Great *Samson* unreveng'd cou'd bear,
Philistia, tremble! you, th' Aggressors were!
Foxes and Fire-brands thro' their Harvest turn'd,
Their Shocks at once, and standing Corn he burn'd.
(To Mimic *Rome* the late Tradition came,
Their shouting Cirque each Year beheld the same.)
The Cause around their wasted Country known,
Their Rage is on the perjur'd *Timnite* shown:
To vengeful Flames they the fair Trait'ress doom,
And her, and all her Father's House consume.
And now to *Etham*'s Rock the *Danite* went,
The Lordly *Philistines* their Army sent:
And from their slavish Vassals him demand,
Of *Judah*'s Sons a base inglorious Band
Unto their Camps the willing Captive bear,
At whose approach with Shouts they rend the Air.

The

The Hero hears, his fiery Virtue wakes,
And from his Hands the Cords like Threads he ſhakes,
An Aſſes Jaw his boney Sword he takes:
Behold him dealing dole amongſt his Foes!
Terror before, behind him Slaughter goes,
From Heaps to Heaps of Carcaſſes they ſtride,
Which Streams of warm and reeking Blood divide,
And haughty Death ſits crown'd upon the crimſon Tide.

JUDGES, Chap. XV. from Ver. 3. to Ver. 15.

Ver. 4. Samſon *went and caught three hundred foxes, and took fire-brands, and turned tail to tail, and put a fire-brand in the midſt between two tails.*

5. *And when he had ſet the brands on fire, he let them go into the ſtanding corn of the* Philiſtines, *and burnt up both the ſhock and alſo the ſtanding-corn, with the vineyards and olives.*

15. *And he found a new jaw-bone of an aſs, and put forth his hand and took it, and ſlew a thouſand men therewith.*

CX.

Delilah betrays *Samson.*

HOW vainly Men their Strength and Conduct boast?
By Female Wiles, how often trapp'd and loſt?
---We rave, but ſtill they wind us back again,
In Deſtinies or Follies endleſs Chain:
But newly ſcap'd the beauteous *Timnite*'s ſnare,
Nor yet cou'd *Samſon* of her Sex beware:
He ſaw in *Sorek*'s pleaſant Vale retir'd,
Falſe *Delilah*, he ſaw her and admir'd:
In lazy Luxury his Hours he paſt,
His matchleſs Might, and uſeleſs Life ran waſt:
Philiſtia heard with falſe miſtaken Joy,
And rouz'd that Virtue muſt themſelves deſtroy:
Happy for *them* if ſtill he there had ſtay'd!
To worſe than *Delilah* he ne're cou'd be betray'd.
Yet her they bring vaſt Sums of tempting Gold,
What Kings, what Senates have for leſs been ſold?
'Twas *hers*, if ſhe his Counſels wou'd betray,
And ſhew wherein his Strength and *Iſrael*'s lay:
Long he eludes her Arts, tho' hourly preſs'd,
And lock'd the fatal Secret in his Breaſt:
She frowns, ſhe ſmiles, ſhe all the Woman tries,
In vain, he ſtill evades, or ſtill denies:
The ſpecious *Syren* baits his paſſive Ears,
Nor want ſoft ſighs, or well-commanded Tears:
"Was't this, was't this, falſe Man! you did deſign,
"When at my Feet you vow'd your Heart was
"mine?

"How

CX.

JUDGES, Chap. XVI. Ver. 4. to 20.

Ver. 19. Delilah *made him ſleep upon her knees, and ſhe called for a man, and ſhe cauſed him to ſhave off the ſeven locks of his head, and ſhe began to afflict him, and his ſtrength went from him.*

20. *And ſhe ſaid,* The Philiſtines *be upon thee,* Samſon. *And he awoke out of his ſleep, and ſaid, I will go out as at other times before, and ſhake my ſelf. And he wiſt not that the Lord was departed from him.*

" How

" How eaſie to my Ruin I believe?
" How ſoon the Viper to my Breaſt receiv'd?
" May every Maid your faithleſs Nation ſhun,
" And learn by me, forſaken, ſcorn'd, undone!
—He cou'd no more, his ſtubborn Heart gave way;
Doubly betray'd, he does himſelf betray:
Like eaſie Man the fatal Secret tells,
Which like true Woman *Delilah* reveals:
Robb'd of his ſacred Locks, amidſt his Foes
Th' inſulting Traitreſs did her Lord expoſe:
In vain he rouz'd, in vain his Limbs he ſhakes,
And ſelf-forſaken him his God forſakes:
Vanquiſh'd with Eaſe, a Captive, ſcorn'd and blind,
T' inglorious Paint, a publick Drudge confin'd,
Shorn of his boaſted Strength, and yet compell'd to grind.

CXI.

Samſon's *Death.*

HAppy Affliction, by whoſe welcom Rod
We learn at once to know ourſelves, and God!
Samſon by *this* the trueſt Freedom gains,
Smiles in his Dungeon, and enjoys his Chains;
And his purg'd Soul's endu'd with inward Light,
Which more than pays his Loſs of ſenſual ſight:
His haughty Lords leſs free than him they bind,
By their own Pride and Vice enſlav'd and blind;

Who

CXI.

JUDGES, Chap. XVI. from Ver. 23. to Ver. 30.

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Ver. 23. *Then the lords of the* Philiſtines *gathered themſelves together for to offer a great ſacrifice unto* Dagon *their god*, &c.

29. Samſon *took hold of the two middle pillars, upon which the houſe ſtood*, &c.

30. *And* Samſon *ſaid, Let me die with the* Philiſtines: *and he bowed himſelf with all his might, and the houſe fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein: ſo the dead which he ſlew at his death, were more than they which he ſlew in his life.*

Who

Who now a joyful Feaſt around proclaim,
To ſpread their mighty Fiſhes glorious Name;
Their two-form'd God, who to *Philiſtia* gave
Samſon, their once dread Foe, but now their Slave:
The Feaſt and Noon grew high, for *him* they ſend,
And at his ſight with Shouts the Heavens they rend:
His gifted Strength their Scorn, which late their Dread,
Thro' all their Streets in ſhameful Triumph led:
Their ſpatious Theatre was crowded round,
And with the Flow'r of wealthy *Gaza* crown'd:
The vaulted Roof two maſſy Columns bear,
Samſon, as tir'd, ſues to repoſe him there;
Betwixt whoſe Baſes by his Leader plac'd,
Straining his utmoſt nervous Force, he bends,
The Pillars from their firm Foundations rends,
With burſt of Thunder ſtrait the Roof deſcends,
Cruſhing at once the ſhrieking Crowd beneath,
At once confounded in one Grave and Death:
Samſon among the reſt contented fell,
And ſmiles to think his Eyes reveng'd ſo well.
Happy the Man who thus his Fame regains,
And by ſo fair a Death, can looſe his Country's Chains!

CXII.

JUDGES, Chap. XVII. Ver. 7. to Chap. XX. Ver. 46.

The War with Benjamin.

UNbounded Rule! How num'rous is thy ſtore,
Of mortal Plagues? but Anarchies are more:
No Law, no Faith, no Wrongs in her redreſs'd
The Swords blind Chance of Right and Juſt the Teſt,
And every Man's a *Lewis* to the reſt.
Each ſtrolling *Levite* there a Prieſt will be,
Each Houſe muſt have its diff'rent Deity:
Nor thoſe ſecure, for *Micah*'s Art and Coſt,
His wooden Prieſt, and golden Gods are loſt:
Murder and Rape avow'd, the Tribes engage
In civil Fury, and inteſtine Rage:
At *Mizpah* met, they *Gibeah*'s Walls aſſail,
Where *Benjamin*'s fierce Offspring twice prevail:
Stretch'd on their Mother Earth four Myriads lay,
Whence ev'n degen'rate *Iſrael* learns to pray:
To *Shiloh*'s ſlighted Oracle repair,
Near *Bethel*'s Fields the Ark of God was there,
And ſtill juſt *Phineas* did the Ephod wear:
They faſt, they mourn, and from the Altar's Fire
Their grateful Odors to the Clouds aſpire,
Then of propitious Heav'n agen enquire;
Which bids 'em go, and Promiſe adds to bleſs,
Their righteous Arms reſum'd with wiſh'd ſucceſs.

To

To *Gibeah*'s well known Leaguer they return,
Whose alter'd Fate her Children soon must mourn:
Flush'd with Success they sally from their Hold,
And as an Herd of Wolves assault the Fold;
With hideous Shouts they *Israel*'s Host attack,
With well-dissembled Fear retreating back:
But when to *Gibeah*'s Walls their Ambush came,
Defenceless now; when thence th' ambitious Flame
Gland in mid Heav'n, the Host the Signal knew,
And their amaz'd Pursuers soon pursue,
Trod down with ease; their Tribe at once they slay:
--By Lewdness, thus and Discord, States decay,
Thus many an Age's Growth is ruin'd in a Day.

CXIII.

RUTH, Chap. I. Ver. 1. to 21.

Elimelech's *History*. Ruth *and* Naomi.

WHile various Judges *Israel*'s Scepter sway'd,
Whose Sons were free by turns, by turns obey'd;
A good old Sire, *Elimelech* his Name,
To *Moab* from his native *Bethlehem* came:
His Wife, and two fair Sons did with him bear,
By Famine forc'd to seek a shelter there:
Nor long he stays before to Fate he yields,
His Bones inhum'd in *Moab*'s friendly Fields:

The

The careful Mother for the Sons provides,
A pair of beauteous *Moabitiſh* Brides:
Nor long, alas! poſſeſs'd they their deſire,
Their Nuptial Torch might light their Fun'ral Fire,
In Prime of Youth they childleſs both expire:
What Grief their Parent, what their Brides poſſeſs'd,
The Story ſays not, but with eaſe 'tis gueſs'd:
Nor long the widow'd exil'd Mother mourn'd,
E're ſhe to bleſs'd *Judeas* Fields return'd;
Part of the Journey both her Daughters went,
Orpah, at her deſire, was ſoon content
To take her leave, and back her Footſteps bent:
The Younger, *Ruth*, (whoſe memorable Name,
In *Judah's* future Annals place ſhall claim,
While Hiſtory remains, conſign'd to Fame;)
Her Mother's preſſing Inſtances deny'd,
Nor wou'd while Life remain'd, forſake her ſide,
Nor ev'n ſhou'd envious Death their Duſt divide:
In Weal or Wo her Fortunes preſs'd to ſhare,
One Law, one God for *Naomi* and her.
(A rare Example of a pious Mind!
Equal Succeſs may all ſuch Daughters find!)
Arriv'd at *Bethlehem*, all the City come
T' admire their Neighbor, and to welcom home:
They ſcarce can credit what themſelves they ſee,
And ask, if this the alter'd *Naomi?*
O call me by that happy Name no more,
She ſaid, which while my Fortunes ſmil'd, I bore!
Forgotten Joy long ſince is out of date,
And *Bitter* be my Name, as bitter is my Fate!

CXIV.

Ruth *gleans in the Field of* Boaz. *He takes her to Wife.*

'TWas now the time when *Sol* the *Lion* leaves,
And the *juſt Maid* her glorious Gueſt receives:
The ſwarthy Reapers fill their Arms with Sheaves.
As chanc'd, or rather Heav'n diſpos'd th' Event,
The virtuous *Ruth* with *Naomi*'s Conſent,
To glean the Fields of wealthy *Boaz* went;
Who ſoon obſerv'd her more than common Grace,
Her modeſt Air, and lovely virtuous Face:
Not unconcern'd he asks the Damſel's Name,
To whom his Hind replys—'Tis ſhe that came
With *Naomi*: His Maſter bids her ſtay,
Glean in his Fields, nor from the Reapers ſtray;
She from his Servants no abuſe ſhou'd meet:
Proſtrate ſhe falls at her great Kinſman's Feet:
Whence, Sir! is this obliging Goodneſs ſhown,
She ſaid, to me, a Stranger, and unknown?
We are not ignorant, he pleas'd, rejoyn'd,
What widow'd *Naomi* from thee did find;
How tender thou, how dutiful and kind:
Of Father and of Mother both, bereft,
Thy native Land, and Country-Idols left,
For Altars and for Hearths unknown before;
And may that Pow'r whom *Iſrael*'s Race adore,
Thee underneath his Wings from Danger guard,
And on thy Virtues ſhow'r a full Reward!

Now

CXIV.

RUTH, Chap. I. Ver. 22. Chap. II. Ver. 2. to the End. Chap. IV. Ver. 13.

Chap. II. Ver. 8. Boaz *ſaid unto* Ruth, *Heareſt thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here faſt by my maidens.*

9. *Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men, that they ſhall not touch thee? and when thou art athirſt, go unto the veſſels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn.*

Chap. IV. Ver. 13. Boaz *took* Ruth, *and ſhe was his wife: and when he went in unto her, the Lord gave her conception, and ſhe bare a ſon.*

Now ebbing Day almoſt its courſe had run,
And weſtern Waves prepar'd to meet the Sun;
When the fair Gleaner to her Mother goes,
And what had paſs'd, and what ſhe gain'd, ſhe ſhows,
And does her Benefactor's Name diſcloſe:
And when the Fields were of their Burthen ſhorn,
And with loud Shouts and ruſtic Songs, the Corn
On groaning Wheels to crowded Garner's born;
Her wealthy Kinſman, ſo their Laws ordain'd,
In childleſs *Chilion's* room ſhe for her Conſort gain'd.

CXV.

1 SAMUEL Chap. I. Ver. 11. Chap. II. Ver. 11. to 11.

Elkanah and *Hannah*. *Samuel* born. *Hannah's* Song.

JUſt *Elkanah* of holy *Levi's* Race,
Whoſe Life did ne're his Character diſgrace;
The pious *Hannah* choſe his beauteous Bride,
But Heav'n to both their Vows a Son deny'd:
To ſacred *Shiloh* yearly they repair,
To pay their Gifts and pure Oblations there:
She griev'd, ſhe wept, ſhe pour'd her pious Pray'r
Before the Oracle, nor pray'd in vain,
A welcom Heir her ardent Vows obtain:
Samuel his Name — from Heav'n ſhe him implor'd,
And to the Pow'r that gave, agen reſtor'd:

A Nazarite of God did him design,
Estrang'd from fuming Bowls of tempting Wine!
No Razor must his hallow'd Locks invade,
Or the long Honours of his Hair degrade,
And guiltless of her Vows, her Vows she pay'd:
When weanʼd to *Shiloh* brought and left him there,
Entrusted to the Rev'rend *Eli*'s care;
Then thus with well according Heart and Tongue,
She God's high Praise in deathless Numbers sung.

'In God, my Saviour, O my Soul, rejoyce!
'Awake my vocal Lyre! awake my tuneful Voice!
'Thee, Holy! Holy! Holy! Thee alone,
'Officious Angels serve, around thy Throne.

'Insult no more, ye hard of Heart and proud!
'Refrain your Tongues, nor talk so fierce and loud!
'For God's impartial Eye the World surveys,
'With equal Justice every Action weighs.
'The mighty Bows, which mighty Arms did wield,
'Unstring'd and broke are scatter'd round the Field.
'O God of Strength, by thee the weak are rais'd,
'The Hungry fill'd, the Rich and Proud debas'd:
'The barren Womb a num'rous Offspring fills,
'Tis he that makes alive, 'tis he that kills.
'Tis his alone, or Poor or Rich to make,
'He from the Dunghill does the *Lazars* take.
'O Scorn of human Pride! with Princes fear,
'And stamp him honourable there, and great:
'Those Pillars of the World are his alone,
'They prop the Universe, and he supports their Throne.
'To gloomy Shades th' Unjust shall be confin'd,
'His Foes shall God's fierce Wrath to pieces grind:

'While from his angry Throne th' unerring Darts,
'With Vengeance wing'd, ſhall pierce their faithleſs Hearts.
'O're all the World ſhall he extend his ſway,
'And all the World his Great *Meſſiah's* Laws obey.

CXVI.

Eli's *weak Government. A Prophet reproves him.*

OLD *Eli* now Great *Aaron's* Ephod wears,
Scarce equal to his Honours and his Cares:
Contempt alone his eaſie Goodneſs gains,
While with too ſlack a Hand he holds the Reins.
Two Sons he had, now happy had he none!
Whoſe Crimes their Country's ruin, and their own.
Thoſe Sons of *Belial* wou'd not know the Lord,
They made his Off'rings, by the Crowd abhor'd,
Rapine and Luſt for Deities ador'd:
Yet when reprov'd by their indulgent Sire,
Softly he touch'd the Wound which did require
The deepeſt Search, the Lancet and the Fire.

Not ſo to him, a Man of God, who came,
And thus from injur'd Heav'n did War proclaim.
Did I thy Father's Houſe in *Egypt* chuſe?
Did I by them my Peoples Bondage looſe?
Did I for this the ſtronger Tribes refuſe?
And favour'd *Aaron* ſeparate alone,
To wear my Ephod and approach my Throne?

Nor

CXVI.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. II. Ver. 12, to 33.

Ver. 27. *There came a man of God unto* Eli, *and said unto him, Thus ſaith the Lord, Did I plainly appear unto the houſe of thy father, when they were in* Egypt *in* Pharaoh's *houſe?*

28. *And did I chuſe him out of all the tribes of* Iſrael *to be my prieſt, to offer upon mine altar, to burn incenſe, to wear an ephod before me? and did I give unto the houſe of thy father all the offerings made by fire of the children of* Iſrael?

29. *Wherefore kick ye at my ſacrifice, and at mine offering, which I have commanded in my habitation, and honourest thy ſons above me, &c.*

Nor this unpay'd--- with Sacrifices fed,
He shar'd my Table and he eat my Bread:
And will not these your greedy Wish suffice,
That ye my Off'ring, and my House despise,
And trample on my daily Sacrifice?
I said, thy Father's House shou'd still be mine,
'Tis you are chang'd, and from my Paths decline:
Jehovah ever was, and is the same,
He honours those who honour his dread Name,
Whilst all who him despise, stand manifest of Shame.
The Day, the dreadful Day approaches near,
When from thy Shoulder I thy Arm will tear:
Will wither all thy Houses Pride and Joy,
And in their Flow'r of Life thy impious Sons destroy.

CXVII.

The Lord calls Samuel, *who propheſies the Deſtruction of* Eli's *Houſe.*

'TWas Night, and all in silent Slumbers laid,
The Lamp of God shone faintly thro' the Shade:
Old *Eli* his dim Eyes did newly close,
Ev'n *Samuel* slept, indulging soft repose;
Nor had the Lord to *Samuel* yet appear'd,
But now a still small, awful Voice he heard,
His Name repeating--- he to *Eli* ran,
Who call'd him not, but bids him rest again!
Thrice was the Voice repeated, thrice he rose,
And thro' the solemn Shades to *Eli* goes;

At

CXVII.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. III. Ver. 5. to 18.

Ver. 11. *The Lord said to* Samuel, *Behold, I will do a thing in* Israel, *at which both the ears of every one that heareth it, shall tingle.*

12. *In that day I will perform against* Eli *all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end.*

13. *For I have told him, that I will judge his house for ever, for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.*

14. *And therefore I have sworn unto the house of* Eli, *that the iniquity of* Eli's *house shall not be purged with sacrifice, nor offering for ever, &c.*

At length the aged Sire the Truth perceives,
And his young Pupil new Inſtructions gives:
It calls agen, the future Prophet fears,
And thus, ſubmiſs--- "Speak, Lord! thy Servant
"hears!
To whom diſtinct the awful Voice proceeds,
"Behold in *Iſrael* I will do ſuch Deeds;
"As all who hear ſhall with amazement quail,
"Their Ears ſhall tingle, and their Hearts ſhall fail.
"Let *Eli*'s loſt devoted Houſe prepare,
"For what my Servant did, inſpir'd, declare;
"Theirs in the Show'r of Wrath the largeſt
"ſhare.
"For ever will I them, for ever leave,
"And no Atonement for their Crimes receive:
"Their Crimes he knows, regardleſs to reſtrain,
"He bears my Image and my Sword in vain.

The Sun had ſpread the Hills with heav'nly
Gold,
When *Samuel* did the ſacred Gates unfold:
The Judge adjures him, nothing to conceal,
Who all the dreadful Meſſage did reveal;
He owns the Doom was juſt his Faults procur'd,
And God was good, whate're his Houſe endur'd.

May all who *Eli*'s Charge and Honours ſhare
His falſe Indulgence ſhun, as they'd his Fate
beware!

CXVIII.

CXVIII.

The Ark taken. Hophni *and* Phinehas *slain.* Eli's *Death.*

UNwilling to resume the servile Yoke,
Of *Caphtor's* Sons, which valiant *Samson* broke;
The Tribes of *Israel* arm without success,
For how shou'd God a sinful Nation bless?
Baffl'd and beat, four thousand Warrior's slain,
Their Bones unbury'd lay on *Aphek's* Plain.
With stronger Forces they renew the War,
God's Ark they to the Camp from *Shiloh* bear:
But what avails his Ark when God's not there?
Trembled the Plains, the hollow Mountains ring,
When to the Camp that sacred Pledge they bring;
So loud a Shout the joyful Army gave,
Tho' neither *that* itself nor *them* cou'd save.
Their Enemy the Noise with wonder hear,
Which soon, th' Occasion known, is chang'd to Fear:
Wo to our Nation--- thus alarm'd they cry'd,
Dangers like this, till now we never try'd:
Who, from these mighty Gods our Host shall save,
Which plung'd th' *Egyptians* underneath the Wave?
Philistia! now exert thy utmost might!
The Conquest gain, or fall in manful Fight!
They joyn, and long the Battel doubtful stood,
The Fields with Warrior's strew'd and dy'd in Blood:

Israel

Iſrael at laſt gave way, the Foe purſu'd,
But round the Ark again the fight renew'd:
Hophni the fainting Troops, and *Phinehas* chear,
And twice, when broke, they rally'd in the Rear;
(O! how cou'd Guilt like theirs, ſo brave appear?)
And might have turn'd the Fortune of the Day,
Had not their Sins their Laurels, ſnatch'd away.
A third Effort with feebler Force they make,
But can't their ſacred injur'd Charge retake:
Cloſe by the Ark, oppreſs'd with odds they fell,
Happy their Deaths had they but liv'd as well!
Three Myriads more to Fate compell'd to yield,
Whoſe Limbs extended on the moiſten'd Field:
A *Benjamite* eſcapes, Fear lends him Wings,
At cloſe of Day the News to *Shiloh* brings:
The City gave an univerſal Groan,
Old *Eli* hears the Noiſe, the Cauſe unknown;
When thus the Meſſenger—— "The People fled,
"*Philiſtia* triumphs, both thy Sons are dead,
"And more than all—the Ark is captive led.
He heard till then, till then he fill'd his Place,
But now the haſty Blood forſakes his Face:
Back to his Heart, thro' ſecret Channels flies,
Back from his Seat he falls, he backward falls,
and dies.

CXVIII.

SAMUEL, Chap. IV. Ver. 10 to 18.

Ver. 17. *The messenger said, Israel is fled before the* Philistines, *and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons also,* Hophni *and* Phinehas *are dead, and the ark of God is taken.*

18. *And it came to pass when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off the seat backward, by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died, &c.*

CXIX.

CXIX.

Ichabod's Birth. His Mother's Death.

THE ſhrieking Matrons with diſhevel'd Hair,
To th' empty Temple now in vain repair;
And, *Phinehas!* to thy widow'd Spouſe relate
That mournful Day's Tranſactions, big with Fate.
Ah, how unfit ſo vaſt a Weight to bear,
Preſs'd with her tender Sexes greateſt Care;
By her lov'd Lord a pregnant Widow left,
Of Father, Brother, Husband, all bereft!
Yet more, the loſs of more than all her Line,
The ſacred Symbol of the Pow'r Divine.
The Ark of God won by th' inſulting Foe;
'Twas this that gave the laſt, the greateſt Blow.
Hence, immature, her Pangs the Matron ſeize,
And haſten, firſt to Labor, then to Eaſe:
Preſſing for Life her Burthen longs to ſhare
A larger World, and taſte the lightſom Air:
Nor ſtruggled long, for ſoon her thickning throes
A lovely Babe to ready Birth diſcloſe:
In vain the Women his ſad Mother chear,
A Son is born, nor had ſhe more to fear:
Fix'd are her Eyes, and all her Actions ſhow
A ſteddy Grief, a ſolemn ſilent Wo:

Regard

Regardleſs of herſelf, and all beſide,
Theſe only Words ſhe ſtrain'd before ſhe dy'd.

"—Yes, my unhappy Offspring! yes, I'll live
"One moment more, thy mournful Name to give:
"Be *Ichabod* thy Name, and in it wear
"Thy Country's Fate which thou ſo ſoon muſt
"ſhare:
"The Ark is gone—our Glory is declin'd,
"And who ſo fond of Life to wiſh to ſtay behind?

She ſaid, then to thoſe Regions wings away,
Where weary Souls enjoy ſoft Reſt, and endleſs Day.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. IV. from Ver. 19. to the End.

Ver. 21. —*She named the child* Ichabod, *ſaying, The glory is departed from* Iſrael: *(becauſe the ark of God was taken, and becauſe of her father-in-law, and her husband.)*

22. *And ſhe ſaid, The glory is departed from* Iſrael: *for the ark of God is taken.*

CXX.

The Ark and Dagon. *The* Philiſtines *plagu'd, the Ark return'd.*

NOW *Paleſtina*'s conqu'ring Sons proclaim,
In feſtal Hymns their mighty Fiſhes name:
Their barb'rous Joy ſcarce louder Triumphs made,
When dreadful *Samſon* to their Lords betray'd,
Tho' ſhort are theſe as thoſe; for now they bear
To *Dagon*'s Dome the Ark, and leave it there:
With *Dagon* now and God the Cauſe is try'd,
And which will win, 'tis eaſie to decide:
The Prieſts their Idol leave, whom they before
Glutted with od'rous Streams, and holy Gore:
Nor ſooner gilds the Sun the *Cretan* ſhore,
When to their daily Task th' Impoſtors riſe,
And haſte to pay their morning Sacrifice:
But found their Monſter-God more monſtrous made,
Proſtrate on Earth his helpleſs Trunk was laid,
As to the Ark he there his Homage paid.
His Hands and Head were ſever'd from the reſt,
His fiſhy Tail remain'd, and ſcaly Cheſt:
Nor this alone, their Idol thus ſubdu'd,
A ſhameful Plague his Worſhippers purſu'd:
Affrighted *Aſhdod* ſends the Ark away,
Which next to *Gath*'s proud City they convey,
Till *Gath*'s great City plagu'd as much as they.
To *Ekron* laſt, but *Ekron* cries in vain,
Nor wou'd their ſure Deſtruction entertain:

They

CXX.

1 Samuel, Chap. V. Ver. 3, 4.

Ver. 3. *When they of Ashdod arose early on the morrow, behold,* Dagon *was fallen upon his face to the earth, before the ark of the Lord: and they took* Dagon, *and set him in his place again.*

4. *And when they arose early on the morrow morning, behold,* Dagon *was fallen upon his face to the ground, before the ark of the Lord: and the head of* Dagon, *and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold, only the stump of* Dagon *was left to him.*

They ſhut their Gates, and from the Walls they cry,
The winged Plague did o're the Rampires fly,
The Streets with Corpſes fill'd, and thouſands die:
Thro' every Houſe the dire Contagion ſpread,
The tortur'd Living envy ev'n the Dead.
The Lords of their five *Satrapies* adviſe,
With thoſe who were, or who were counted wiſe,
How to appeaſe the anger of the Skies:
Reſolv'd, the Ark with Preſents home they ſent,
To glad *Beſhemeſh* that, and they to *Ekron* went.

CXXI.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. VII.

The Philiſtines *diſcomfited.* Ebenezer.

With Tears unfeign'd afflicted *Iſrael* mourn,
To God at length, and to themſelves return:
Their former Sins and Follies now lament,
Obſequious to the Prophet's call, repent.
For *Samuel* with reſiſtleſs Eloquence,
Soft piercing Words, and more than manly Senſe,
Moulds 'em to Good, recalls 'em when they ſtray,
And guides direct in Virtues glorious way.
If they return to God with Hearts ſincere,
If they to keep his Laws, their Mind prepare;

If *Aſhtaroth* and *Baalim* they forſake,
And him alone their Rock and Saviour make;
He ſoon wou'd break *Philiſtia*'s ſervile Bands,
And ſave 'em from th' inſulting Heathens Hands.
With Hearts contrite they hear, with ready Will,
Exact Obedience promiſe and fulfil:
For all the Tribes to *Mizpeh Samuel* ſent,
They faſt, they pray, their num'rous Crimes lament:
Philiſtia's Pow'r their Lords againſt them raiſe,
Tremble the People, and the Prophet prays:
A bleating Lamb upon the Altar lies,
And Heav'n accepts a ſpotleſs Sacrifice:
Th' uncircumcis'd the ſacred Hoſt aſſail,
Nor fear but *Dagon* will again prevail:
O harden'd to your Fate, who ſtill go on,
Their Strength is now return'd, and yours is gone!
Look up, and ſee your Death in yonder Sky!
The ruddy Bolts are in the Act to fly:
---'Tis paſs'd, they Fire and Thunder on their Head,
Behold the Field with groveling Warriors ſpred,
The living Shelter ſeek beneath the Dead!
Iſrael no more their Strength or Numbers fear,
But ſallying forth attack them in the Rear:
Their double Ruin they in vain wou'd ſhun,
The *Hebrews* perfect what juſt Heav'n begun.

The Fragment of a Rock the Prophet takes,
And thence a rugged antique Pillar makes;
Which in the Field of Battel rear'd, conveys
The memorable Fact to long ſucceeding Days.

CXXII.

Saul *seeking his Father's Asses, is anointed King by* Samuel.

FROM small Events what mighty things proceed?
Our Fates, tho' not our Crimes, by Heav'n decreed.
To *Reach* and *Fore-sight*, vainly we pretend,
How unproportion'd oft the Means and End?
On no high Deed, no strange Adventure bound,
Monsters to quell, or Tyrants to confound;
The Son of *Kish*, so did wise Heav'n dispose,
To seek his Father's Asses humbly goes;
But onward drawn by a strong secret Chain,
Fulfils his Fate and does the Kingdom gain:
One faithful Servant joyns him in the Quest,
Who still a ready Will to please expresst:
Thro' *Ephraim*'s woody Mount they search in vain,
Thro' *Shalim*'s Coast, and rich *Shalisha*'s Plain;
Thro' *Benjamin*'s yet thinly peopled Ground,
Whose Tribe still hatred of so deep a Wound:
Now *Zophim*'s hanging Rocks before 'em spy,
And pleasant *Ramah* tow'ring in the Sky.
The Master here proposes to return,
Lest for their Loss his careful Father mourn:
Pious and Wise the Servants thus reply'd,
There's one Expedient yet remains untry'd:

CXXII.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. IX. from Ver. 3. to the End. Chap. X. Ver. 1. to Ver. 17.

Chap. IX. Ver. 3. *The asses of* Kish. Saul's *father were lost; and* Kish *said to* Saul *his son, Take now one of the servants with thee and arise, go seek the asses.*

27. *And as they were going down to the end of the city,* Samuel *said to* Saul, *Bid the servant pass on before us, (and he passed on) but stand thou still a while, that I may shew thee the word of God.*

Chap. X. Ver. 1. *Then* Samuel *took a vial of oyl, and poured it upon his head, and kissed him, and said, Is it not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over his inheritance?* &c.

A Man of God does in this City dwell,
Who paſs'd, and preſent knows, and future things can tell:
Thither let's turn aside, the Place is near,
He'll ſoon direct what Courſe is beſt to ſteer:
The motion pleas'd, with painful Steps they climb
The rocky Path, and reach the Hill ſublime;
Whoſe Cliff ſurmounted they a while reſpire,
And of the *Seer* himſelf, they for himſelf enquire:
Nor was their Journey, or its Cauſe unknown,
For God, before, had all to *Samuel* ſhown:
He knew that Day, that happy Hour ſhou'd bring
Iſrael's Deſire, and fated future King:
Diſmiſs, ſaid he, your Care, and reſt you here:
For what you ſeek diſmiſs your groundleſs Fear.
Safe and return'd--- Be you my Gueſts to day,
To morrow you I'll ſend in Peace away.
The Strangers feaſted, there that Night repoſe,
And early with the dawning Morn aroſe,
Then leave the Town, the Prophet with 'em goes.
Behold him on the wond'ring Hero, ſhed
A ſhow'r of myſtic Oyl, and thus he ſaid.
"The Lord does thee with this high Honour grace,
" Appointed Captain o're his choſen Race:
" Another Spirit ſhall ſoon thy Breaſt invade,
" And mighty Signs ſhall thee to mighty Deeds perſuade.

CXXIII.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. X. from Ver. 17. to the End.

Saul's *Election.*

TO *Mizpeh*'s Hills th' expecting Tribes repair
By *Samuel* call'd, to fix the grand Affair,
And thus the Rev'rend Sire accosts them there.

Thus saith the Lord-- I you from *Egypt* brought,
Against your Foes my self from Heav'n have fought:
By Miracles protected when oppress'd,
And now on ev'ry side have giv'n you rest:
But what returns? Weary of Peace and me,
Your Tribes abjure divine Theocracy.
Enjoy your Wish, what e're th' Event it bring!
Approach, and Heav'n will soon declare your King.
They came, the great decisive Lot is cast,
The stronger and more num'rous Tribes it past,
And on exhausted *Benjamin* did fall;
" Forth leapt the House of *Kish*, and forth leapt
" *Saul*,
Distinct above the vulgar Crowd he stood,
Like some fair Pine the Monarch of the Wood.

Black as the Raven's gloſſy Plumes his Hair,
Which fell adown his Shoulders with looſe Care:
A modeſt Fire his Sun-bright Eyes did grace,
Diffuſing a calm Luſtre round his Face:
His well-knit Nerves did Strength and Vigour ſhow,
Equal to Toils a Prince muſt undergo:
Erect his Gate, majeſtic was his Meen,
And when his God-like Form by all was ſeen,
A gen'ral Shout that rends the Heav'ns they give,
God ſave the King! Let him for ever live!
The ſacred Contract next the Prince is ſhown,
The Peoples ſureſt Safeguard and his own.
God and the fickle Crowd at firſt agree,
He pleas'd 'em with their lov'd Variety:
But ſoon the Sons of *Belial* weary grown,
Their Tribute murm'ring paid, or paid him none;
What they had rais'd, Why might they not dethrone?
God's Choice a fatal Diſappointment brings,
Their Worth o'relook'd, they'd fain have all been Kings.
Silent he ſtood, their factious Rage deſpis'd,
Which Time and ripening Fate without his Aim, chaſtis'd.

CXXIV.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. XI. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 13.

The War with Nahash.

NOR long the Royal Virtue ſlumb'ring lay,
But did itſelf from ſecret Shades diſplay:
Fierce *Nahaſh*, like a Torrent, pours along,
By num'rous Nations formidably ſtrong;
From *Rabbah*'s Gates to *Jabeſh* Walls o'reflows,
But *Jabeſh* Walls too weak his Strength t' oppoſe:
A cruel Tribute by the Victor laid,
Muſt for inglorious Life be meanly paid;
They their right Hands, and dearer Eyes muſt give,
Sev'n Days allow'd 'em for a ſhort Reprieve,
To try if Earth or Heav'n wou'd them relieve.
Wo to the vanquiſh'd-- who a Meſſage ſent
To *Saul*, But how cou'd *Saul* their Fate prevent?
Th' unſettled King was weak, the Factions ſtrong,
And wou'd in fruitleſs Counſels time prolong,

Till

Till Action paſs'd and their ſhort Term expir'd;
The Monarch in his ruſtic Court retir'd,
Their Meſſage hears, with gen'rous Anger fir'd.
Like *Him* whom God did his Vicegerent chuſe,
He ſpeaks, and acts, and all the King indues:
(Thus from their Fields did the Great *Fabii* come,
To fix the Fate of all the World and *Rome*.)
His Royal Mandate ſent, the Tribes prepare,
With ſtrong united Force to meet the War;
And e're the Mornings purple dreſs'd the Skies,
Proud *Ammon*'s num'rous careleſs Hoſt ſurprize;
Diffus'd abroad, bury'd in Sleep and Wine;
But Sleep muſt now his ſofter ſway reſign
To his Twin-Brother Death--- How wide its reign?
How high its Throne on heaps of Subjects ſlain?

O why ſhou'd Man his Maker's Work deface,
Murder his Kind, deſtroy his God-like Race?
Why ſhou'd he lend his cruel Sword to Fate,
And mow the Flow'rs that have ſo ſhort a Date?
--But ſavage Beaſts, and Men muſt be ſubdu'd;
The Boar is juſtly thro' the Woods purſu'd,
And in his Blood the glitt'ring Spear embru'd.
For this of old High-Heav'n Commiſſion gave,
To Hero's--- 'Tis a glorious Work to ſave;

And ſmiling Mercy ſoon returnes the Throne,
When Juſtice has its awful Buſineſs done:
The Brave alone have Courage to forgive,
When *Saul* with Conqueſt crown'd he bids his Rebels live.

CXXV.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. XI. Ver. 15. Chap. XII.

The Kingdom confirm'd to Saul. Samuel *appeals to the People for his Integrity.*

AT *Gilgal* met, glad *Iſrael*'s publick Voice
Confirms their own, and Heav'ns unchanging Choice:
(---How many Loyal Converts makes ſucceſs!)
When *Samuel* thus-- Your Wiſh you now poſſeſs:
A King you ask'd with one united Cry,
Nor did I your concurring Votes deny:
Yet e're I to forgotten Shades repair,
And theſe gray Hairs, ſilver'd with Age and Care
To *Ramah*'s Fields, or to the Grave I bear;

To you, my once lov'd Charge, I here appeal,
From God, and God's anointed nought conceal!
What Ill you know, of *Samuel*, now reveal!
Whose Ox or Ass I've wrongfully possess'd,
If ever I for Bribes did Justice wrest,
Any defrauded, any have oppress'd?
If you with Truth and Justice cann't complain,
Why have you then cast off th' Almighty's Reign?
Can you his Pow'r suspect, his Love distrust,
His Truth arraign, Ingrateful! and Unjust!
Look up, and see his wrathful Terrors nigh,
His ruddy Vengeance gath'ring in the Sky!
He said, and gloomy Night the Air invades,
The forky Lightnings cross the fearful Shades:
Th' Almighty's angry Voice is heard from far,
The rolling Thunder gives the sign of War:
Huge Cararacts of Rain come pouring down,
As they'd the Lab'rers Hopes, and promis'd Harvest drown:
Agen he prays, and all agen is fair,
Hush'd are the chiding Winds, serene the Air:
Then thus goes on--- 'Tis not, you see, too late,
Sincere Repentance may avert your Fate,
With steddy Piety your God adore,
And vain and helpless Idols serve no more!
Forsake not him, nor will he you forsake,
Whom he his own peculiar Choice did make;

For

For me, forbid in Heav'n I e're shou'd cease,
With fervent Vows to pray for *Israel*'s Peace!
But still must plain ungrateful Truths declare,
My Country Love, but not its Vices spare;
Which if still unreform'd, at length will bring
A Vengeance worthy Heav'n on you, and on your King.

CXXVI.

Jonathan *falls on the Outguards of the* Philistines. *Their Army routed.*

ENcamp'd at *Michmas* the *Philistians* lie,
Whose proud unnumber'd Fishes fill the Sky:
Saul, in far different State at *Gibeah* lay,
Each hour his heartless Army melt away,
Now scarce a Crowd, six hundred only stay
To guard their Prince, unarm'd and trembling these,
But no such base unmanly Passions seize
Undaunted *Jonathan*; his Squire he takes,
And from the Camp a bold Excursion makes,
To where secure th' uncircumcis'd remain'd,
And *Israel* both, and *Israel*'s God disdain'd:

Two

Two craggy Rocks, *Bozez* and *Seneh* nam'd,
For this Event to after Ages fam'd
Their Outguards held, a narrow Pass between,
Cut thro the ſtubborn Stone was ſcarcely ſeen:
When from above the valiant Pair eſpy'd,
The Captain of the Guard inſulting cry'd:
Come up, ye *Hebrew* Slaves, and quickly meet
That Fate your Treaſons merit, at our Feet!
The Prince the welcom Omen underſtands
With Pain and Joy; upon their Knees and Hands
They clamber up the Hill, nor ſooner there,
But their dread Meſſage from high Heav'n declare:
In Heaps they fell, mow'd by the Prince's Sword,
And faithful *Abdon* glean'd behind his Lord:
Thoſe who eſcap'd, to their main Body fly,
And tell 'em all the *Hebrew* Hoſt was nigh:
Scarce had they ſpoke, when ſwifter than the Wind,
Behold the eager Victors preſs behind:
They ſtorm the Camp, where e're they reach, they kill,
And all with Terror and Diſtraction fill:
A panic Fear invades their Hoſt from God,
Trembled the conſcious Earth on which they trode:
Chariots, and Horſe, and Foot confounded fly,
And by *Philiſtian* Arms *Philiſtians* die:

This

This ſaw from *Gibeah*'s Hills the feeble Guard,
They ſaw them melt, the thickning Tumult heard:
Swift as before they fled, the Foes purſue,
Fell on their ſcatter'd Rear, and thouſands ſlew:
The Slaughter reach'd abhorr'd *Bethaven*'s Plain;
To *Canaan*'s Gods *Philiſtia* prays in vain;
Till Night did o're the Heavens her Wings diſplay,
And ſav'd the broken Reliques of the fatal Day.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. XIII. Ver. 23. Chap. XIV.

Chap. XIII. Ver. 3. *And* Jonathan *ſmote the gariſon of the* Philiſtines *that was in* Geba, *and the* Philiſtines *heard of it: and* Saul *blew the trumpet throughout all the land, ſaying, Let the* Hebrews *hear*, &c.

23. *And the gariſon of the* Philiſtines *went out to the paſſage of* Michmaſh.

Chap. XIV. Ver. 1. Jonathan *ſaid to his armour-bearer, Come, and let us go over to the* Philiſtines *gariſon, that is on the other ſide*, &c.

12. *And the men of the gariſon anſwered* Jonathan *and his armour-bearer, and ſaid, Come to us, and we will ſhew you a thing. And* Jonathan *ſaid to his armour-bearer, Come up after me; for the Lord hath delivered them into the hand of* Iſrael.

13. *And* Jonathan *climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before* Jonathan, *&c.*

CXXVII.

Saul *wars with* Amalek, *ſpares* Agag, *who is hew'd in pieces by* Samuel.

YET one important Task for *Saul* remains,
To whom wiſe *Samuel* thus the Fates explains:

God, who did thee his Peoples Head appoint,
And by theſe Hands with holy Oyl anoint;
Forgets not treacherous *Amalek*'s Deſign,
When you from *Egypt* came, but ſays, Revenge is mine,
Go then--- againſt th' accurs'd, renew the War!
Whatever breaths deſtroy, and nothing ſpare!

The Monarch hears, and with a numerous Hoſt
Invades the *Amalekites* devoted Coaſt:
Diſpirited they faint, they fly, they yield,
With Blood the Town's deform'd, with Blood the Field.
In vain they yield, in vain for Mercy cry,
Their Doom is fix'd, the faithleſs Nation die.

Their

CXXVII.

1 Samuel, Chap. XV. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 34.

Chap. XV. Ver. 31. Samuel *turned again after* Saul, *and* Saul *worshipped the Lord.*

32. *Then said* Samuel, *Bring you hither to me* Agag *the king of the* Amalekites: *and* Agag *came unto him delicately. And* Agag *said, Surely the bitterness of death is past.*

33. *And* Samuel *said, As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women. And* Samuel *hewed* Agag *in pieces before the Lord in* Gilgal.

Their King alone, *AGAG* the *GREAT*, they spare,
The goodliest Spoil, and Trophy of the War:
The flow'r of all the Flocks and Herds they save,
The Vile and Refuse to the Slaughter gave.
When *Saul* the Prophet met, and thus he said,
---At length have we th' Arrears of Vengeance paid,
And have exactly Heav'ns commands obey'd:
From whence can then proceed, replies the Seer,
These bleating, and these bellowing Sounds I hear?
The Choice of all the Cattel, *Saul* replies,
Our pious Warriors spar'd for Sacrifice;
Agag with these in golden Chains they bring,
To grace their Triumphs with a captive King.
When *Samuel* thus--- Does God Oblations need?
Tho' Hecatombs shou'd on his Altars bleed,
From a rebellious Hand, he'd all despise;
Obedience is the noblest Sacrifice.
'Tis in the Fates, thy Fate thou canst not shun,
Thy cruel Mercy has thy self undone.
Nor shall the sanguine Tyrant scape--- he dies;
The guiltless Blood h' has shed, for Vengeance cries.

He ſends — ſecure of Death proud *Agag* came,
The ſame his haughty Mien, his Eyes the ſame,
His fierce black Eyes ſhot round indignant Flame:
Scarce ſeem'd to feel the Ground on which he trod,
Erect and comely, as a fanſi'd God:
When thus the Seer--- ſince all thy Acts defame
A King's belov'd, and fear'd paternal Name;
In Blood thy Hands, in Blood defil'd thy Throne,
That Fate which others ſhar'd, be now thy own:
He ſays, and God's all-righteous Doom fulfils,
The Victim's Life before his Altar ſpills;
See his black Blood through num'rous Channels flow,
And with a Groan his haughty Soul flies to the Shades below.

CXXVIII.

Samuel anoints *David*.

TO *Gibeah*, *Saul* ill-pleas'd and discontent,
And *Samuel* to his native *Ramah* went;
Never, ah never now to see him more!
Yet his well-natur'd Tears his Fate deplore.
When God--How long wilt thou for *Saul* lament!
Himself has fix'd his Doom, nor will repent.
To *Ephratean Jesse*'s Fields repair,
Thy Horn with Oyl replenish'd with thee bear,
My People I'll provide a Captain there,
Amongst his Sons; to blind the Tyrant's Eyes,
A free-neck'd Heifer take for Sacrifice.
Arriv'd, their Elders trembled at his sight;
He *Jesse* did with all his Sons invite.
Eliab, his eldest Hope the first appears,
A tall young Man, in Life's most vigorous Years:
When *Samuel* to himself--- It must be he,
And sighing said--- a second *Saul* I see:
But God corrects the Prophet's hasty Choice,
And thus reproves with inward secret Voice;
Gaze not, intemp'rate, on his manly Face,
His tow'ring Stature, and majestic Grace!
'Tis God alone his secret Soul can see,
Deform'd with Pride, unfit for Royalty.

The

CXXVIII.

1 Samuel, Chap. XV. Ver. 34, 35. Chap. XVI. to Ver. 13.

Chap. XVI. Ver. 11. Samuel *said unto* Jesse, *Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold he keepeth the sheep. And* Samuel *said unto* Jesse, *Send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come hither.*

12. *And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him: for this is he.*

13. *Then* Samuel *took the horn of oyl, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren,* &c.

The brave *Abinadab* did *Jeſſe* bring,
Who, like his five fair Brothers, *look'd* a King;
Yet theſe rejected--- much the Seer admires,
If theſe were all his Sons, concern'd, requires:
One more, there is, the youngeſt, who remains,
To feed and guard our Flocks on *Bethlehem*'s Plains:
With ſpeed they ſend, the lovely Youth appears,
What Sp'rit his Eyes, his Face what Beauty wears!
A Light divine around his Temples ſhed,
Not more the myſtic Drops adorn'd his Head,
Which now in a rich Circle round it ſhin'd;
So Heav'n commands, and ſtrait his gen'rous Mind
Still more exalted, calls to mighty Things,
To puniſh and to ſave, Atchievements worthy Kings.

CXXIX.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. XVII. to Ver. 37.

Goliah *challenges the Hoſt of* Iſrael. David *accepts the Combat.*

AGain *Philiſtia*'s Force together draws,
To vindicate their *Dagon*'s tort'ring Cauſe;
Goliah, they, their monſtrous Champion choſe,
His hideous Form like ſome huge Mountain roſe:
His ſhaggy Locks like ſhady Pines, that grow,
Loading the Mountain's ſide, and fright the Vale below;

A

A Mine of Braſs his mighty Limbs encas'd,
His knotty Spear like ſome fair Gally's Maſt;
A young tall Squire, tho' he a Dwarf appear,
When his proud Lord's enormous Bulk was near,
Did ſweating his bright Shield before him bear.
---Such was *Goliah*, ſuch his uſeleſs might,
With Terror round him caſt, and wild affright,
When challenging all *Iſrael* to the Fight.
Trembled their Hoſt when his vaſt Form appears,
And ſcarce his own remains ſecure from fears.
Young *David* only cou'd his Threats deſpiſe;
On more than mortal Strength his Hope relies:
Demands the Combat at the Royal Tent;
Saul prais'd his Valour, but he dreads th' Event:
When thus the wond'rous Youth---
"As I my Father's Flocks at *Bethlehem* fed,
A Bear and Lion by fierce hunger led,
Ramp'd o're the Fold, and ſnatch'd a Lamb away;
But from their Mouths I pluck'd the bleating Prey:
Furious they roſe their Booty to regain,
But by my faithful Sheep-hook both were ſlain:
That God who ſav'd from their devouring Jaws,
Will aid me in his own, and *Iſrael*'s Cauſe:
By me will humble this fell Monſter's Pride,
Who has his Armies and himſelf defy'd:
Like one of theſe ſhall that Blaſphemer be,
'Tis Heav'n alone that gives the Victory.

Go then, with Joy and Wonder, *Saul* reply'd,
Go, and since God inspires thee, God will be thy Guide.

CXXX.

David *kills* Goliah. *The* Philistines *routed.*

THE valiant Youth in *Saul*'s bright Armour dress'd,
Is only with its cumbrous weight oppress'd,
And for the Battel does himself divest:
Nor other Arms he needs for his *Defence*,
But those of Faith, of Pray'r and Innocence:
Yet to *offend* and quell his Country's Foes,
Five Stones he from the neighb'ring Valley chose:
One Hand his Staff, a Sling his other held,
And thus equipp'd he marches to the Field:
O Shame of human Strength, and boasted Might!
--But thus to crush the Proud is Heaven's Delight.
The *Gittite* with Disdain the Youth surveys,
Great *Dagon!* such a beardless Boy, he says,
Is this the Champion, these the Arms you bring
To Combat Men? A Staff, a Stone, a Sling!
Approach, rash Boy, and die! ---for 'tis beneath
Our Fame, to move one Step to bring thee Death!

When

CXXX.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. XVII. from Ver. 37. to the End.

249

Ver. 50. David *prevailed over the* Philistine *with a sling and with a stone, and smote the* Philistine *and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of* David.

51. *Therefore* David *ran, and stood upon the* Philistine *and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the* Philistines *saw their champion was dead, they fled.*

52. *And the men of* Israel *and of* Judah *arose and shouted, and pursued the* Philistines, *&c.*

When

When *David* thus (and see a Light divine,
Omen of Conqueſt round his Temple ſhine!)
Thou com'ſt to me with Sword and Shield, and Spear,
And all the glitt'ring Inſtruments of War:
But in the Name of Great *Jehovah*, I,
Whoſe Armies thou, Blaſphemer! dar'd defie,
Deſcend to fight, ſecure of Victory:
Thy Hoſt ſhall fall, and future Ages tell,
There is a God that reigns in *Iſrael*.

The Monſter rag'd, and with a furious Look
He haſtens on, the Ground beneath him ſhook:
More happy haſte the Youth to meet him makes,
And from his Scrip the fatal Stone he takes,
Then with unerring Aim againſt him threw,
Wing'd with ſure Death, and hizzing as it flew:
In his broad Forehead deeply plung'd it lay,
His craſhing Scull to Life's chief Seat gave way:
He falls, his Armour clanks againſt the Ground,
And Blood and Brains crowd mingled thro' the Wound:
The Hero ran, and from the Champion's ſide,
Drew his broad Sword, in Slaughter often dy'd;
One Blow his Head did from the Trunk divide.
Swift fled the fore-skinn'd Army at the ſight,
Vain, as their Boaſts before, now was their Flight;

Shouted

Shouted the *Hebrew* Hoſt, their Foes purſue;
Wading through Blood, and countleſs Thouſands ſlew:
Scarce cou'd the Walls of *Gath* and *Ekron* ſhield
From their victorious Swords the Reliques of the Field.

CXXXI.

1 Samuel, Chap. XVII. Ver. 57. Chap. XVIII. to Ver. 4.

The Friendſhip of David *and* Jonathan. *A Digreſſion concerning Friendſhip.*

GHaſtly, and pale, and dropping putrid Gore,
His impious Mouth blaſpheming now no more;
The Monſter's Head to *Saul* young *David* bore:
Scarce cou'd the conqu'ring Army bear the ſight;
The Hero ſcarcely cou'd ſupport its weight:
What loud Applauſe his Actions juſtly gain!
What Songs, recording his Ten thouſand ſlain!
Ev'n then the growing Seeds of Ill infeſt
With jealous Envy *Saul*'s malignant Breaſt:
The Fair commend the Youth, the Brave approv'd,
But matchleſs *Jonathan* admir'd and lov'd;

By

By ev'ry Word and graceful Action charm'd,
His princely Breaſt with ſacred Friendſhip warm'd:
Inſenſibly the kindly Ardor ſtole,
And wrought itſelf within his ſecret Soul:
He gave his Sword and Bow--- The Gift was poor,
His noble Heart was *David*'s all before.

What art thou, Friendſhip's now forgotten Name,
Who doſt with Heav'n ambitious Kindred claim?
No cold Acquaintance, no unhallow'd Fire,
By Intereſt fann'd, or kindled by Deſire:
Where both the *ſame*, no *Sympathy* is ſhown,
There's no *exchange* of *Souls* where *both* are *one*.

As Light, which claims the Sun its glorious Cauſe,
Its bleſs'd Effect our Joy and Wonder draws,
Yet ſcorns a narrow Definition's Laws;
So all admire thy Power; but what thou art,
We muſt not ask the Tongue, but ask the Heart.

How bleſs'd the Soul by thy kind Influence warm'd!
How many Miracles by thee perform'd!
How fondly Mortals of thy Loſs complain,
Thy Footſteps trace, and court thy Smiles in vain!
'Tis Virtue is the ſolid Baſe alone
Which, firmer than the Center, bears thy Throne:
When that is to its native Regions flown!

We

We thee unjustly hope, unjustly claim,
Friendship, when *Virtue*'s gone, is but an *empty Name*.

CXXXII.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. XVIII. from Ver. 8. to Ver. 11.

Saul *envies* David, *and seeks to kill him.*

CAN hateful Envy, that uneasie Guest
Of vulgar Souls, invade the Royal Breast,
And rob great *Saul* himself of Peace and Rest?
It dar'd not till his heavenly Guards were fled,
And left the Charge of his devoted Head:
When from deep Hell that odious Fantom came,
And, like a ruddy Comet's boding Flame,
Swerv'd through th' Abyss, to trembling *Gibeah* flew;
And enter'd, at the slumb'ring Monarch threw
Her best lov'd Snake, too well the way it knew:
Around his Heart in deadly Curls it twin'd,
Suck'd his best Blood, and Poyson left behind:
His alter'd Eyes the secret Taint confess,
His stormy Brow, and sallow Face no less:

While

While on his healing Harp young *David* plays,
And the black Humour's Rage in vain allays.

He ſung, how on the Clouds great *Michael* rode,
And led to War the valiant Sons of God:
Beneath whoſe Arms th' apoſtate Legions fell,
Who half unpeopled Heav'n, and crowded Hell:
The hideous noiſe affrighted *Chaos* made,
When *Lucifer*'s vaſt Bulk did her black Waves invade,
Like ſome broad burning Iſland floating laid:
While round their Prince his vanquiſh'd Chiefs reſpire,
Into vex'd *Ether* ſpouting Seas of Fire:
What Sounds of Joy ran round the Victor Hoſt,
Who not their Courage, or their Conduct boaſt;
But God's high Praiſe employ'd the heav'nly Quire,
While each triumphant Seraph touch'd his tuneful Lyre.

Deaf to his Charms the gloomy King appears,
The Fiend that ſeiz'd his Breaſt, had clos'd his Ears:
With ſudden Rage thro' whizzing Air he threw
His beamy Spear, which quiver'd as it flew,
And ſought the Youth: ſome Angel who ſtood by
To hear, to learn his heav'nly Harmony

Diverts

Diverts the coming Death, it glanc'd aside,
Th' impreſſive Force againſt the Cedar dy'd:
When from his Seat the royal Minſtrel fled,
And for the promis'd Crown preſerv'd his ſacred Head.

CXXXIII.

Merab offer'd. Michal given to David. She preſerves his Life.

THE fair *Ahinoam*, whoſe unſpotted Breaſt
Of every Grace and every Love poſſeſs'd,
Great *Saul* had with two beauteous Daughters bleſs'd.

Merab the firſt, of a Majeſtic Mien;
Conſcious of her high Birth, ſhe ſpoke and look'd a Queen:

Michal, the younger, milder Rays adorn;
Her Siſter like the midday-Sun, ſhe like the riſing Morn.

From *David*'s Arms the haughty *Merab* fled,
And head-long ran to wealthy *Adriel*'s Bed:
Michal the Youth with juſter Eyes ſurvey'd,
Nor unconcern'd he view'd the Royal Maid;

They

They love, yet wou'd in vain their Love conceal,
(For what their Lips deny'd, their Eyes reveal:)
Their Paſſion, Gratitude and Duty name,
Yet ſoon the Court perceiv'd their growing Flame:
From *Saul* not hid, who with malicious Joy
Improves th' Event the Hero to deſtroy:
No Joynture for his Daughter he requir'd,
Tho' ſhe by many a neighb'ring Prince deſir'd:
Not all bright *Ophir*'s Wealth by him was priz'd,
Like juſt Revenge upon th' uncircumcis'd:
A hundred Fore-skins of *Philiſtian* Knights,
Vanquiſh'd by him, and ſlain in ſingle Fights
Was all he ask'd; they'd prove an eaſie Prey,
Goliah had already ſhown the way.
Aroſe the Youth, fill'd with a noble Flame,
Kindled at once by Beauty and by Fame,
And like a Torrent on *Philiſtia* came:
Two hundred of their choiceſt Knights he ſlays,
And in full Tale the bloody Dowry pays;
Not *Aſhdod* more enrag'd, or *Gaza* mourn'd
Than *Saul*, when *David* with Succeſs return'd:
Yet can't the Royal Promiſe be deny'd,
The charming *Michal* ſoon is made his Bride.
—But his unnat'ral Father ſtill purſues,
His ſacred Life, his thirſt of Blood renews:

A Band of Ruffians round his Palace ſpread,
Which *Idumean Doeg* curſing led,
A vaſt Reward to him, that brings the Traitor's Head:
But pious *Michal* thro' the conſcious Night,
Conveys her Lord, and give him time for Flight:
The murd'rous Guards with honeſt Fraud deceives:
A well-diſſembled Image only leaves:
Thus ſav'd the future Grace of *Iſrael*'s Throne,
And thus preſerv'd a Life far dearer than her own.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. XVIII. from Ver. 17. to the End.

Ver. 17. Saul *ſaid to* David, *Behold, my elder daughter* Merab, *her will I give thee to wife: only be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battel*, &c.

19. *But it came to paſs at the time when* Merab Saul's *daughter ſhould have been given to* David, *that ſhe was given to* Adriel *the* Meholathite *to wife.*

20. *And* Michal Saul's *daughter loved* David: *and they told* Saul, *and the thing pleaſed him.*

21. *And* Saul *ſaid, I will give him her, that ſhe may be a ſnare to him*, &c.

25. Saul *ſaid, Thus ſhall ye ſay to* David, *The king deſireth not any dowry; but an hundred fore-skins of the* Philiſtines, *to be avenged of the king's enemies.*

27. David *aroſe, and went, he and his men, and ſlew of the* Philiſtines *two hundred men*, &c.

CXXXIV.

Jonathan's *Covenant with* David.

AS *Sol*'s bright Beams malignant Vapours raiſe,
Which ſink again, and cloud Earth's dusky Face,
So ſicken'd *Saul* at *David*'s growing Praiſe:
Griev'd at his Virtue's Luſtre, and affraid,
Which did the Dimneſs of his own upbraid:
Still new Deſigns againſt his Life he forms,
At Earth and Heav'n, when diſappointed, ſtorms:
Yet ſtill his gen'rous Son unalter'd ſtood,
Not to be brib'd by Intereſt or by Blood:
O wond'rous Prince! who cou'dſt with eaſe fore-go,
Scepters and Crowns, and all Earth's empty ſhow;
Which Fools above their Souls admire and prize,
And whoſe falſe Splendor dazles ev'n the Wiſe.
---To thee thy perſecuted *David* flies;
When *Jonathan* he finds, no more diſtreſs'd,
He finds a ſafe Aſylum in thy Breaſt:
To his great Friend unboſoms all his Cares,
And he the unwieldy Burthen more than ſhares.

What

CXXXIV.

1 Samuel, Chap. XX. Ver. 35. to 38.

Ver. 35. And Jonathan *went out into the field at the time appointed with* David, *and a little lad with him.*

36. *And he ſaid unto his lad, Run, find out now the arrows which I ſhoot. And as the lad ran, he ſhot an arrow beyond him.*

37. *And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which* Jonathan *had ſhot,* Jonathan *cried after the lad, and ſaid, Is not the arrow beyond thee?*

38. *And* Jonathan *cried after the lad, Make ſpeed, haſte, ſtay not. And* Jonathan's *lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his maſter.*

What have I done? *Jessides* thus begins;
Who my Accusers are; and what my Sins,
That *Saul* with restless Rage my Life pursues:
If die I must, thy Hand I'd rather chuse;
Thy friendly Sword, to pierce this faithful Breast,
And send my weary trembling Soul to rest:
But do not (O thou canst not!) me betray
To my insulting Foes a guiltless Prey:
By Friendship's sacred Laws I thee adjure,
And let the Oath of God our mutual Faith secure!

Can *David* think, the High-born Youth replys,
That I above a Friend, a Father prize?
If ought of Ill against thy Life design'd,
(But sure it cannot be) I'll search his Mind;
Witness th' Almighty Pow'r that guards his Throne,
The worst shall to my noble Friend be shown:
The while go rest secure at *Ezel's* Stone:
Thither, my Father founded, I'll repair,
My *Arrows* shall the silent Message bear.

He said, the Feast forbids the Princes stay,
And *David* to the Field renews his secret way.

CXXXV.

Saul *enquires for* David *at the Feast.* Jonathan *excuses his absence.* Saul *casts his Javelin at him,* &c.

AND now from *Gibeah's* Hills with Joy they view
The sacred Moon her blunted Horns renew:
The festal Trumpets spread the Tidings round,
And *Gibeah's* Hills return their silver Sound.
The numerous free-neck'd Herd with Garlands crown'd
Beneath the Sacrificer's Ax expire;
Then, part employ the Altars hallow'd Fire,
Part hiz on Spits, or vex'd with Flames beneath
Emitting Fume, in brazen Cauldron's seeth.
Next see the Tables spread, the hallow'd Fare
The Priests did with the Prince and People share;
(For 'twas a Tale in after-days devis'd,
That for themselves alone they sacrific'd.)
The Monarch first, on his high Throne was plac'd,
A second Seat by *Jonathan* was grac'd,
Brave *Abner* fill'd the Third, but by his side,
The place of *David* still was unsupply'd:
Not unobserv'd by *Saul*, whose jealous Eyes,
Had mark'd his absence from the Sacrifice:

At length he of his Son the Cauſe enquir'd:
David, he anſwers, earneſtly deſir'd,
He to his native *Bethl'hem* might repair,
His Father's ſolemn Sacrifice to ſhare:
When pale with Rage the furious King replies,
(Defeated Malice ſparkling in his Eyes)
Falſe to thy ſelf and me! the Traitor dies!
That Rival of my Throne without delay
Produce, or thy falſe Head for his ſhall pay:
The faithful Prince pleads in his Friend's defence,
He pleads in vain his Truth and Innocence:
The Fiend had all the Father diſpoſſeſs'd,
And darts a Javelin at the Prince's Breaſt:
He roſe with Paſſion never known before,
And to his Friend th' unwelcom Tidings bore:
What was too big for Speech, his Arrows tell,
Then on each others Neck with Tears they fell.

O happy Pair! which ſhall I moſt commend,
And which the braver Man, the better Friend?
The Palm to *Jonathan* is juſtly due,
True to his Friend, againſt his Int'reſt true.
---Yes, O thou dearer than my ſelf to me!
A Crown's a Trifle when compar'd to thee.
Thus ſaid the Prince---- 'Tis thine by God's own Choice,
Confirm'd by *Iſrael's* loud according Voice:

Thy

Thy Foes impeach thy ſteady Fare in vain,
Which ſtill moves on, nor will thy Friend complain,
Nor can I loſe a Crown, if *David* reign.
Next, and but next to thee ſhall I have place,
And thou ſhalt Kindneſs ſhew to all my Race.

Part of his pious Hopes by Heav'n were ſign'd,
But part, alas! were loſt, and ſcatter'd into Wind.

1 SAMUEL, Chap. XX. Ver. 24. to the End.

Ver. 27. ——Saul *ſaid unto* Jonathan *his ſon, Wherefore cometh not the ſon of* Jeſſe *to meat, neither yeſterday, nor to day?*

28. *And* Jonathan *anſwered* Saul, David *earneſtly asked leave of me, to go to* Bethlehem:

30. *Then* Saul's *anger was kindled againſt* Jonathan, *and he ſaid unto him, Thou ſon of a perverſe rebellious woman,* &c.

32. Jonathan *anſwered* Saul *his father, and ſaid unto him, Wherefore ſhall he be ſlain? what hath he done?*

33. *And* Saul *caſt a javelin at him to ſmite him: whereby* Jonathan *knew that it was determined of his father to ſlay* David.

34. *So* Jonathan *aroſe from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the ſecond day of the month: for he was grieved for* David, *becauſe his father had done him ſhame,* &c.

CXXXVI.

Ahimelech *and the Priests at* Nob *accus'd and slain by* Doeg.

YET did th' oracious sacred Ephod shine
On just *Ahimelech* of *Eli*'s Line:
Faintly it shone, its faded Beams portend,
The things concerning him must soon have end:
A plain good Man, he wore no double Face;
True to his Friend, and Virtue in Disgrace:
To God's anointed true, yet always free
From Courtiers Craft, and servile Flattery.
At *Nobah* was his pleasant humble Seat,
A sacerdotal College and Retreat:
As *David* from the jealous Tyrant fled,
Hither by *Eli*'s Destiny he's led,
Goliah's Sword receives, and hallow'd Bread:
Doeg of *Idumæan* Race was there,
Who did too near rough *Esau*'s nature share:
Salvage and brutish as the Herds he fed,
To *Carmel*'s Hill, or *Basham*'s Pastures led:

As

CXXXVI.

1 Samuel, Chap. XXII. from Ver. 9. to the End.

Ver. 9. Doeg *the* Edomite, *(which was set over the ſervants of* Saul*) ſaid, I ſaw the ſon of* Jeſſe *coming to* Nob, *to* Ahimelech *the ſon of* Ahitub.

10. *And he enquired of the Lord for him, and gave him victuals, and gave him the ſword of* Goliah *the* Philiſtine.

11. *Then the king ſent to call* Ahimelech *the prieſt, the ſon of* Ahitub, *and all his father's houſe, the prieſts that were in* Nob: *and they came all of them to the king,* &c.

18. *And the king ſaid to* Doeg, *Turn thou and fall upon the prieſts. And* Doeg *the* Edomite *turned, and he fell upon the prieſts, and ſlew on that day four-ſcore and five perſons that did wear a linen ephod.*

As

As now before the Oracle he ſtood,
The Hero and the Prieſt oblique he view'd
With Rage and barb'rous Joy, and Thirſt of Blood:
So glares the Felon-Wolf acroſs the Plain,
When faithful Dogs his hungry Rage reſtrain,
And howls and licks his frothy Jaws in vain;
Yet hopes at length to ſeize th' unguarded Prey.
Falſe *Doeg* ſo to *Gibeah* ſpeeds his way;
To furious *Saul* he brings th' unwelcom News,
Of *David*'s Flight, and does the Prieſt accuſe:
When for *Ahimelech* the Tyrant ſends,
Who ſoon with all his Father's Houſe attends:
In vain his Innocence wou'd ward the Blow,
He muſt be guilty, *Saul* wou'd have ſo:
Nor wou'd a ſingle Murther pleaſe; on all
The ſacred Prieſts he bids his Servants fall:
The generous Guards the hateful Work refuſe,
Rather than take *their* Lives, their *own* they'd loſe:
To *Doeg* next he turns, who pleas'd obeys,
The Prieſts unarm'd the valiant Murd'rer ſlays:
Their loud-tongu'd Wounds, emit a purple Flood,
Their holy Veſtments roll'd in Duſt and Blood:

Almoſt

Almoſt an Hecatomb reſign their Breath,
Compos'd the Guiltleſs fell, and ſmil'd on Death.
From thence, unſated ſtill, the Traitor flew
To trembling *Nob*, and all that breath'd he ſlew:
Abiathar alone eſcap'd the ſnare,
To *David* in the Deſart did repair,
And found a ſafe Retreat, and gen'rous welcom there.

CXXXVII.

David *in the Cave of* Adullam. *He carries his Parents to* Moab. *Relieves* Keilah, *&c.*

THE while *Adullam's* faithful Cave defends,
From *Saul's* fierce Rage the Hero and his Friends;
Who-e're in Want, or Debt, or Diſcontent,
To *David* as their ſure Protector went:
Some few good Men his ſuff'ring Virtue drew,
To own his Cauſe, but thoſe were always few:

His

His aged Parents, now his weightieſt Care,
(He knew their Lives the Tyrant wou'd not ſpare,)
To *Moab*'s Realms, almoſt a Native there
His pious Duty brings, and Refuge found,
And quiet Seats, to *Judah*'s fertile Bound;
He with his faithful Servants takes his way,
And cloſe conceal'd in *Hareth*'s Foreſt lay:
But reſtleſs Fame upon her various Wings,
To his Retreat important Tidings brings:
That *Keilah* by *Philiſtian* Arms was preſs'd,
And all the forag'd Country round diſtreſs'd:
Nor this cou'd *David*'s lively Virtue bear,
Yet Heav'n conſults e're he begins the War:
Commiſſion'd thence his valiant Band he heads,
And not to Battel but to Conqueſt leads:
Invades th' Invader's Hoſt; part routed fly,
And part beneath the Victor's Swords they die:
Keilah reliev'd, and all the Spoil regain'd,
The Hero in th' ungrateful Town remain'd;
Who their Deliv'rer wou'd to *Saul* betray;
Their Embryo Treaſon, while it lurking lay
In its dark Cauſes, God to *David* ſhows;
To *Ziph* and woody *Hachilah* he goes,
But ſtill betray'd, his Haunts the Tyrant knew,
And did to *Maon*'s craggy Rocks purſue:
His doubtful Troops he in the Mountains found,
And with a num'rous Hoſt encompaſs'd round:

Safe

Safe in his Dolls the trembling Prey he thought,
Nearer, and ſtill more near the Circle brought,
When ſee a panting Meſſenger appear,
Silent awhile he ſtood for Haſte and Fear:
At length with ſcarce recover'd Breath he ſaid,
"Great Sir! *Philiſtian* Troops the Land invade!
When *Saul*, the Tyrant left, the King indues,
And private Piques adjourn'd, the publick Foe purſues.

1 SAMUEL. Chap. XXIII. to Ver. 14. 25. to 28.

Ver. 5. David *and his men went to* Keilah, *and fought with the* Philiſtines, *and brought away their cattel, and ſmote them with a great ſlaughter: ſo* David *ſaved the inhabitants of* Keilah.

12. *And* David *ſaid, O Lord God of* Iſrael, *Will the men of* Keilah *deliver me and my men into the hand of* Saul? *And the Lord ſaid, they will deliver thee up.*

14. *And* David *departed out of* Keilah, *and remained in a mountain in the wilderneſs of* Ziph: *and* Saul *ſought him every day, &c.*

27. *But there came a meſſenger unto* Saul, *ſaying, Haſte thee and come; for the* Philiſtines *have invaded the land.*

28. *Wherefore* Saul *returned from purſuing after* David, *and went againſt the* Philiſtines.

CXXXVIII.

Nabal's *churliſhneſs*: Abigail *wiſely pacifies* David.

UNhappy, who above the Vulgar born,
When two rich *Churls* oblig'd, and made their Scorn;
No *Worth* but *Wealth*, no *Shame* but *Want* they own,
Pity and *Gratitude* alike unknown.
No Mirth but Drunkenneſs; in Store unbleſs'd,
For half the Year they ſtarve to make one Miſer's Feaſt.

Such *Nabal* was, the Scandal and Diſgrace
Of *Judah*'s Line, and *Caleb*'s gen'rous Race.
On *Carmel*'s Fields, and *Maon*'s ſhady Rocks
He browz'd his Goats, and fed his num'rous Flocks.
To him the beauteous *Abigail* was ty'd,
In harſh unequal Bands, condemn'd his Bride;
Yet ſhe his Faults cou'd bear and cover too,
And liv'd as well as *Nabal*'s Wife cou'd do.

'Twas now the time when all his fleecy Train,
To recompence their Maſter's yearly Pain,
In bleating Droves forſook the verdant Plain;

Whom

CXXXVIII.

1 Samuel, Chap. XXV. from Ver. 2, to Ver. 42.

Ver. 18. Abigail *took two hundred loaves, and two bottles of wine, and five sheep ready dressed, and five measures of parched corn, and an hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of figs, and laid them on asses.*

23. *And when she saw* David, *she hasted, and lighted off the ass, and bowed herself to the ground.*

27. *And said, This blessing which thine handmaid hath brought unto my lord, let it even be given unto the young men that follow my lord.*

Whom

Whom first the purging crystal Streams receive,
And then their woolly Robes they gladly leave:
The Day well-worn the sweating Shearers rest,
And at long Tables every rustic Guest
Sits down confus'd at *Nabal*'s crowded Feast:
A hundred Sheep in his own Pastures fed,
With twenty Beeves from ranker *Bashan* led,
Loaded his Boards; yet cou'd he nothing spare
For Heav'n, no Stranger was, or *Levite* there:
David in vain expects his Feast to share;
Tho' while in *Maon*'s spatious Wild he staid,
Nor Wolves, nor Robbers dar'd his Flocks invade.
Nabal well-warm'd with Taunts his Men receives,
And only Language like himself he gives.
Th' affronted Hero bids his Troops prepare,
They gird their Swords and hasten to the War.
What pass'd, to prudent *Abigail* unknown,
Who from the drunken Feast retir'd alone.
(Happy her Sex, from Noise and Nonsence free,
In the calm Joys of sober Piety!)
When by her Servants told, with haste she rose,
And down the steep with kind Refreshments goes,
T' appease the angry Chief; surpriz'd they meet,
She kneels and throws herself at *David*'s Feet;
Then with soft Words, and artful Praises joyn'd,
Disarm'd, at once, and pleas'd his gen'rous Mind:

He

He dropp'd his Sword, and with attention hung
On every charming Accent of her Tongue:
Her grateful Preſent ſmiling he receives,
And *Nabal*, churliſh *Nabal*'s ſelf forgives:
So wou'd not Heav'n, for ſoon by ſudden Death,
Th' unhoſpitable Wretch reſigns his Breath:
His Farms, his Flocks, his uſeleſs hoarded Store,
His Fields, his Vines, his ſpatious Grange, and more,
The beauteous *Abigail* compell'd he leaves,
Who Freedom by her Gaoler's Death receives;
And when a Widow's decent Tears ſhe'd ſhed,
Is, by a happy Change, preferr'd to *David*'s Bed.

CXXXIX.

The Ziphites *diſcover* David *to* Saul. *He purſues him.* Abiſhai *takes his Spear*, &c.

THeir Treachery the *Ziphites* now repeat,
To *Saul* diſcov'ring *David*'s cloſe Retreat:
With Rage unquenchable the Tyrant roſe,
And from his Hoſt three thouſand Warriors choſe;
With theſe the Heav'n-protected Prince purſu'd,
Tir'd with the Chace, and faint for Thirſt of Blood:

He beat the Wild from Morn, till dewy Night
Surpriz'd him there, when from a Mountain's height,
By the Moon's friendly and officious Light,
The Hero his unguarded Camp ſurveys,
And thus to his attending Worthies ſays,
Is any here of Heart ſo firm, that dare
Honour and Danger with his Gen'ral ſhare,
And to yon Camp deſcend to view the Foes?
With Joy the bold *Abiſhai* with him goes;
Swerv'd from the craggy Rocks at length they found
The careleſs drowſy Guards diffus'd around;
Ev'n faithful *Abner* ſlept; they forward preſs'd
To where the weary King himſelf did reſt:
Fierce was his mien, and threatning as he lay,
His Thoughts recall'd the Labors of the Day.
Cloſe by his Head they ſaw his knotty Spear
Planted, in Earth, a Cruſe of Water near:
When thus *Zeruiah*'s Son--- the happy Hour
Is now arriv'd, thy Foe is in thy Pow'r;
This Hand, this Spear ſhall do the righteous Deed
A ſecond Stroke the Tyrant ſhall not need:
In Act to ſtrike, ſee the fierce Warrior ſtand!
But gen'rous *David* ſtops his lifted Hand:
Forbid it Heav'n! thou ſhalt not him deſtroy,
Nor at ſo dear a Rate wou'd I a Crown enjoy:

CXXXIX.

1 Samuel, Chap. XXVI. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 17.

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Ver. 7. David *and* Abiſhai *came to the people by night, and behold* Saul *lay ſleeping within the trench, and his ſpear ſtuck in the ground at his bolſter: but* Abner *and the people lay round about him.*

8. *Then ſaid* Abiſhai *to* David, *God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day: now therefore let me ſmite him, I pray thee, with the ſpear, even to the earth, at once, and I will not ſmite him the ſecond time.*

9. *And* David *ſaid to* Abiſhai, *Deſtroy him not: for who can ſtretch forth his hand againſt the Lord's anointed, and be guiltleſs?*

The Lord's Anointed's ſacred Life forbear!
He ſhall the common Fate of Mortals ſhare,
Or ſink by Heav'ns juſt Stroke, or fall in War.
Yet take the Spear and Cruſe, nor longer ſtay,
And to our Friends, for us, in Pain, convey!
They went, nor ſooner had their Camp regain'd,
Saul's Army ſtill in heavy Sleep detain'd:
When from a diſtant Mountain *David* cry'd,
While to his Voice the ecchoing Vales reply'd;
Ho, *Abner!* --- Who with *Abner* may compare,
In *Iſrael* Chief, and Father of the War:
Where is the Gen'ral's Conduct and his Care?
One of the People came your Lord to ſlay;
Juſtly your Heads for your neglect ſhou'd pay.
Born from the Camp, behold the royal Spear!
Behold, untouch'd, the Cruſe of Water here!

His Father knew the Voice, confounded ſtood,
And thus he ſpoke, almoſt relaps'd to Good:

Virtue, like thine, Succeſs can never fail,
It riſes when oppreſs'd, and ſhall at laſt prevail.

CX

CXL.

David *flies to* Achiſh. Saul *goes to the Witch of* Endor. Samuel *appears*, &c.

LEST *Saul*'s weak Virtue ſhou'd not long endure,
David with *Achiſh* does himſelf ſecure;
To whom the Royal Bounty *Ziklag* gives,
Where happy with his *Hebrew* Friends he lives:
Not ſo proud *Saul* on his uneaſie Throne,
Which totter'd, now its chief Support was gone:
Too well *Philiſtian* Lords his Weakneſs knew,
As *David he* of late, they *him* purſue:
To *Gilboah*, he a pow'rful Army draws,
Had but their Hearts been equal to their Cauſe;
But with his Crimes and haſtning Fate oppreſs'd
Their guilty Gen'ral's Fear infects the reſt:
Unwillingly to God he flies at laſt,
But 'twas too late, his Day of Mercy paſt:
Then deſp'rate thus-- Since Heav'n will not foretel
My Fate, 'tis time to ſeek Relief from Hell;
Almoſt defeated there, thoſe Wretches ſlain,
Who with accurſed Spir'ts did Leagues maintain,
(For God to *Moſes* gave not Laws in vain.)
As Fortun'd, one her Siſter-Hags ſurviv'd,
Who with her truſty Imp at *Endor* liv'd:

To her th' unhappy Monarch choſe to fly,
To know the worſt, and read his Deſtiny:
Diſguis'd he did the trembling Sage accoſt,
And bids her raiſe him *Samuel*'s awful Ghoſt:
With myſtic Characters a Circle made,
Low-mutt'ring dire forbidden Words ſhe ſaid,
And pow'rful Spells repeating, backward pray'd.
But whilſt her ſervile Fiends attempt to frame
Illuſive Shapes, the real *Samuel* came:
The Witch his God-like Form ſurvey'd, and knew,
'Twas more than all her boaſted Charms cou'd do:
She knew the bleſs'd beyond her magic Call,
'Tis *Samuel*'s ſelf, ſhe cry'd, and thou art *Saul!*
The Monarch ſaw, and knew the more than Man;
He bow'd to Earth, and *Samuel* thus began.

Unhappy Prince! Why, ev'n amongſt the Bleſs'd,
Haſt thou diſturb'd my Soul, and robb'd of Reſt?
When thus the King replies--- I'm ſore diſtreſs'd:
Philiſtia with unequal Force invades,
And from thy envy'd Reſt and peaceful Shades
Once more I call thee for thy ſage Advice,
Since God has left me, and no more replies.
If God himſelf thy Enemy is grown,
And to thy injur'd *David* gives thy Throne;
Agen the Prophet anſwers, Why too late
Am I diſturb'd to ſhew thy luckleſs Fate?

Thy

CXL.

1 Samuel, Chap. XXVII. Ver. 1. to 6. Chap. XXVIII. Ver. 3. to 20.

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Chap. XXVIII. Ver. 11. Saul *ſaid, bring me up* Samuel.

12. *And when the woman ſaw* Samuel, *ſhe cried with a loud voice: and the woman ſpake to* Saul, *ſaying, Why haſt thou deceived me? for thou art* Saul.

13. *And the king ſaid unto her, Be not afraid: for what ſaweſt thou? And the woman ſaid unto* Saul, *I ſaw gods aſcending out of the earth.*

14. *And he ſaid unto her, What form is he of? And ſhe ſaid, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And* Saul *perceived that it was* Samuel, *and he ſtooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himſelf,* &c.

Thy Diſobedience *Amalek* did ſpare,
What *Agag* miſs'd, thy ſelf art doom'd to ſhare.
---Prepare! againſt to morrow's Sun prepare!
Iſrael ſhall fall, and Thou and Thine ſhall be
Thin airy Ghoſts, and empty Shades like me.

The Prince, the diſmal Tidings can't ſuſtain,
But drops to Earth, at length reviv'd in vain;
Unhappy to awake and die with greater Pain.

CXLI.

1 Samuel, Chap. XXIX. Ver. 1. and Chap. XXXI. to Ver. 4.

The Fight between Iſrael *and the* Philiſtines *in* Gilboah. Saul *and* Jonathan *ſlain.*

AND now approach'd the *Great deciſive Day*,
And greedy *Death* hung *hov'ring* o're her *Prey*:
Nor more content with *mean* and *vulgar Fare*,
The *Fleſh* of *Kings* and *Captains* long'd to ſhare;
On *Gilboah*'s green Hills her *Table* ſpread,
In *Triumphs* thither the *crown'd Victims* led.
From *Aphek*'s Plain the *fore-skin'd Hoſt* aſcend,
The *circumcis'd* awhile the *Hill* defend;
Lodg'd on the *Cliff* an *Iron-Wall* they ſtood,
Floated the hollow Road with *Streams of Blood*;

Thro'

Thro' whoſe *warm Tide* the fierce *Aſſailants* wade,
And nearer theſe the *Hebrew* Foes invade;
Beneath their *ſorred Shields*, while *thoſe* from far
With *Darts* and *Stones* maintain a *miſſive War*:
The *Battel* hung, and neither ſide gave way,
Till *Achiſh* charg'd himſelf and turn'd the Day:
A *Show'r* of *feather'd Deaths* his *Guards* let fly;
At once their *Bow-ſtrings twang'd*, and fill'd the Sky:
As with red *Lightnings* forky *Shafts* o'rethrown,
Stretch'd on the *Turf* th' expiring *Hebrews* groan;
Almoſt as *ſwift* their *Foes* the *Paſſage* gain,
And to the *Hill deſcend* from *heaps* of *Slain*,
The reſt *oppoſe* or *flie*, alike in vain:
The *Brave* oppreſs'd with *Odds*, the *vulgar* find
Inglorious Death, their *Wounds* were all *behind*.
Such were not *Jonathan's*, unmov'd and great,
His Hoſt they might, but cou'd not *him* defeat:
He ſaw his *wounded Father's ſlow Retreat*,
He ſaw the *furious Guards* his *Life* purſue,
His precious Life to *ſhield*, himſelf he threw
Before their *Swords*; awhile he *ſtopp'd* their *Chace*,
Calm and *ſecure* of *Death*, yet *terrible* his *Face*.
Hamgar, the haughty Prince of *Aſhdod's* Town,
Firſt came too near his *Sword*, which *chin'd* him down;
Scarce cou'd the Wretch *blaſpheme*, ſo *ſwift* he fell,
His *faithleſs Soul* was in ſuch haſte for *Hell*.

Nor

Nor that *alone*, for ſoon the *Hero* ſends
To *wait* their *Lord*, an *Army* of his *Friends*:
The reſt *retire*, renew th' *Aſſault* from *far*,
Nor longer Hand to Hand wou'd *tempt* the *War*:
Beſieg'd the *Prince*, *unknowing* how to *yield*,
Tho' *Show'rs* of *Arrows clatter'd* round his *Shield*;
Tho' *Groves* of *Darts* his faithleſs *Armour* bor'd,
And *purple Streams* thro' ev'ry *Paſſage* pour'd.
" ---Thus far, my *Father*! *Jonathan* has done,
" Both what *became* a *Subject* and a *Son*.
" May *Heav'n preſerve*--- and *more* he wou'd have *ſaid*,
But *Life* thro' *wide* and *num'rous Portals* fled,
And *graſping* ſtill his *Sword*, he *falls* among the *Dead*.

Leſs happy Saul, whom now his *Foes* purſue,
And ſtill more *near* the *Royal Quarry* drew;
Wounded and *faint* he cou'd no longer *flie*,
Yet by *Philiſtian Hands* diſdain'd to die;
Behold his *own* his *fatal Sword* apply
To his *broad Breaſt*, which ſoon the *way* did find,
The *Hilt* on *Earth*, the *Point* appear'd *behind*:
While his *fierce Soul* to thoſe *ſad Manſions* fled,
Where *Tyrants* reign in *Wo* above the *vulgar Dead*.

CXLII.

CXLII.

2 Samuel, Chap. I. from Ver. 1. to the End.

David's *Elegy on* Saul *and* Jonathan.

A Round the Land th' amazing *Tidings* ſpred,
That *Iſrael's Hoſt* before the *Heathen* fled,
And *Saul*, and matchleſs *Jonathan* were *dead:*
Jeſſides heard, nor longer cou'd reſent
His *private Wrongs*; he *wept*, his *Robes* he *rent*,
His *feſtal Triumphs* into *Faſting* turn'd,
Forgave the *Tyrant*, and the *Father mourn'd.*
How did he then his *Jonathan* deplore!
His *Friend*, his *dearer ſelf* was now no *more:*
Thus did at length his *Loyal Paſſion* vent,
And thus his *Country's Loſs* in deathleſs Songs lament.

Thy *Glory*, Iſrael! and thy *Beauty* mourn!
'Tis *vaniſh'd*, never, never to *return.*
Ah! who in feeble Mortal's *Strength* wou'd truſt?
'Tis *fallen, fallen, fallen* to the *Duſt*!

O tell it not in *Gath's* triumphant Gate,
Nor in the Streets of *Aſhkalon* relate:

Leſt

Left *Gapthor's Daughters* shou'd insulting cry,
Their *Dagon* conquers him who rules the *Sky*.

O fatal *Gilboa*, where my *Friend* was *slain*:
No *Dew* on thee descend, or kindly *Rain*!
No *Corn* or *Wine* thy blasted *Surface* yield,
Accurs'd and *burnt*, as *Sodom's* dismal Field;
For there was *lost* the *Warrior's* mighty *Shield*,
The *Shield* of *Saul* was lost; his sacred *Head*,
Tho' the bless'd *Oyl* around his *Temples* shed,
Profan'd and *mingled* with the *vulgar Dead*.

Thy *Bow*, my *Friend*! was never *drawn* in vain;
Thy *Arrows* drunk the *Blood* of *thousands slain*.
What *Armies* fell by *Saul's* victorious *Sword*,
Too *faithful* now to to its *despairing Lord*?

Princely his *Stature*, *charming* was his *Air*:
With him alone cou'd *Jonathan* compare:
Lovely in *Life*, in *Death* too near ally'd,
Not *Death* itself their *Friendship* cou'd divide:
Swifter than *Eagles* cut their *airy way*,
Stronger than *Lions* when they seize the *Prey*.

Mourn all ye *Loves*! ye tender *Virgins* mourn!
Your flowry *Wreaths* to *Cypress Garlands* turn:
Mourn your lov'd *Monarch's* lamentable *Fate*,
On whom so oft your charming *Quire* did wait,
As he from *Fight* return'd in *Kingly State*:

For

For *you* he conquer'd; *you* did with him ſhare
The *Wealth* of *Peace* and glorious *Spoils* of *War*:
Lay by your *purple Robes* from *Sidon*'s ſhore,
And wear your ſplendid *Coronets* no more;
For *Saul* who gave 'em, *gen'rous Saul* is loſt,
And ſilent Shades receive his *mighty Ghoſt*.

How are the *Mighty faln*--- their *Strength* in vain!
O *Jonathan!* thou wert in *Battel* ſlain!
Stretch'd on cold *Earth*, thy *lifeleſs Limbs* as cold,
Nor thoſe *dear Eyes* muſt I agen behold.
O *Jonathan!* How ſhall I thee *commend!*
My more than *Brother*, and my more than *Friend!*
My *Life*, my *Jonathan!*--- And can we part?
I feel my *Loſs* hang *heavy* on my *Heart*.
With mortal *Anguiſh* is my *Soul* oppreſs'd,
I wear thy *bleeding Image* in my *Breaſt*.
Thy *Friendſhip* did the *tend'reſt Love* excel;
'Twas like *thy ſelf*, 'twas *all a Miracle*:
A pure, a conſtant, and a *heav'nly Fire*,
Beyond the *ſofter Sexes* frail *Deſire*.

How are the *Mighty faln?* Their *Fate* deplore!
Thy *Sword*, thy *Spear* and *Shield*, O *Iſrael!* are no more!

CXLII.

CXLIII.

David *anointed King by the Tribe of* Judah. Iſhboſheth *made King by* Abner. Aſahel *ſlain.*

THus fell unhappy *Saul*, and in his ſtead
The *promis'd Crown* adorns young *David's Head:*
Brave *Abner* for a while reſiſts in vain,
Divides, but can't *prevent* his *fated Reign:*
Weak *Iſhboſheth*, who now, almoſt alone
Surviv'd, he plac'd on his *Great Father's Throne:*
His Fame did *Iſrael* to his Party bring,
And *Abner* rul'd, tho' *Iſhboſheth* was *King:*
But *Judah's* pow'rful *Tribe* for *David* ſtood,
Pleas'd with the *Choice* of *Heav'n* (and with their *Kindred-Blood.)*
Weary of *Peace*, at length the *Tribes* engage
In civil *Diſcord*, and *inteſtine* Rage.
Abner, th' *Aggreſſor*-- *he* to *Gibeon* went,
And *firſt* will *he* th' unequal War repent:
Fierce *Joab* hears with *Joy*; the *Guards* he heads,
And to *repel* the bold *Invader* leads:
Their *Out-guards* met, awhile *ſuſpended* ſtood,
And their *new Foes* with *ſullen Silence* view'd,
But ſoon in *Blood* their *thirſty Swords* embrew'd;

No

CXLIII.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. II. from Ver. 19. to Ver. 23.

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Ver. 19, 20. Aſahel *purſued after* Abner, *and* Abner *looked behind him, and ſaid, Art thou* Aſahel? *And he anſwered, I am.*

22. *And* Abner *ſaid again to* Aſahel, *Turn thee aſide from following me: wherefore ſhould I ſmite thee to the ground!*

23. *Howbeit he refuſed to turn aſide: wherefore* Abner *with the hinder end of the ſpear ſmote him under the fifth rib, that the ſpear came out behind him; and he fell down there, and died in the ſame place.*

No *Skill*, no *Fear*, no *Mercy* there, but *All*
The desp'rate *Champion's close*, and *mingled* fall.
Nor *these* cou'd *hungry Death* suffice, for they
But *Preludes* to the *Slaughter* of the *Day*:
The *Bodies* joyn, with *equal Fury* fir'd,
By turns each other *push'd*, by turns *retir'd*:
Till *Conquest* saw at last the *beck* of *Fate*,
And threw in *David's* Scale her *over-weight*.
Nor *Abner's* self his *tott'ring Host* cou'd stay,
Himself he's in the *Torrent* born away:
Yet *oft* he *stands*, for he *disdains* to *yield*,
And *heads* the scatter'd *Reliques* of the *Field*:
Thus, *press'd* with *Odds*, the *Lion* sow'rly flies,
And *glares* on his rash *Foes* with *Blood-shot Eyes*;
If any reach his *Paws*, the bold *Invader* dies.
Thus *forward Asahel* far'd, who *swift* as *Wind*,
Pursu'd and press'd the *Hero* close behind:
Unarm'd the *panting Warrior* ran, and *light*,
As hasting to a *Conquest*, not a *Fight*:
Ah, *heedless Boy*! the *gen'rous Abner* cry'd,
Turn from thy hast'ning *Fate*--- yet turn aside!
If thou thy *unflesh'd Valour* long to try,
Single a less *unequal* Enemy!
Closer he *plies*, and soon he hopes to share
The *Gen'ral's Spoils*, the noblest *Prize* of *War*:
Agen the *Hero* warns, --he *presses* on;
" 'Tis in the *Fates*, thy *Fate* thou canst not shun,

Great

Great *Abner* ſighing ſaid-- that 'tis not *Fear*
Which *warns* thee thus, learn from my *faithful Spear!*
Then *ſtruck* -- to *Life's chief Seat* the way it found,
And *Blood* and *Soul* ruſh mingled thro' the *Wound*.
So falls the lovely *Lily*, Natures *Pride*,
When ruthleſs *Shares* its *Stem*, and beauteous *Head* divide.
The furious *Victors*, who *purſu'd* before,
Now *ſtand*, to ſee him *weltring* in his *Gore*;
While *Abner rallys* after his *Defeat*,
And mournful *Joab* ſounds a *late Retreat*:
All *Night* he march'd, the *Hoſt* to *Hebron* come,
And bear his *Brother's Corps* with *joyleſs Triumphs* home.

CXLIV.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. III.

The Death of Abner.

UNhappy that *weak Prince*, who *fear'd* by none,
But *dimly* ſhines on a *precarious Throne*:
Of *Foes* alike, and *pow'rful Friends* afraid,
Aw'd by thoſe *Idols* which himſelf has made:
A Truth by *Iſhboſheth* perceiv'd too *late*,
Whether it were his *Folly* or his *Fate*;

When *Abner* with *ambitious Paſſion* fir'd,
To beautious *Rizpah*'s Love and Bed aſpir'd;
Him, in her Heart a *Monarch*'s Place ſhe gave,
For hardly can the *Fair* deny the *Brave*:
This *Iſhboſheth* with *feeble Paſſion* heard,
Half-frown'd, and was as *angry* as he *dar'd*;
He thinks his *Father's Aſhes* were *profan'd*,
And ſoftly *Abner chid*, who his Reproof *diſdain'd*:
'Tis thus, ſaid he, *ungrateful* Princes ſlight
Thoſe *Services* they never can *requite*:
Did I both God's and *Judah*'s *Choice* diſown,
And fix thee on thy *Father*'s tott'ring *Throne*;
And am I for that *deſpicable thing*,
A *Woman*, faulted, by a *feeble King*?
--No-- 'tis too much: So *God and more* to me,
If I *confirm* not righteous Heav'ns *Decree*:
The *Son* of *Jeſſe*'s Title I'll maintain,
Who now from *Dan* ſhall to *Beerſheba* reign.

His *Threats* the *crouching Monarch* tamely hears,
Mute as the *Dead*, and ill conceals his *Fears*:
Not ſo th' affronted *Chief*, who ſoon is grown
For *David*'s *Cauſe* a Patron, and his *own*;
The Heads of *Tribes ſolicits* and prevails,
His *Weight* with eaſe inclines the *dubious Scales*:
None e're like *David* had their *Battels* fought,
He *talk'd* of *God*, but ſtill of *Rizpah thought*:

At length when all was *ripe*, to *Hebron* goes,
And did to *David* his *Deſign* diſcloſe:
The *League* is made, he *treated* and *careſs'd*,
And then *diſmiſs'd* with Thanks his *Princely Gueſt*:
Nor *Joab* this, who new from *Fight* return'd,
His ſlaughter'd *Brother's* Fate he long had mourn'd,
And ſtill with deep *Revenge* he inly burn'd:
For *Abner* on his way advanc'd, he *ſends*,
They meet, *embrace*, and who were *greater Friends*?
Then *ſtabs* him to the *Heart*, and as he *fell*
This, *this*, he cries, for murder'd *Aſahel*!
Thus *Treachery* did *Treachery* purſue,
And thus a *Murderer* a haughty *Traitor* ſlew.

CXLV.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. IV, V.

Iſhboſheth *ſlain.* David *crown'd.* *The* Jebuſites *conquer'd, and the* Philiſtines.

'THo' *Iſhboſheth* was *mov'd* when *Abner* ſlain,
To dear *Indiff'rence* he ſubſides again,
Is *all himſelf*, and *ſaunters* out his *Reign*:
With *Sloth*, the *meaneſt* Vice in *Kings*, oppreſs'd,
No *Cares* of *Empire* e're diſturb'd his *Reſt*:

The Day ran waſte, for *him* too ſoon it roſe,
He till *High-noon* indulg'd his lov'd *Repoſe*;
Till by falſe *Traitors* of his Life bereft,
Aſleep they *found* him, and *aſleep* they *left*;
Then *conſcious* of their *Guilt*, to *Hebron* fled,
And caſt at *David*'s Feet his *Rival*'s Head.
A vaſt *Reward* they hope for ſuch a *Prize*;
He, from the *ruthful Object* turns his *Eyes*;
The *Treaſon* and the *Traitors* both he *hates*,
And from his *Guards* they meet their righteous *Fates*.

And now, tho' late, the *Tribes* to *Hebron* came,
And *David King of all the Land* proclaim:
The *ſacred Contract* firmly ſworn, that none
Shou'd fail of *equal Juſtice* from the Throne:
Strong *Jebus* only ſtill his *Pow'r* defies,
On *Canaan*'s ancient *Idols* much relies,
More on its *lofty Tow'rs* that threat the Skies:
Nor this cou'd the *Jeſſean* Virtue bear,
But muſters all the *Tribes*, and heads the War:
The *Town* ſurrender'd ſoon, the *Citadel*,
Proud of its *Site*, do's their *Aſſaults* repel,
Who-e're their *Idols* cou'd, and *them* deſtroy,
For Life he ſhall the *Gen'ral*'s place enjoy:
This heard *Zeruiah*'s *Son*, and *ſhoots* away,
Nor *Rocks*, nor *Darts*, nor *Men* his Courſe cou'
ſtay:

Th

The *Battlements* he gains, and leaping down,
Shouts to his Friends without--- *The Fort's our own*;
Their ill-defended *Gates* are open thrown,
Enters the *Hebrew*-Army like a *Flood*,
While Heav'n is fill'd with *Shrieks*, and Earth with *Blood*.

Unwarn'd, their Fates *Philiſtine* Armies know,
And in ill Hour they tempt their *ancient Foe*.
The *Giant's Vale* their num'rous *Squadrons* ſpred,
And to the War their *Guardian Idols* led;
While *David* to the *ſacred Ephod* goes,
And waits for *Orders* to attack his Foes:
Theſe ſoon receiv'd, and of *Succeſs* ſecure,
Which Heav'n did to his *righteous Arms* aſſure,
With ſpeedy *Marches* at their Camp arrives,
And all before him unreſiſted *drives*:
That *David* ſtill his *Myriads ſlew* they find;
Some fled, but left their *captive Gods* behind;
Which with loud *Shouts* the *Victor-Hoſt* deſtroy;
Now *firſt* the *Wood* to ſome *good uſe* imploy,
They make their helpleſs *Trunks*, ſupply their *Fire of Joy*.

CXLVI.

2 Samuel, Chap. VI. and 1 Chron. Chap. XV.

David *prepares to bring the Ark to* Sion. Uzzah *ſmitten.* Obed-Edom *bleſs'd.* *The Ark carry'd by the* Levites. Michal's *Barrenneſs.*

REver'd and lov'd at *home*, *abroad* renoun'd,
Cover'd with *Laurels*, and with *Conquest* crown'd,
Jeſſides ſat, while to his *working Thought*,
Or *Fate*, or *Choice*, the *dear Remembrance* brought
Of God's bleſs'd *Ark*, which long, a *Pilgrim* grown,
Had ſojourn'd in a *Dwelling* not his own:
His *Heart* no *Eaſe*, no *Reſt* his *Eye-lids* found,
Till for its *Seat* he mark'd the *deſtin'd Ground*;
Fair *Sion's Holy Hill* the bleſs'd *abode*,
And peaceful *Manſion* for the *Ark of God*:
The *Flow'r* of all the *Tribes* conven'd attend,
Three *Myriads* they their Courſe to *Gibeah* bend;
And from thy Houſe, *Aminadab!* they bear
The *ſacred Pledge* with *inauſpicious Care*:
Two Sons, their aged Father's *Hopes* and *Pride*,
The *Carriage*, and the *bellowing Oxen* guide;
On *Lutes* and *Harps* the long *Proceſſion* play,
And *David* led the *Quire*, and led the way:
But ſoon their *Pomp* to ſilent *Sorrow* turn'd,
And *David griev'd*, and all th' Aſſembly *mourn'd*:

The weari'd Oxen *ſtumbled* in the Road,
At *Nachon*'s Floor, and ſhook their *precious Load:*
Bold *Uzzah* ſaw, nor longer cou'd refrain,
But *touch'd* the *ſacred Ark* with Hands *profane:*
Nor this th' *offended Pow'r*, whoſe *Laws* he broke,
His *Raſhneſs* puniſh'd with a *mortal* Stroke;
He drop'd to *Earth* and with a *Groan* expir'd,
The *trembling Monarch* from the Place retir'd;
Which *Uzzah*'s *Name* to diſtant Ages bore;
The *trembling Monarch* dares attempt no more;
The *dreadful Ark* upon the Road he leaves,
Which *Obed-Edom*'s Houſe with *Joy* receives:
Three wexing Moons it with the *Gittite* ſtaid,
Whoſe *hoſpitable Kindneſs* not unpaid;
With all his *Houſhold* bleſs'd; when *David* heard
Reſuming *Courage*, he agen prepar'd
With Joy to bring it thence, but *warn'd* before
The *Levites* now the *ſacred Symbols* bore:
Aſaph and *Ethan* with ſweet *Heman* joyn,
To praiſe the *Goodneſs* and the *Pow'r* divine;
And ſtrongly *theſe* the *vocal Braſs* inſpire,
Theſe joyn their *Voices* to the tuneful *Lyre*,
The Monarch guides the *Dance* and guides the *Quire*,
With all his *active Strength* he play'd and ſung,
While *Sion*'s Walls with *Hallelujah*'s rung:
This *Michal* ſaw, *averſe*, with haughty Eyes,
And in her Heart his *meaneſs* did *deſpiſe*;
Nor wanted words *ſarcaſtic* and *profane*,
Which not *forgot*, nor *unreveng'd* remain;
Accurs'd with *Barrenneſs*, ſhe ne're cou'd claim,
Till Death had clos'd her Eyes, a *Mother*'s joyful Name.

CXLVII.

2 Samuel, Chap. VIII. IX. X.

David *conquers* Moab, Zobah *and* Damascus; *shews Kindness to* Mephibosheth; *sends to condole with* Hanun *on his Father's Death: His Ambassadors abus'd*, &c.

Moab, and *Zobah*, and thy happy *Field*,
Fair *Darmesek!* to conquering *David* yield
Vast Sums his crowded *Treasuries* amass,
Of Gold and Silver, and of *precious Brass*:
For *Presents* these, and these for *Spoils* they bring,
From *Hamath* some, and some from *Zobah*'s King
To God who had his *Arms* with *Conquest* crown'd
He gave the *Prey*, and deck'd his *Altars* round;
The rest within the *Treasury* they place,
Which must the *future Temple* build and grace:
Nor cou'd the Hero hope his *Gifts* alone,
And *pompous Piety* cou'd Heav'n attone;
An equal share those *human Virtues* claim,
Justice, and *Gratitude*, and *Friendship's* sacred Name
Tho' on the Throne sublime, he cou'd not yet
His *other-self*, his *Jonathan* forget:
The *Faults* of *Fortune* he resolv'd to mend,
And for *Mephibosheth* to *Court* did send,
To pay a *Debt* due from his *Father's Friend*:
He his *Paternal Fields* agen restor'd,
And plac'd him daily at his *regal Board*.

Nor cou'd ſo *gen'rous* and ſo *great* a *Mind*,
In his own *Court* or *Kingdom* reſt confin'd:
Ev'n *Ammon*'s *diſtant Fields* it reach'd, and ſent
To *Hanun* a *condoling Compliment*;
Whoſe *Father* once receiv'd with *Royal State*
That *exil'd Chief*, but now had *paid his Debt to Fate*:
The jealous Lords their *eaſie Prince* perſuade,
'Twas all *Deſign*, and he'd his Land *invade*:
Againſt the *Faith* and *Law* of *Nations* us'd
His *Embaſſie*, affronted and abus'd;
The Men to *Jericho* with *Shame* return'd,
Nor *David* this, who with juſt *Anger* burn'd;
Joab and all his Hoſt *Revenge* prepare,
Nor conſcious *Ammon* ſlow to *meet the War*:
Of *Zobah*, *Rehob*, *Iſrael*'s ancient Foes,
Their ſtrong *auxiliary* Troops compoſe;
Themſelves diſtinct, their *truſty Walls* were nigh,
If *worſted* in the *Fight*, and forc'd to *fly*;
The *Cherethites* undaunted *Joab* led,
Who never yet in *Battel* ſhrunk or fled,
The reſt did brave *Abiſhai*'s *Virtue* head:
When *Joab* thus--- If *Syrian Arms* prevail,
And *puſh* the *Guards*, tho' *never us'd to fail*,
You from *your Wing* ſhall ſpeedy *Succours* ſend,
As I to *yours*, if you to *Ammon bend*:
We for our *Hearths* and *Holy Altars* fight,
And *Piety* and *Nature* here unite:
Like Men let's *Conquer*, or like Men let's *die*,
And leave the *Event* to him who rules the *Sky*.
Fir'd with his *Words* his *Army* breaks away,
Nor for the *Trumpets* tardy *Signal* ſtay:
The *Syrians* to *ſuperior Virtue* yield,
Diſhearten'd *Ammon* ſees, and quits with ſhame the *Field*.

CXLVIII.

CXLVIII.

David and *Bathsheba.*

HOW *vain a Thing* is Man! the *Great* and *Brave*,
How often some *inferior Passions slave!*
Too *bad* the *best*, by *native Bent* inclin'd:
---O why was *Pow'r* bestow'd on *human kind*,
A *harmful Pow'r* to make themselves *unblest?*
---But vainly we with righteous *Heav'n* contest;
Man were not *Man* unless indulg'd *Free-will*,
And *uncontroll'd* in *Choice* of *Good* or *Ill.*
The *Mind* can no exteriour *Force* control,
When *Beauty* thro' the *Body* wounds the *Soul:*
Had *David* clos'd his *Eyes*, the fatal *Dart*
From *Bathsheba* had never reach'd his *Heart;*
Vain of her *Form*, tho' she th' *occasion* gave,
And *proud* to have a *Monarch* call'd her *Slave.*
That *Virtue* which so many *Storms* cou'd bear,
Relax'd with *Ease*, grew *sick* in *milder Air;*
Loose from his *Couch* with the *declining Sun*,
He rose, and *came*, and *saw*, and was *undone:*
Her *Bosom* the polluted *crystal* laves,
How wild a *Flame* shot upward from the *Waves?*
Th' *unguarded King* beheld, *review'd*, admir'd,
Th' *unknown* forbidden *Beauty* he desir'd,
He *blush'd* and trembled, and her *Name* enquir'd,
Which his *officious Courtiers* soon declare,
Her *Lord* detain'd in *Ammon's dubious War:*
Seduc'd with ease the *willing Prey* they bring,
His *Blot*, his *Shame*, his *Curse* to *Judah's* King:
In vain awhile their *lawless Loves* conceal'd,
First by th' *Effects*, and then the *Punishment* re-
veal'd,

CXLVIII.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XI. to Ver. 5.

Ver. 2. *It came to pass in an evening-tide, that* David *arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself, and the woman was very beautiful to look upon.*

3. *And* David *sent and enquired after the woman: and one said, Is not this* Bathsheba *the daughter of* Eliam, *the wife of* Uriah *the* Hittite?

4. *And* David *sent messengers, and took her; and she came unto him, and he lay with her.*

CXLIX.

CXLIX.

The Death of Uriah.

HOW *ſhort* the vain *Delight* that Sin procures!
How *long* the *Sting*, and *Shame*, and *Pain* endures!
From *Ill* to *Ill* our wand'ring *Nature* ſlides,
When *Piety*, no more, and *Virtue* guides:
To cloak *Adultery Murther* muſt ſucceed,
And by baſe *Treaſon* brave *Uriah* bleed;
Tho' *milder Methods* firſt the *Monarch* tries,
And wou'd in vain their *Guilt* and *Shame* Diſguiſe:
Bathſhebah! for thy *injur'd Lord* he ſends,
Who with *Diſpatches* from the *Camp* attends;
But with the *Pelethites* the *Guard* he kept,
Nor in his *violated Manſion* ſlept:
He ſcorn'd of *Eaſe* and ſoft *Repoſe* to taſte,
While in the *Fields* their *Nights* the *Army* paſs'd:
Tho' twice the *conſcious Monarch* vainly tries
To hide their *Shame*; the *golden Goblet* plies:
Well-warm'd the *Warrior* from his Preſence ſends,
And much of *Kindneſs* and of *Love* pretends:
The *Chief* perſiſts; how dear his *Firmneſs* coſt!
His Life by *Murther* and by *Treaſon* loſt:
He to the *Camp* the fatal *Letters* bears,
Which to the *General David's* Will declares:

Too

CXLIX.

2 Samuel, Chap. XI. from Ver. 14. to the End.

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Ver. 14. ---David *wrote a letter to* Joab, *and ſent it by the hand of* Uriah.

15. *And he wrote in the letter, ſaying,* Set ye Uriah *in the fore-front of the hotteſt battel, and retire ye from him, that he may be ſmitten, and die.*

16. *And it came to paſs when* Joab *obſerved the city, that he aſſigned* Uriah *unto a place where he knew that valiant men were.*

17. *And the men of the city went out and fought with* Joab: *and there fell ſome of the people of the ſervants of* David, *and* Uriah *the* Hittite *died alſo.*

Too

Too ſoon *Zerviah*'s Son his *Prince* obeys,
With *Ammon*'s *Sword* the brave *Uriah* ſlays.
The *News* is brought, which *Ammiel*'s Daughter hears,
And pays awhile a Widow's *decent Tears*:
With *eaſie Grief* ſhe *mourns* her *Husband* dead,
But ſoon *reſumes* her *Robes*, and ſhares the *Monarch*'s *Bed*.

CL.

Nathan *ſent to* David: *His Parable*, &c.

NOR this the *righteous Pow'r* enthron'd on high,
Above the ſpacious *Circle* of the *Sky*;
Who *weighs* in equal *Scales*, our *Crimes* and *Fates*,
And *Sin*, where e're he ſees, *abhors* and *hates*:
The rev'rend *Nathan* he to *David* ſent,
Who thus his *Wrath* diſcloſ'd, and warn'd him to *Repent*.

Two *Neighbours* in *one City* did reſide;
With all the *ſteeds* of *Life* was *one* ſupply'd,
Nor wanted Food for *Luxury* and *Pride*:
Of *Herds* and *Flocks* ſo num'rous was his Store,
Baſhan and *Carmel* hardly *paſtur'd* more;
Unlike the other, *indigent* and *poor*,

Hi

CL.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XII. from Ver. 1. to the End.

303

Ver. 11. Nathan *ſaid unto* David, *Thus ſaith the Lord, Behold, I will raiſe up evil againſt thee out of thine own houſe, and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbour, and he ſhall lie with thy wives in the ſight of this ſun.*

12. *For thou didſt it ſecretly: but I will do this thing before all* Iſrael, *and before the ſun.*

13. *And* David *ſaid unto* Nathan, *I have ſinned againſt the Lord. And* Nathan *ſaid unto* David, *The Lord alſo hath put away thy ſin; thou ſhalt not die*, &c.

His

His Stock in *helpleſs Children* only large,
How *unproportion'd* his *Eſtate* and *Charge*?
Yet *frugal*, he, and careful of the *main*,
One Lamb procur'd, in hopes at length to gain
Both *Milk* and *Wool* his Houſhold to ſuſtain:
With much of *Pains* 'twas nurs'd, and much of *Care*;
His *Meat* and *Drink* the *Favourite* muſt ſhare;
His *Daughter's Rival*; thus careſs'd by Day,
By *Night* within his careful *Arms* it lay:
As chanc'd one Ev'n a *Stranger* paſs'd his *Door*,
Nor call'd (for *few make Viſits to the Poor*;)
But to his *wealthy Neighbour* did repair,
In hopes of *ſplendid Entertainment* there:
The *niggard Churl* his *Flocks* and *Herds* to ſpare
Seiz'd his *poor Neighbour's Lamb*, and *kill'd*, and dreſt,
And thus at others Coſt he *treats* his *Gueſt*:
When *David*, thus with *Fury* in his *Eyes*,
Fourfold th' unpitying Wretch reſtores or *dies*:
With *alter'd Voice* agen the *Seer* began,
And thunder'd in his Ears--- *THOU ART THE MAN!*
Thus ſaith the Lord, 'Twas I thy *Life* did ſave,
And thee thy Maſter's *Wives* and *Kingdom* gave;
Why didſt thou then my *Laws* and me *deſpiſe*?
Behold, where poor *Uriah* murther'd lies,
By *Ammon's Sword* and *thine*, whoſe Blood for *Vengeance* cries;

is *Spoils*, as of thy *Foe* in *Battel* ſlain,
is beauteous *Wife* thou to thy ſelf haſt ta'ne:
ot unreveng'd, for *Plagues* on *Plagues* ſhall riſe
rom thine *own Houſe*; thy *Wives* before thy *Eyes*,
efore this *Sun*, be by thy *Neighbour* known,
nd ſpread thy wide *Diſhonour*, and their *own*:
his ſhalt thou for thy foul *Tranſgreſſion* bear,
hus others warn, and thus *affronted Heav'n* repair.

CLI.

Amnon's *Rape of* Tamar. *He is ſlain by* Abſalom.

NOR was the *promis'd Vengeance* long delaid,
Th' *Arrears* of brave *Uriah's Ghoſt* unpaid:
ee where it comes like a *reſiſtleſs Flood*,
nd *Luſt* is plagu'd with *Luſt*, and *Blood* with *Blood*:
air *Tamar* kindles *Amnon's looſe Deſire*,
Who *forc'd* the *Royal Maid*, and quench'd his *lawleſs Fire*:
Poſſeſs'd of all he *wiſh'd*, he *hates* her more,
(The *Sexes wont*) than he *admir'd* before:
Nor this cou'd *Abſalom's great Heart* digeſt,
Tho' long he kept it *boyling* in his *Breaſt*:

Now *twice* the *Sun* had reach'd his *annual Goal*,
And view'd *new Stars* beneath each *diſtant Pole*:
Then in the *Lion* all his force diſplays,
And ſhoots *direct* on Earth his *burning Rays*:
The *fleecy Train* their *weight* con'd hardly *bear*,
And *long* to pay their Maſter's *yearly Care*:
They and their *bleating Lambs* in Folds *compell'd*,
When *Abſalon* a *Feaſt* in *Hazor* held,
The *King* and *Court* invites; in vain he *preſs'd*,
His Father him *deny'd*, but kindly *bleſs'd*:
With more Succeſs he his *Deſire renews*,
When he for *Amnon* and his *Brethren* ſues:
Chearful they go, on *Regal Fare* they dine,
And crown the *plenteous Feaſt* with *noble Wine*.
Their Hoſt the *Signal* gave for *Amnon*'s Death,
His Servants in his *Breaſt* their *Poniards ſheath*:
Life guſhes out at many a *grieſly Wound*,
And mingled *Blood* and *Wine* diſtains the *Ground*:
The *Boards* are over turn'd, the *Gueſts* are gone,
Look back, and think their *Brother's Face* their *own*:
But *Fame* which always mingles *Truth* with *Lies*,
And ſtretch'd on *ſaily Wings* ſtill gathers as it flies,
Prevents their *Speed*, more *ſwift* than *Fear* it fled,
And told th' aſtonish'd King, that *all his Sons were dead*:
Swift to his *Heart* the frighted *Blood* repair'd,
And made a *ſtand* the *Fort* of *Life* to guard:

All *deadly pale* he from his *Throne* deſcends,
Stretch'd on *cold Earth* his *Royal Robes* he rends;
The ſame around his ſilent mournful *Friends*:
Wiſe *Jonadab* alone applies *Relief*,
Alone durſt *ſtem* the *Tide* of Royal Grief:
That *Amnon* only was for *Tamar* ſlain,
He *wou'd perſuade*, but *wou'd perſuade* in vain;
Till now the *Royal Company* appears,
At once *confirms*, at once *confutes* their Fears,
And with their mournful Father's mix their *Tears*;
While *Abſalon* to *Syrian Geſhur* fled,
And till his *Fate* was ripe, from *Juſtice* ſav'd his *Head*.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XIII.

Ver. 10. ——Tamar *took the cakes which ſhe had made, and brought them into the chamber to* Amnon *her brother.*

11. *And when ſhe had brought them unto him to eat, he took hold of her, and ſaid unto her, Come lie with me, my ſiſter.*

12. *And ſhe anſwer'd him, Nay, my brother, do not force me: for no ſuch thing ought to be done in* Iſrael; *do not thou this folly.*

14. *Howbeit, he would not hearken unto her voice: but being ſtronger than ſhe, forced her, and lay with her,* &c.

CLII.

Absalon's Return: He steals the Hearts of the People.

EV'n *earthly Gods* when seated on the *Throne*,
Compell'd their frail *Mortality* must own;
Their *Counsels* oft they *change*; as oft by those
Abus'd, on whom they *shine*, and *Faith* repose:
This *David* was by *dear Experience* taught,
When *Absalon* he from *long Exile* brought:
Yet who cou'd *fondness* blame for such a Son,
So *lov'd*, so *prais'd*, so *fair* as *Absalon*?
A *manly Beauty* he, without a *Mole*,
(Ah, had he but enjoy'd as *fair* a *Soul!*)
Nor cou'd the *Raven's* glossy *Plumes* compare,
When *jetting* in the *Sun*, with his long *weight* of *Hair*:
To this the *Tempter's* self had scarce a *Tongue*
More softly *fil'd* than *his*, more *smoothly hung*;
Form'd to *deceive*; the *Art* of *Courts* he knew,
But more himself from *bounteous Nature* drew:
Chariots and *Horse*, and *regal Pomp* assumes,
And *glitters* in his slighted Father's *Plumes*;
Nor needs he *those*, a *Living Tide* came round,
Where e're he walk'd, and bore him from the *Ground*;

How

CLII.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XIV. from Verse 25, 26. Chap. XV. to Ver. 6.

Chap. XV. Ver. 2. Absalom *stood beside the way of the gate: and it was so, that when any man that had a controversie came to the king for judgment, then* Absalom *called unto him, and said, Of what city art thou? And he said, Thy servant is of one of the tribes of* Israel.

3. *And* Absalom *said unto him, See, thy matters are good and right, but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee.*

4. Absalom *said moreover, Oh that I were made judge in the land, and that every man which hath any suit or cause, might come unto me, &c.*

How lowly to the gazing *Rout* he bow'd,
For none can *ſeem* ſo *humble* as the *Proud?*
Early he roſe, ſo ill *Ambition* ſlept,
And in the *Gate* perpetual *Guard* he kept:
When any of the *Tribes* for *Juſtice* came
He ſounds his *Buſineſs*, his Abode, and Name,
And *Court-Delays* does *well-diſſembling* blame:
My Father to his *Harp* delights to ſing
The *Temple-Hymns*, too *pious* for a *King*:
The while the *Buſineſs* of the *State* forgot,
And *Law* alike, and *JUSTICE ſold* and *bought*.
Ah, had I, tho' *unworthy* ſuch a *Grace*,
On his *Tribunal*, but the *meaneſt Place*;
None juſtly ſhou'd with my *award* be griev'd,
None ſhou'd depart my *Preſence unreliev'd*.
When to the Royal Youth *Obeiſance* made,
Too much, my *Friend*, 'tis far too much he ſaid,
You muſt not thus to me yourſelf *debaſe*,
Then *ſtooping*, rears 'em with a *kind Embrace*,
Thus *ſteals* their *Hearts*; the King almoſt *alone*,
Robb'd of his Subjects, ſate on his *deſerted* Throne

CLIII.

Abſalon's *Conſpiracy.* David's *Flight from* Jeruſalem. Huſhai's *Loyalty*, &c.

THE *Seeds of Treaſon* now grew *ripe* for *Birth*,
And raiſe their *baleful Heads* from *teeming Earth*;
Of *War* and *Bloodſhed* bode a *plenteous Crop*,
And hov'ring *Fiends* their bleeding *Quarry* hope:
Too long th' *Unnatural* thinks he *waits* in vain,
While his *hard Father* ſtill protracts his Reign:
The ſmall *Remains* of *Piety* he breaks,
And thus the *Hypocrite* his injur'd *Sire* beſpeaks:

With *Grief* and *Shame*, Great Sir! I call to mind,
The *Faults* of *Youth*, which none but one ſo *kind*,
Cou'd e'er have *pardon'd*---- Then, when in *diſgrace*,
Deny'd the *Bliſs* to ſee a *Father's Face*;
Wandring in *foreign Fields*, a *Vow* I made,
Which, ah! too long has now remain'd *unpaid*;
That if my *Father's God* wou'd me reſtore
To his lov'd *Houſe*, I *there* wou'd him *adore*,
And with an *hundred Victims* die the ſacred *Floor*;

Yet since I've learnt, *Obedience* far out-vies
The richest *Gifts* and noblest *Sacrifice*,
My *Guilt*, and Heav'ns just *Wrath* I'll rather bear,
Than to my native *Hebron's* Walls repair;
Till your *Commands* and *Blessing* I obtain:
Scarce cou'd the King from *Tears* of *Joy* refrain,
With kind *paternal* Love *embrac'd* and *kiss'd*,
And then the *Traitor* from his *Arms* dismiss'd:
To Royal *Hebron* he his *Progress* bends,
To all the *Tribes* his trusty *Spies* he sends.
When *thence* they heard from far the *Trumpets* sound,
The *Signal* 'twas that *Absalom* was *crown'd*,
And all must spread the *joyful News* around:
But none cou'd serve his *dark Designs* so well,
As thy *Serpentine Head*, Achitophel!
Th' *Oraculous Traitor* came, as Satan wise,
For darling *Mischief* left his *Sacrifice*:
From ev'ry Tribe *unnumber'd Thousands* run,
And *Hebron* crowd t' adore the *rising Sun*:
Suprizing Tidings they to *David* bring,
That *all was lost*, and *Absalom was King*.

Salem he leaves, his faithful *Guards* attend,
Moiſten'd with *Tears* they *Olivet* aſcend;
By Loyal *Huſhai* met, his Princes *ancient Friend*;
Conſtrain'd he ſtays, and him behind they leave,
With *honeſt Fraud* the *Traitor* to deceive;
Who now from *Hebron*-Hills came crowding down,
And enter with loud *Shouts* th' unguarded *ſacred Town*.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XV. from Ver. 7. to the End.

Ver. 10. Abſalom *ſent ſpies throughout all the tribes of* Iſrael, *ſaying, As ſoon as ye hear the ſound of the trumpet, then ye ſhall ſay,* Abſalom *reigneth in* Hebron.

11. *And with* Abſalom *went two hundred men out of* Jeruſalem, *that were called, and they went in their ſimplicity, and they knew not any thing.*

13. *And there came a meſſenger to* David, *ſaying, The hearts of the men of* Iſrael *are after* Abſalom.

14. *And* David *ſaid unto all his ſervants that were with him at* Jeruſalem, *Ariſe, and let us flee; for we ſhall not elſe eſcape from* Abſalom: *make ſpeed to depart, leſt he overtake us ſuddenly, and bring evil upon us, and ſmite the city with the edge of the ſword,* &c.

CLIV.

Ziba's *Fraud.* Shimei *curſes* David. Achithophel's *Counſel overthrown by* Huſhai, *on which he hangs himſelf.*

FAlſe *Ziba's Drove* the *Royal Exile* meet,
He *lights* and throws himſelf at *David's Feet*;
A *Grant* by *fraudulent Suggeſtions* gains,
And from the *Crown* his *Maſter's Lands* obtains;
Some *ſmall Refreſhments* to his *Army* brings,
Nor Ziba *was the laſt that cheated Kings.*

Yet *harder Treatment* did the *Hero* find,
From black-mouth'd *Shimei's* canker'd *Tongue* and *Mind*:
A *Wretch* he was of *Saul's abandon'd Race*,
The *Soul of Spite and Envy* in his *Face*:
See where the *Felon* in the *Paſſage* ſtands,
His *Mouth* with *Curſes* fill'd, with *Stones* his *Hands*:
Avaunt thou *Fiend*, thou *Murtherer*, he cry'd!
Thy guilty *Hands* thy *Maſter's Blood* has dy'd;
By *Treaſon* didſt thou ſeize his vacant *Throne*,
The *Fate* he met is juſtly now thine *own*;
Silent th' afflicted Prince--- *Abiſhai* turn'd,
Sparkled his *Eyes*, his *Breaſt* with *anger* burn'd:

And

CLIV.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XVI. XVII. to Ver. 23.

315

Chap. XVI. Ver. 5. *When king* David *came to* Bahurim, *behold, thence came out a man of the family of the house of* Saul, *whose name was* Shimei, *the son of* Gera: *he came forth, and cursed still as he came.*

6. *And he cast stones at* David, *and at all the servants of king* David: *and all the people, and all the mighty men were on his right hand and on his left.*

7. *And thus said* Shimei *when he cursed, Come out, come out, thou bloody man of* Belial.

And

And shall this *snarling Wretch*, my Lord! he said,
Blaspheme the King! --*Speak* but his *Doom*, he's *dead*,
I'll in a Moment fetch the *Traitor's Head*.

The *Royal Meekness* thus--- Let him Curse on!
Since Heav'n *permits*, and *orders* all--- my *Son*,
Part of my *self*, my *Soul*, my *Absalon*
Into his envy'd Father's *Tears enquires*,
My *Crown* already seiz'd, my *Life* desires:
Loyal to *him* this *Benjamite*, and mild,
Nor *uncommission'd* has he me *revil'd*;
My *Virtues Tryal*, which if *firm* it prove,
May Heav'n, perhaps, at length to *Pity* move.

Thus *calmly bright* the *Hebrew* Monarch shew'd,
When *wading* thro' Afflictions gloomy *Cloud*;
While *Absalom* a *short-liv'd Meteor* glares,
And hides his tow'ring *Head* among the *Stars*:
War, *Plagues*, and *Death* his *sanguine Streams* portend,
From *fetid Earth* exhal'd, on *Earth* must end:
He mounts at once his Father's *Bed* and *Throne*,
His rich *Seraglio* seiz'd, and made his own;
Thus did th' *abhorr'd Achithophel* advise;
Nor cou'd *imperfect Mischief* him *suffice*,
The King himself his *Counsel* to *surprize*;

He

He ſues the wiſh'd *Employment* might be *his*,
The *Traitor* fears he ſhou'd the *Murther* miſs:
But *faithful Huſhai* call'd to this *debate*,
More pleas'd the *hot-brain'd Charioteer* of *State*:
The *Loyal Traitor* found his *weaker ſide*,
Did to his Ruin *honeſtly miſguide*,
Provok'd his youthful *Fire* and ſooth'd his *Pride*:
A *King* ſhou'd at his *Armies head* appear,
Revive his *Friends* and ſtrike his *Foes* with Fear:
Let him but *ſtamp* and ſhow his *Royal Will*,
All *Iſrael* ſoon he might with *Armies fill*:
From *Dan* they wou'd to old *Beerſheba* riſe,
As Clouds of *ſwarming Inſects dusk* the *Skies*;
Thro' all the *Tribes* th' affrighted King *purſue*
And *ſwallow*, as the *Sun* the *morning Dew*:
The *Motion* pleas'd, to *Huſhai* all incline,
For 'twas of God to *blaſt* their curs'd *Deſign*:
This ſaw *Achitophel*, and ſwoln with *Pride*,
Around his *Neck* th' *unhappy Nooſe* he ty'd,
Suborn'd his ſpeedy Fate, and *like a Traitor* di'd.

CLV.

David *met by* Barzillai *at* Mahanaim. *The Battel between his Servants and* Absalon. Absalon *slain by* Joab.

WHat lately pass'd in Council, *Hushai* sends
To *David's* Camp, by two *confiding Friends*:
To *Mahanaim*, late a *Kingly Seat*,
O're *Jordan's Floods* they make a *swift Retreat*;
By old *Barzillai* met---
With *Grief* at once, and *welcom* in his Eyes,
Whose *hoary Locks* their *Wants* supplies;
His *Wealth* and *corresponding Heart* so large
To *treat a King*, not sink beneath the Charge.
When *Tidings* came that with a *num'rous Host*,
The *Rebels* had the *Streams* of *Jordan* cross'd;
And like its *spreading Torrent* swoln with *Rain*,
With a *broad Front* came *sweeping* o're the *Plain*.
The Monarch hears, tho' long with *Fortune* press'd;
He *rouz'd* the *Royal Virtue* in his *Breast*:
Review'd his *Army* and prepar'd for *Fight*,
Himself resolv'd to try the *Rebel's might*:
Nor this his faithful *Friends*, who thus--- If all
Thy *Servants* shou'd in *heat* of *Battel* fall,
The *Rebels* wou'd *so mean* a *Prey* despise,
Their *Treason* at a *nobler Quarry* flies:

Myriads

CLV.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XVII. from Ver. 24. to the End. Chap. XVIII. to Ver. 18.

Chap. XVIII. Ver. 9. Absalom *rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, and the mule that was under him went away.*

14. *And* Joab *took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of* Absalom, *while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak.*

15. *And ten young men that bare* Joab's *armour, compassed about, and smote* Absalom, *and slew him.*

Myriads

Myriads of ours *the ſacred Life* out-weighs,
Who if within the *Town entrench'd* he *ſtays*,
If *preſs'd* with *Odds* before the *Foe* we *bend*
A *ſtrong Reſerve* to our *Relief* may ſend:
Compell'd he yields— Nor cou'd his *Royal Breaſt*
Tho' *injur'd, all the Father* yet *diveſt*;
O ſpare that *unadverting Youth*, he ſaid,
Whom *ill Advice* to this *raſh Action* led;
Neither by *Malice* wicked, nor *Deſign*,
Who e're attempts *his Life*, muſt aim at *mine*.
Silent the Generals hear his fond *Deſire*,
The *Father* praiſe, but not the *King* admire.

A *Wood* there was in *Ephraim*'s fruitful *Bound*
Horrid with ancient *Oaks* and *Shades* profound,
Of old for *Giants* terribly renown'd;
Tho' future *Times* with more of *Dread* relate,
The *Wonders* of this Day's *deciſive Fate*:
Both Armies meet beneath this *gloomy Glade*,
And *Darts* and *Arrows* make a *double Shade*:
How *rude* the *Shocks*, how obſtinate the *Fight*!
But *Fortune*, once, tho' *blind*, was in the *right*:
The *Cherethites* with *Joab* at their Head,
Like *Lightning* pierc'd the *Ranks*; the heartleſs *Rebels* fled;
Fled *Abſalon* as faſt as *Guilt* and *Fear*,
And his ſwift *Mule* cou'd him from *Battel* bear:

Thoſe *Miſts* fly off which late *obſcur'd* his *Sight*,
When flatt'ring *Fortune* conquer'd *Reaſon's* Light;
And *Nature* now to mind, and *Reaſon* brought
His *injur'd Father*, (how *ſevere* a *Thought!*)
How *kind*, how *good!* *almoſt* he did *Repent*,
But cou'd not now his haſt'ning *Fate* prevent.
Now all too late, his righteous *Doom* is paſt;
—As thro' the *Woods* he flies with luckleſs Haſte,
While the *deceitful Wind* does loofly bear,
The *flowing Honours* of his *fatal Hair*,
An *aged Oak* ſeiz'd and ſecur'd him there:
Swift as a *Shaft* from *Parthian Archer* ſped,
His *Mule* ſhoots on, and thro' the *Covert* fled:
With a *malicious Joy* fierce *Joab* hears,
And *graſping* in his Hand three *pondrous Spears*
Pointed with *Death*, unto the *Place* he flew,
And at the *Royal Youth* the *quiv'ring Weapons* threw;
To his ambitious *Heart* they found the way,
And let out lab'ring *Life*, and introduc'd the *Day*.
When thus the *Chief*—If after this thou *live*,
Let *David thee* forgive, I'll *him* forgive:
An *Heap* of *Stones* they on the *Body* caſt,
His *Marble Column* now by Time defac'd,
His *Infamy* ſhall down to numerous Ages laſt.

CLVI.

David *mourns for* Abſalom. *He return to* Jeruſalem. Shimei *pardon'd.* A maſa *ſlain.* Sheba's *Rebellion and D ſtruction.*

IN *Prime* of *Youth* thus *Tabnai*'s *Nephew* fell,
And thus may *all* who dare like him *rebel!*
With true *paternal Grief* his *Father* bears,
Retires from publick *View*, and melts in *Tears*;
Then thus--- "O *Abſalom!* my Son! my Son!
"My dearer than my *Soul!* my *Abſalom!*
"Why is my *Grief* ſo *weak*, or why ſo *ſtrong!*
"Why muſt I ſtill a *weary Life* prolong!
"With how much *Joy* had I his Place ſupply'd,
"The *Son* had *liv'd* and *reign'd*, the hapleſs *F*
"*ther di'd!*
The *Joys* of *Triumph* thus to *Tears* were turn'd,
The *ſympathizing Land* with *David* mourn'd:
Fierce *Joab* hears, and by his *Service bold*,
The *Truth* too *roughly* for a *Subject* told:
The King his *Grief* repreſs'd, he *dries* his *Tears*,
And in the *Gate* with *chear'd Face* appears:
To *Zadok* and *Abimaaz* he ſends,
Who in the *worſt* of *Times* his faithful Friends,
By theſe and *Amaſa* the *Heart* of *Judah* bends:

CLVI.

2 Samuel Chap. XVIII. XIX. and Chap. XX. to Ver. 22.

Chap. XX. Ver. 10. *Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand: so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again, and he died.*

12. *And he wallowed in blood in the midst of the high-way: and when the man saw that all the people stood still, he removed Amasa out of the high-way into the field, and cast a cloth upon him, when he saw that every one that came by him stood still.*

22. *A woman went unto all the people in her wisdom, and they cut off the head of Sheba the son of Bichri, and cast it out to Joab: and he blew a trumpet,*

&c.

At *Gilgal* their returning *Prince* they *meet*,
Ev'n *Shimei* comes, and *proſtrate* at his Feet;
For *Pardon* ſues, and does his Suit obtain,
By thee, *Zerviah's* Son! *oppos'd* in vain:
Mephiboſheth does *half* his *Lands* regain.
At *Jordan David* old *Barzillai* leaves,
And *Chimham* in his room to *Court* receives:
Thus *grateful Princes* ſmile on *worthy Deeds*,
And to the *Father's Grace* the *Son ſucceeds*:
Yet ſtill the *Relicks* of the *Storm* remain,
And bode a dreadful *Show'r* of *ſanguin Rain*.
While *Iſrael Judah* blames, that they alone
Recall'd the King, and fix'd him on his Throne.
Too ſoon the unlucky *Hint* falſe *Sheba* takes,
A *Trumpet* ſounds, and new *Rebellion* makes:
Amaſa now *commands* in *Joab's* ſtead,
And to purſue the *Rebels Judah* led.
Nor this *Zerviah's* cruel *Offspring* boaſt,
But baſely *ſtabb'd*, as *Abner* long before,
And left the Gen'ral *welt'ring* in his *Gore*:
Then thro' the *Tribes* the Son of *Bichri* chas'd,
Who in ſtrong *Abel's* Walls his *Refuge* plac'd:
The *Royal Forces* ſoon the Town inveſt,
With vaſt *Machines* on ev'ry ſide it preſt.
At length one *Woman's Prudence* ſaves the reſt:
Curs'd *Sheba's Head* did all their Faults attone,
See where it o're the *high Turret* thrown.

Deform'd in Death, and dropping putrid *Gore*,
His *Mouth* can vomit *Treason* now no more:
Joab a *Trumpet* sounds, the *Siege* to raise,
And to *Jerusalem* in Peace the Host conveys.

CLVIII.

David's Last Words.

AND now the not *unwelcom Hour* was come,
When Angels wait their *Brother Psalmist* home:
For his lov'd *Harp* he calls, resolv'd to *die*
As he had *liv'd*, in *Hymns* and *Harmony*:
His ready *Hand* runs o're the *vocal Strings*,
And thus instructive *Truths*, and God's high *Praise* he sings.

"I feel the *sacred Spirit* my *Breast* inspire,
And guide my *Song*, and guide my tuneful *Lyre*:
'Tis God that *speaks*, ye *Gods on Earth* give Ear,
The *Rock* of *Israel*'s awful *Precepts* hear!
You who with *Sovereign Sway* o're Men *preside*,
Let *Piety* your Steps and *Justice* guide!
In *Goodness* like th' *All-High*, as well as *Pow'r*,
Whom for his Grace the *fappliant World* adore:
So shall your *Fame* appear *serenely bright*,
Out-*shine* the rising *Sun*, and morning *Light*;

Sweet as the tender *Grass*, and fragrant *Flow'rs*,
Call'd by the *Sun*, and rais'd by fruitful *Show'rs*.
Tho' otherwise for me just *Heav'n* Ordain,
With *Crimes* my *House*, with *Blood* deform'd my *Reign*,
Yet God's unfailing *Words* my *Hopes* secure,
For *like* himself his *Contracts* wise and sure:
'Tis here I fix, nor ought beyond require,
All my *Salvation* 'tis, and all my Soul's *desire*;
Not to those *Sons of Belial*, who disdain
Jehova's easie *Yoke* and gentle *Reign*;
The *Laws* of *Earth* and *Heav'n* at once withstand,
And wound like *Thorns* th' unwary Toucher's *Hand*.
Armour of Proof, if you approach 'em, *wear*,
Or keep them at the *distance* of a *Spear*;
The *Blood* they shed will Heav'n at length require,
Their *Doom*, the dreadful *Lake* of *never-ending Fire*.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XXIII. from Ver. 1 to Ver. 7.

Ver. 1. *Now these be the last words of* David. David *the son of* Jesse *said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of* Jacob, *and the sweet psalmist of* Israel, *said*,

2. *The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue*, &c.

CLVIII.

David's Worthies.

NOR shall those *Heroes* unrecorded pass,
Well worthy *Marble Piles* and *Leaves of Brass*,
By *David* oft in doubtful *Battel* try'd,
Who ne're for *Fear* or *Danger* left his *side*;
The *Tachmonite*— His *eldest Captain* he,
First of the mighty *Thirty*, and the *Three*;
His *Spear* he rais'd, which never rais'd in *vain*,
His single *Force* whole *Armies* scarce sustain;
Behold almost a *Thousand* round him slain!
Next, and but *next*, Great *Eleazar* stood,
Whose *Sword* so oft had *drunk* Philistine *Blood*;
One of the *Three* with *David* at their Head,
Who when from *Caphthor's* Offspring *Israel* fled,
Stood *firm*, and all their conqu'ring *Host* defi'd,
And *humbled* soon their *mighty Fishes* Pride:
He *rose*, he *smote*, he *foil'd*, he *lash'd*, he *slew*,
And soon the bold *Pursuers* did *pursue*;
Till his *strong Hand* no more his *Sword* could *wield*,
He *mow'd* the bloody *Harvest* of the *Field*.
Thus by his *Arm* the *God of Battles* fought,
And *Great Salvation* for his People wrought.
The *Heavens* with *Shouts*, their *Tents* with *Spoils*
they fill,
'Twas all their *Work*, for *none* were left to *kill*.

Shammah the *Third*, from *Dammim*'s Fields renoun'd,
With *Conquest* and with deathless *Laurels* crown'd:
The fore-skinn'd Host a general Forage made,
Like *Locusts* they the *ripen'd Fields* invade;
Fix'd like a *Land-mark* in the *Path* he stands,
Nor *one* escapes with *Life* that *reach'd* his *Hands*:

These *Three* above the rest in *Strength* and *Fame*
To *David* in *Adullam*'s *Cave* came;
Fierce *Sirius* rag'd, the Dog-star all on *Flame*.
And *Beasts* and Men *refreshing Streams* desire,
To *slake* their *Thirst*, and *quench* the *scorching Fire*,
David himself, the *Heat* and *Pain* oppress'd,
Gasping and *faint* for *Drink* and *Breath* confess'd;
(For *Heaven* too of *Power* and *Will* was made,
And Nature's *Iron Laws* must all obey'd.)
Then thus--- Our *common Blessings* we despise,
And only by their *Absence* learn to *prize*:
O for a *Draught* of *Bethlem*'s *crystal Well*!
But 'tis in vain, and I'll my *Wish* repel!
This heard the *mighty Three*, to none they spoke,
But thro' *Philistia*'s num'rous *Army* broke,
Who lay encamp'd in *Bethlem*'s Avenue,
And fill'd the *Town*--- while *one* the *Water* drew,
His Fellows like a *Wall* before him stood,
And *slaughter'd* all around, and *dy'd* the *Stream*
with *Blood*.

CLVIII.

2 SAMUEL, Chap. XXIII. from Ver. 7.

Ver. 15. David *longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the well of* Bethlehem, *which is by the gate!*

16. *And the three mighty men brake through the host of the* Philistines, *and drew water out of the well of* Bethlehem, *that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to* David: *nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord.*

17. *And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?*

Then

Then from the *Pass* their timerous *Foe* they drive,
As yielding *Clouds* which *Bolts* of *Thunder* rive;
And to their *General* brought the far-fet *Prize*:
Forbid it Heav'n the *pious Chief* replies,
That what with *hazard of your Lives* you gain'd,
Sacred to *God*, shou'd be by me profan'd!
Thus with uplifted Hands *Jessides* said,
Then on the Ground a pure *Libation* made.

Such Deeds can virtuous *Love of Praise* inspire,
When *Souldiers* fight for *Honour*, not for *Hire*.
Nor must *Abishai*'s, or *Benaiah*'s Name,
Or *Asahel*! thine be unconsign'd to *Fame*:
Nor shou'd the *rest* which *sacred Books* rehearse,
But their unwonted *Sounds* refuse the *Laws* of
Verse.

CLIX.

**David *numbers the People. A Pestilence
sent*, &c.**

TOO happy *Israel* now, debauch'd with *Ease*
Dissolve in lazy *Luxury* and *Peace*:
When *Kings offend*, their sinful *Lands* endure
Those *Plagues* which their *united Crimes* procure.

Satan

Satan, *commission'd*, *David's* Heart assails,
To *Pride* he tempts the *Monarch* and prevails:
For *Joab* strait he sends, and bids him go
And *number* all the *Tribes*, resolv'd his *Strength* to know.
His word *unwillingly* the *Chief* obey'd,
From *Dan* he to *Beersheba's* Coasts survey'd,
Th' appointed *Ransom* for their Souls *unpaid*
Th' *ungrateful Sacrilege* did Heav'n resent,
And to the King with *heavy Tidings* sent;
My *Three* dread *Scourges*, *Famine*, *Plague* and *War*
Are all propos'd, thou must for *one* prepare:
How *hard* a *Choice*! The Monarch how *distress'd*!
Yet with *repenting Tears* he chose the *Best*;
Into the *Hands* of *God*, since *one* he must,
He chose to *fall*, as *Merciful* as *Just*.
See the *destroying Angel* speed away,
While *greedy Death* attends to seize her *Prey*!
His *Sword* of *pois'nous Exhalations* made,
Red, as a fatal *Comet's* flaming *Blade*,
High in *mid-Heav'n* he *brandish'd*, not in vain,
In three short Days were *Seventy thousand* slain;

And now o're fair *Jerusalem* he stood
And shakes his *Sword*, which *thirsted* yet for *Blood*,
Besides save the *Minister* of *Fate*,
As you *strike*, and but for *Orders* wait;

From

From *Oliver* he to *Moriah* ſtrode,
And in his *Hand* the dreadful *Sword of God*:
Low on the Ground he falls with *Sackcloth* ſpread,
His *Crown* laid by, and *Aſhes* on his *Head*;
On me, on me, *O righteous Heav'n!* let all
The threaten'd *Death*, and heavy *Vengeance* fall:
But ſpare theſe *Innocents*, nor let thy *Rage*
Wax hot againſt thy *Sheep*, thy *Heritage!*
'Twas I that *number'd*, I that *ſinn'd*— 'tis I
Alone *deſerve*, alone *deſire* to die.
Mild *Pity* heard, and proſtrate at the *Throne*
Preſents his *Prayers*, and added of her *own*:
The Father *ſmiles* and *grants*; ſhe *flouts* away
And paſs'd the *Confines* of *eternal Day*,
On her own peaceful *Rainbow* ſwerving down,
She ſtood confeſs'd above the *ſacred Town*,
Seiz'd the *Deſtroying-Angel's* flaming *Brand*,
Seal'd in its *Sheath*, and ſtopp'd his *lifted Hand*;
Then did to *raiſe* th' *afflicted Monarch* ſend
The Reverend *Gad*, his *Prophet* and his *Friend*:
In *Ornan's* Floor an *Altar* bids him rear,
To him who ſtopp'd the *howling Vengeance* there.
'Tis done, the grateful *Odor* mounts the *Skies*,
And *heav'nly Fire* conſumes th' accepted *Sacrifice*.

CLIX.

SAMUEL, Chap. XXIV. 1 CHRON. Chap. XXI.

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Chap. XXIV. Ver. 21. *Araunah said, Wherefore is it, my lord the King comes to his servant? And David said, To buy the threshing-floor of thee, to build an altar unto the Lord, that the plague may be stayed from the people.*

24. *And David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen, for fifty shekels of silver.*

25. *And David built there an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt-offerings, and peace-offerings: So the Lord was intreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel.*

CLX.

1 KINGS, Chap. I, II.

Adonijah *affects the Kingdom.* Solomon *anointed King.* Adonijah, Joab, and Shimei *slain*, &c.

BUT *Kings* as well as *Empires* have their *Date*
And all must *yield* to *Time* and *Age* and *Fate*.
Broken with *Cares*, the Monarch now appears,
And sinks beneath the Weight of *Seventy Years*:
Languid and Cold, *almost a Carcass* grown,
He lives by *Warmth* and *Vigour* not his *own*:
This *Adonijah* heard, fair *Haggith's* Son,
In *Beauty* only *next* to *Absalon*:
Ensigns of *Royalty* like him prepar'd,
High on his *Chariot* rais'd, and *circled* with a *Guard*,
Abiathar the *Pontiff* with him joyns,
And *Joab* aids in his *unjust Designs*:
By *Rogel's* Well he at *Zoheleth* staid,
His *Brethren* call'd, a *Kingly Feast* he made:
But *Solomon* he left with *conscious Fear*,
Nor *Zadok*, *Nathan*, or *Benaiah* there:
To *David*, *Bathsheba* and *Nathan* bring
The *Tidings* first, that he *assum'd* the *King*:

The Monarch rous'd, by *Israel's* God he *swears*,
And *Solomon* his *Successor* declares:
On his own *Royal Mule* he rides in State,
The *Guards* and *Council* him to *Gihon* wait:
The *sacred Oyl* with Joy they thither bring,
Anoint him there, and shout—*God save the King!*
The *hollow Vales* reflor'd the distant *Sound*,
Shook *lofty Olives*, and *shook* the *Ground*:
This to *Zoheleth's* Stone the *Traitors* hear,
Vanish'd their *Mirth*, their Hearts dissolv'd with *Fear*:
Their King *Himself*, and they their *King disown*,
He quits his short-liv'd *Reign*, and quits his *Throne*.
For Refuge he to God's *High-Altar* flies,
And sues for *Life*, when *Solomon*, replies,
If *Loyal* he's *secure*, if *false* he *dies*:
In Peace he thence did to his *House* retreat;
But soon the curs'd *Ambition* to be *Great*,
The *Royal Mercy* did, and his *Resolves* defeat:
For *David* now to his *Fore-fathers* gon,
Agen he seeks by *Wiles* to mount the *Throne*:
To *strengthen* thus his *Title*, seeks to wed,
The beauteous *Relict* of the *Royal Bed*:
Nor this young *Solomon*, whose piercing *Eyes*
The *Treason* saw, tho *veil'd* in *Loves* disguise,
And by *Benaiah's* Hand his *Rival* dies:
Next *Joab*, vainly to God's *Altar* fled,
Who *Abner's Blood*, and *Amasa's* had shed:

Juſt *Vengeance*, *ſure* tho' *ſlow*, did him purſue,
Benaiah there, the *hoary Murtherer* ſlew:
Nor *railing Shimei* ſcap'd, but *Kidron* croſs'd,
His *ſolemn Oath* he broke, his *Life* he loſt:
Abiathar with *milder Doom* depriv'd,
To his own *native Fields* confin'd he liv'd;
The righteous *Fate* of *Eli's Houſe* he bore,
And *Zadok* in his *Room*, great *Aaron's Ephod* wore.

CLXI.

Solomon *prays for Wiſdom. He decides the Caſe between the two Harlots.*

PLac'd on his Father's *Throne*, with pious Care,
The Prince *adores* the *Pow'r* that fixt him there:
Ten *Hecatombs* to God at *Gibeon* paid;
And more, he *lov'd* him, and his *Laws* obey'd:
Bright *Signs* of *Peace* and *Grace* th' Almighty gave,
And bids him *make* his *Terms*, and *ask* and *have*:
When thus with humble *Heart* and *Voice* he ſaid
(*New Bleſſings* ask'd, and *Thanks* for *Bleſſings* paid.)
My Father *David*, whom thy *Bounty* choſe,
Did not in vain on thee his *Hopes* repoſe;
His *Family* thy *promis'd Goodneſs* ſhare,
Nor wants his *Houſe*, nor wants his *Throne* an *Heir*.

Tho' I amidst for that exalted *Stage*,
How *Young* at once in *Wisdom* and in *Age*!
My *People* numerous, and my *Kingdom* large,
And who is *equal* to so vast a *Charge*?
O thou, the *King of Kings*, whose *Sovereign sway*
This *Earth*, and even the *Heav'n* of *Heav'ns* obey;
Give *Knowledge* to discharge my weighty *Trust*!
The *Art* of *Ruling* give, and make me *Wise* and *Just*!
Th' Almighty heard, and *pleas'd* with his *Desire*,
Thus answers mild----
Since thou dost neither *Length* of *Days* require,
Revenge nor *Riches* which the World admire;
But rather *Wisdom* ask, I'll give thee more
Than *Mortal* e're *shall* have, or e're enjoy'd *before*:
Riches and *Honour*, Regal *Pomp* and *State*,
I give thee undesir'd for *over-weight*:
And if like *David* thou my *Laws* maintain,
I'll crown thee with a *long* and prosp'rous *Reign*:
He said, nor was the *Sacred Word* in vain;
To *Salem*'s Royal *Town* the King returns,
And *Victims* slays, and hallow'd *Incense* burns:
When to his *Throne* two clam'rous *Women* came,
And *Justice! Justice!* both aloud *exclaim*,
An *Infant* in their Arms did each embrace,
Breathless was one, with pale and alter'd Face;
The *Second*, warmth and vigorous *Life* confess'd,
And paid his *Nurse* with *Smiles*, who claspt him to her *Breast*:

Both claim'd the *Living*, both the *Dead* deny'd,
No *Witneſs* but their *own* the King to guide:
What *mortal Wiſdom* cou'd the Caſe *decide*?
Awhile he *weighs* with deep *conſid'rate Thought*,
Then calls his *Guards*, and bids a *Sword* be brought;
In *equal Parts* the Child that did *ſurvive*
He bids *divide*, and *half* to either *give*:
The *ſpurious* Mother with th' *Award* content
His *Juſtice* prais'd, and gave her full *Conſent*:
Not ſo the *Genuin*, when the *Guards* prepare
To *execute* a *Sentence* ſo ſevere;
Pale as the lifeleſs *Corps* that near her lay,
And *cold* as *Death* ſhe cries and bids 'em ſtay:
Then to the King--- O let her *all* enjoy,
Rather than my *dear Infant* thus deſtroy!
---'Tis *finiſh'd*, the *ſagacious Prince* reply'd,
And *Nature* does herſelf the Cauſe *decide*;
The *Child* is *Hers*--- which ſhe with *Joy* receives,
With *Shame* her Rival the *Tribunal* leaves:
Th' *Aſſembly* ſhout, and Heav'ns *Indulgence* own,
Which plac'd ſo *Wiſe* a *King* on *David*'s vacant
Throne,

CLXI.

1 KINGS, Chap. III. from Ver. 16. to Ver. 27.

Ver. 25. *And the king ſaid, Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other.*

26. *Then ſpake the woman whoſe the living child was, unto the king, (for her bowels yerned upon her ſon) and ſhe ſaid, O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wiſe ſlay it: but the other ſaid, Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it.*

27. *Then the king anſwered and ſaid, Give her the living child, and in no wiſe ſlay it: ſhe is the mother thereof.*

CLXII.

Solomon's *Temple.*

THE Monarch now with *Peace* and *Plenty* bleſs'd,
For God on ev'ry ſide had giv'n him *Reſt*;
A lofty *Pile* of wondrous *Art* and *Charge*,
A *Temple* opulent, auguſt and large:
Whoſe *Majeſty* might ſome *Reſemblance* bear,
Of that dread *Pow'r* who fix'd his *Manſion* there,
On tall *Moriah's* Mount reſolves to rear:
To *Tyrian Hiram*, his *Ally*, he ſends,
(*Hiram* and *David* had been *ancient Friends.*)
His Servants help he gains, for none ſo well
Cou'd *Timber* ſquare, or lofty *Cedars* fell:
To *Lebanon's* fair *Forreſt* they repair,
His *Head* like barren *Calvary's* they bare:
The *Sun*, a *Stranger* there, the *Ground* invades,
And drinks new *Dew*, and *drives* th' affrighted *Shades.*
To *Sidon's* Shore, a long and dubious Road,
O're craggy *Rocks* they drag their *precious Load*;

To *Joppa*'s ancient *Haven* thence they bring,
Not *unrewarded* by the *Hebrew* King.
All things prepar'd, ſee the vaſt *Fabrick* riſe,
And from the *Center* haſten to the *Skies*;
In *three fair Stories* wrought, ſtately and tall,
Marble the *Columns*, *Marble* was the *Wall*:
The Houſe with *Cedar floor'd*, with *Cedar* lin'd,
And all with *flaming Gold* profuſely ſhin'd:
So richly carv'd that *Nature* owns, compel'd,
She here is by her *Hand-maid Art* excel'd.
But who th' *amazing Splendor* dares reveal,
Which *myſtic Veils* from *mortal Eyes* conceal?
Thoſe bright *Cherubic Forms* which guard the Place,
Thoſe *menial Angels* who attend and gaze!
--At ſafer diſtance from the *Throne* retire!
Thoſe wide and *everlaſting Gates* admire!
Thoſe *Pillars* which the *Pyramids* ſurpaſs;
The *Mould* how curious, and how rich the *Braſs*!
Behold yon *Sea*, which ſcarce admits a *Shore*,
And *Rivers* will receive, yet *thirſt* for more:
Rang'd on their *Baſes Ten* fair *Lavers* near,
On either ſide like *Inland Lakes* appear;

Ten ſplendid Lamps of *Ophir's* Gold refin'd,
With pureſt *Oyl*, and native *Luſtre* ſhin'd.
Next ſee what ſpatious *Courts* the *Dome* ſurround,
With *Portico's*, and fair *Piazza's* crown'd!
The dreadful *Ark* the Prieſts and *Levites* bore,
To *ſettled Seats*, a *Wanderer* no more.
When all compleat, a *vaſt Aſſembly* came,
Drawn by their *Monarchs* and their *Temples* Fame:
The *Dedication* now their Care employs,
And *Iſrael's* Sons in *feſtal Hymns* rejoyce:
Nor cou'd a *Thouſand Hecatombs* ſuffice,
The *bleating*, and the *bellowing Nation* dies,
Almoſt the *Species* falls a *Sacrifice*.
---See where the *pious Prince* himſelf expands,
Kneeling before the Throne his *ſpotleſs Hands*!
Loud *Inſtruments* and *Voices* fill the *Quire*,
Their *Praiſe* receiv'd, for lo! th' auſpicious *Fire*
Breaks from the *Oracle*, the *Prieſts* retire;
A *Preſent Deity* by all confeſs'd,
Trembling, their *Fathers God* they call, *adoring*
bleſs'd.

CLXII.

1 KINGS, Chap. V, VI, VII. Ch. VIII. from Ver. 15. to the End. 2 CHRON. Chap. VII. to Ver. 3.

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Chap. VIII. Ver. 22. Solomon *ſtood before the altar of the Lord, in the preſence of all the congregation of* Iſrael, *and ſpread forth his hands towards heaven:*

23. *And he ſaid, Lord God of* Iſrael, *there is no God like thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath,* &c.

54. *And when he had made an end of praying all this prayer and ſupplication unto the Lord, he aroſe from before the altar of the Lord, from kneeling on his knees, with his hands ſpread up to heaven.*

55. *And he ſtood and bleſſed all the congregation of* Iſrael *with a loud voice,* &c.

CLXIII.

The Queen of Sheba *visits* Solomon; *propounds Questions to him; makes Presents to him, and receives from him.*

ATtracted by the *Hebrew* Monarch's *Fame*,
Rich *Sheba*'s *Queen* from bleſs'd *Arabia* came:
Prepar'd, as was the *Cuſtom* of her *Age*,
To prove his Skill with *Problems* Deep and Sage:
How ſplendid was her *Train*, how vaſt her Store?
What *Caravans* of Camels *Spices* bore,
What precious *Gems* and Heaps of ſhining *Ore*?
Majeſtic on his *Throne* ſhe ſaw him *crown'd*,
She ſaw his *Nobles* waiting ſilent round,
And ſtruck with *awe*, cou'd ſcarce her *Doubts* propound:
But when ſhe heard the Prince with eaſe explain,
What *Joktan*'s Sons ſo oft had try'd in vain;
No *Trees* or *Shrubs* that on the *Mountains* grew,
No *Herbs* that drank the *Valley*'s fragrant Dew,
But he their *Names* and various *Natures* knew;

CLXIII.

1 KINGS, Chap. X. from Ver. 1. to to Ver. 14.

345

Ver. 1. *When the queen of* Sheba *heard of the fame of* Solomon, *concerning the name of the Lord, ſhe came to prove him with hard queſtions.*

2. *And ſhe came to* Jeruſalem *with a very great train, with camels that bare ſpices, and very much gold, and precious ſtones: and when ſhe was come to* Solomon, *ſhe communed with him of all that was in her heart.*

3. *And* Solomon *told her all her queſtions: there was not any thing hid from the king, which he told her not.*

When

When she his *Throne* and *Table* did survey,
His *Houshold*, with their *Order* and *Array*;
The stately *Galleries* and broad *Ascent*,
Which from the *Palace* to the *Temple* went;
She *cou'd no more*, *pleas'd* and at once *amaz'd*,
In *Extasie* awhile, she round her gaz'd:
Recov'ring, thus--- while I at *home* remain'd,
And in *Sabea*'s narrow Confines reign'd;
I *heard*, but scarce *believ'd* the Voice of *Fame*,
Which did your *Wisdom* and your *Acts* proclaim:
Too *loud* I thought her then, but now her *Silence* blame:
My dazled Eyes, *Great Sir!* have seen far more,
Nor heard I *half of Solomon* before:
Almost beyond a *Mortal*, blest'd is he
Whose *daily Duty* to attend on thee;
Hear the lov'd *Accents* of thy *Voice* divine,
And see that *Face*, that heav'nly Face of *thine!*
Blest'd be the *Pow'r* that fix'd thee on the *Throne*,
To rule his *favourite People* and thy own;
Strict *Justice* to dispense with equal Hand,
Large as thy *Soul*, and *wide* as thy *Command!*

She

She ſaid, then did a *Royal Preſent* make,
Worthy of *her* to *give*, and *him* to *take*;
Myrrh, Nard, Amomum, Frankincenſe ſhe brings,
And *Gold* that wou'd have ranſom'd *captive Kings*;
Which *Solomon* with *Princely Grace* receives,
And *more* of his own *Royal Bounty* gives:
What *cou'd be not*, when ſo *immenſe* his Store?
How vaſt the *Sums* which his proud *Navy* bore
From old *Tarteſſus*, and from *Ophir*'s Shore?
Silver and *Gold* o'reflow his happy Land,
As plenteous as the *Pebbles* on the *Sand*:
The *precious Metal* takes a *warlike Mould*,
His *Shields*, his pond'rous *Targets blaz'd* with *Gold*.
Exotic Beaſts and *Birds* augment his State,
Which human *Speech* or *Action* imitate;
See there the *mimic Ape*, for *Laughter* made,
While the proud *Peacock* near, her gaudy *Train* diſplaid!

CLXIV.

CLXIV.

Solomon's *Wives in his old Age ſeduce him to Idolatry.*

FAtal Proſperity! How *fond*, how *blind!*
Thou *ſweeteſt*, *deadlieſt Poiſon* to *Mankind!*
Unjuſtly we of *adverſe Fate* complain;
That has its *Thouſands ſav'd*, and thou *Ten thouſands ſlain:*
But, ah! when *Women* on thy ſide engage,
How *ſwift* the *Death*, how *ſtrong* the *Philtres* Rage!
What Potent *Kings*, what *Heroes* Great and Wiſe,
Have at thy *Altars* faln a *Sacrifice?*
But none like *Solomon* to future Times,
Tranſmit thy *Conqueſts* and tranſmit their *Crimes:*
Behold his *Wiſdom* ſunk, his *Luſtre* fade,
His *Glory* clouded in how deep a *Shade?*
A *thouſand Women* to his *Court* he brings,
(*Almoſt too many* for a *thouſand Kings!*)
They ſteal *his Scepter* while he drags *their Chain*,
And wears in *ſolid Sloth* a *ſhameful Reign.*

From

CLXIV.

1 KINGS, Chap. XI. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 14.

349

Ver. 4. *It came to pass when* Solomon *was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods.*

5. *And he went after* Ashtoreth *the goddess of the* Zidonians, *and after* Milcom *the abomination of the* Ammonites.

6. *And* Solomon *did live in the sight of the Lord, and went not fully after the Lord, as did* David *his father.*

7. *Then did* Solomon *build an high place for* Chemosh *the abomination of* Moab, *in the hill that is before* Jerusalem; *and for* Molech *the abomination of the children of* Ammon.

From

From *various Nations* his *Seraglio* ſtor'd,
Their *mungril Faith* as *various Gods* ador'd:
Th' *uxorious King* to gain a *quiet Life*,
Almoſt a *diff'rent God* muſt ſerve for *ev'ry Wife*.
A *fair Sidonian* made him firſt decline,
And brought him to her own *Aſtarte*'s ſhrine;
With *Pharaoh*'s *Daughter* ſhe unites her *Claim*,
Th' *Egyptian ſacred Heifer* was the *ſame*:
To *Chemoſh* then he bow'd his *hoary Head*,
By *Moabitiſh Charms* to Ruin led:
At *Moloch*'s ſanguine Altar next he's ſeen,
To pleaſe his beauteous *Ammonitiſh* Queen:
God's *ſacred Temple* now neglected lies,
No *Incenſe* there, no *Pray'rs*, or *Sacrifice*:
On either ſide his *pow'rful Rivals* grown,
The *Demons* as of *old*, *inſult* his *Throne*.
Was it for this, for this he *twice* appear'd
To *Solomon*, when his *dreadful Voice* he heard?
What *Bleſſings* promis'd to his pious Care?
How ſtrictly charg'd of *Idols* to beware?
But all in vain; he's *loſt*, his *Heart* is gone,
He and his Kingdom *ruin'd* and *undone*;
For his *Ingratitude* and *Folly* curs'd,
New Foes are rais'd, and *Hadad* is the *Firſt*:

Fierce

Fierce *Edom* conquer'd and his Father dead,
To *Pharaoh's Court* the *Youth* for Refuge fled;
Receiv'd with *Grace* and *Princely* welcom there,
Nor that proud *Pharoah* did for *Hadad* care,
But *Iſrael's Scourge* ſecur'd in *Edom's Heir*;
For this did he his *dubious Title* own,
And made an *Exile Kinſman* to the *Throne*:
How *firm*, how *gen'rous* in his weighty *Truſt*,
How *faithful* (to his *Int'reſt*) and how *Juſt*!
Thence like a *Vultur* hov'ring from afar,
For plenteous *Death* he hopes, and waits for *War*;
Ready to *ſtoop* and plague the *guilty Land*,
When *Iſrael's Sins* ſo dire a *Scourge* demand:
Rezon the next,--- but greater Miſchief roſe
From *anger'd Fav'rites*, and *inteſtine Foes*:
To *Jeroboam*, *diligent* and *brave*,
The *God* of *Iſrael*, *Iſrael's Scepter* gave:
Whom jealous *Solomon* attempts in vain,
To ſpoil of *Life*, and of his *fated Reign*;
When *Duſt* himſelf, he ſhall his *Throne* enjoy,
For none cou'd ever yet his *Succeſſor* deſtroy.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

By reaſon of the Author's diſtance from the Preſs, theſe Errors have eſcap'd, which the Reader is deſir'd to correct, as follows; thoſe which were only literal, or not material, being here omitted.

PAG. 48. *Line* 28. *dele* that. 59. 6. *r.* him to. 72. 5. Clay, *ib.* 21. They thus. 92. *penult.* leavy. 102. 8. content. 124. 31. unutterable. 148. 9. Sons. 174. 10. waving. 180. *after l.* 18. *add* Which did th' ungrateful Lands Devotion gain. 189. *for Head r.* Scull. 196. 21. *Pride r.* Bride. 199. 21. *off r.* oft. 204. 1. believ'd. 206. *after l.* 15. *add* This his Right Hand, and that his Left embrac'd. 214. 13. *now r.* how. 246. 4. enquires 247. 7. *with r.* which. 250. 7. dar'ſt. 251. 19. thouſands. 266. 15. have it ſo. 270. 5. *two r.* to. 294. 14. *his r.* its. 298. 6. To. 302. 20. *Steeds r.* needs. 326. 10. *to r.* ſo. 342. *l. ult. call r.* all. 349. 6. *live r.* evil. 350. 18. *r.* dread.

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